

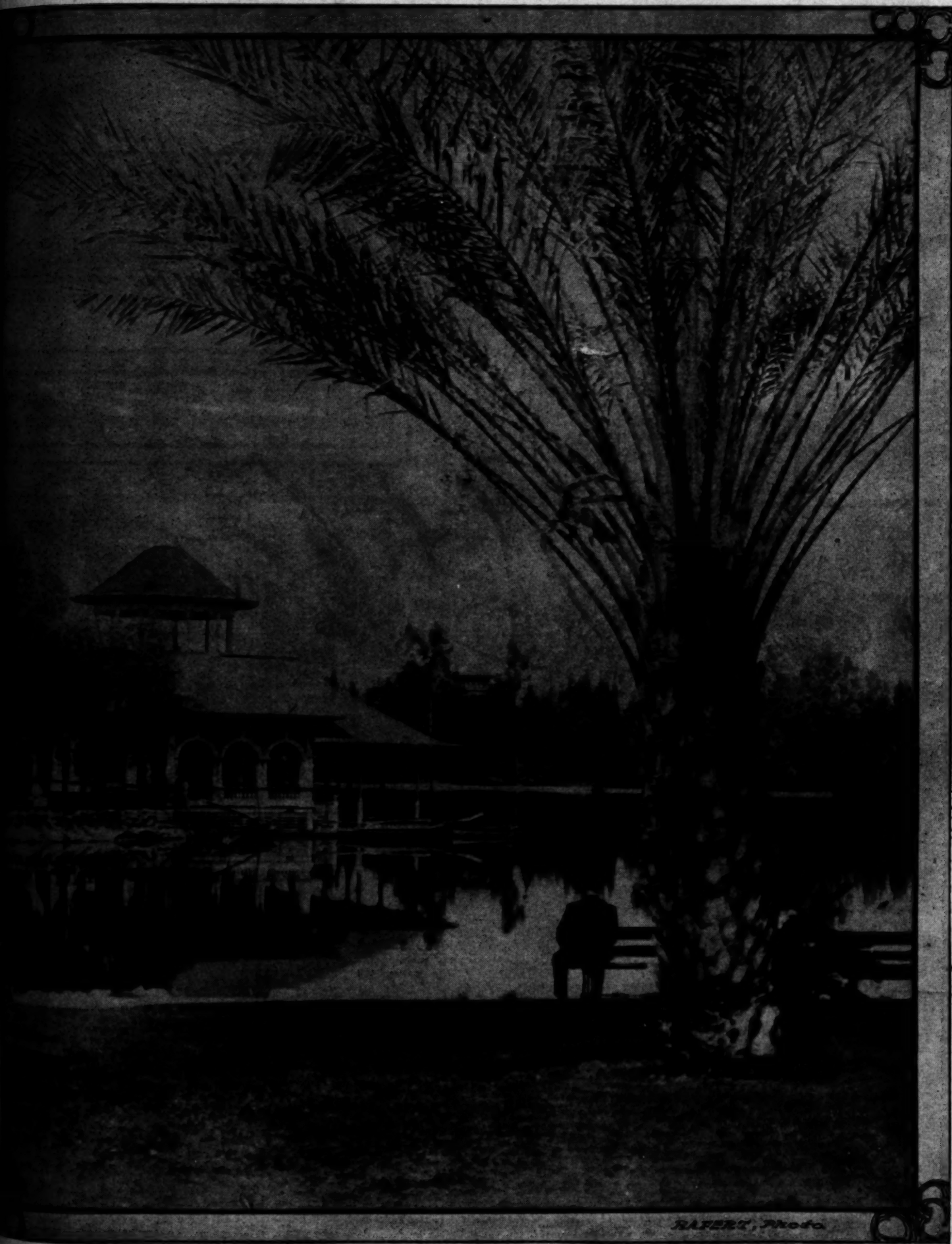
Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

NOVEMBER 12, 1905.

FIVE CENTS

PICTURESQUE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



A glimpse across Westlake.





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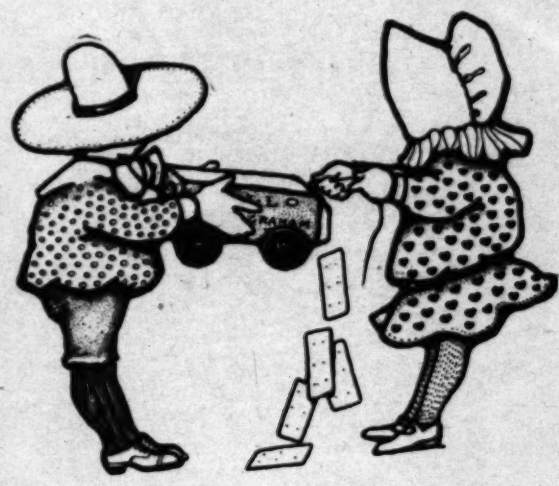
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OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

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LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Darkness! What do they mean? Darkness is death, light is life; darkness is ugliness, light is beauty; darkness is despair, light is joy. Let the truth we would lead all to realize. Life is only in the light. The world is a mass of gray until the sun rises and sends his shafts to paint it in a thousand hues of beauty. Go to the sunless light and see the dull heap of earth the dull full-blown rose by its side. The rose is as the sun. Go out in the sunlit morning and see the sun's rays flash over the mountain top and in the gorgeous colors paint the kaleidoscope of life over the face of Nature. These are facts too true to escape any eye. But one forgets that darkness is not light. That light is joy.

Light! That is what paints the velvet sward the green, the pure lily spotless white, the gentle rose to a blue, the rose a glowing red, or brilliant, as the case may be.

Light! That is what the Master told His followers to shed abroad over a world lying in the darkness of corruption. This, too, people think about more and obey the injunction of more or less. A man, some think, obey it less than obey it.

Any other light worth considering? Indeed there is the light of a cheerful disposition. There is the light of a natural gift. To others it is an inalienable acquirement. They are born more, but too many let things go at that and live all the days of their lives, and the longer the darker their frown. Can't help it? Yes, some of us stay what we are born. We are

born babies. Most of us manage to become more or less manly men or womanly women. We are born weak. We grow to be pretty lusty. We are born ignorant. Some of us acquire quite a stock of intelligence as we go on. Some gain wisdom. In spite of heredity, one can acquire a cheerful manner and shed a light of joy about him wherever he goes, in spite of his liver. Now that may seem a "hard saying." It must be conceded that bad digestion, a frown and uncongenial manners are wedded very closely together. If it be true that "Sunny Jim" got all that smile from a diet on a certain cereal food, that ought to be prescribed to a lot of us by act of Congress, and the Sheriff ordered to see that we obey the law.

A smile will aid your digestion a hundred times more than a frown. A smile will help bear the toothache much better than a groan.

It is the rest of the world we should think of, not ourselves. Why? The rest of the world comprises so many more than you and is of so much more importance. Think of that. It is bad enough for you to have a touch of indigestion, or a twinge of rheumatism, or a jumping toothache. Why should you inflict these ills on all the rest of us?

If every man must limp when his bunion burns, how will the human race make any progress, get about its business, do its day's work and earn its daily bread?

Of all the pressing duties in this busy old world of ours, none is more pressing than the duty to be cheerful, to shed the light of a sunny soul all about us. Nearly every faculty we have is the result of cultivation. Just as we can cultivate ability to learn a language or to solve problems in mathematics, or to pick out a becoming hat or a well-fitting gown, so we can acquire a cheerful habit as easily as a morose one, a smile as easily as a frown. To say a hearty "good-morning" to each one you meet in the early hours of the young day is a habit, often learned by much patient effort. Every person can have it who tries. And what a possession it is! More useful than genius, more precious than diamonds, more valuable than fine gold, more lasting than a long life, and a greater blessing to you and to the world than bursting barns and fine weather. And we can all have this light of a cheerful soul, and we can all shed the light abroad over the whole circle of our acquaintance and give back good will for good will, kindness for kindness, smile for smile, blessing for blessing, the largest and best revenues we can get from any investment in life.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

Talk as we may of the "good old times" and of the sins of the present day, there never was a time when there was more evidence of conscience in the world and greater progress toward righteousness was being made than now. There is wrongdoing by the few, but it is made the object of denunciation by the many. The heart of the masses is for honesty, justice and "the square deal."

AFTER THE RAIN.\*

(1902.)

There is a soft, glad whisper everywhere,  
Stirring the leaves and all the shining air,  
A whisper soft as light, as sweet as flowers,  
Born of the coming of these winter showers.

For joy is born anew in Nature's breast,  
She laughs in gladness on the hillside's crest,  
And in the valley fair, where wakes the thrill  
Of Growth's sweet music which will not be still.

The long months' slumber of the grass is o'er,  
The magic rain has kissed its roots once more,  
It is awake, and soon its blades will spring  
Through the brown soil—earth's emerald covering.

New perfumes soon will flood the air like light,  
And leagues on leagues of freshened blossoms bright  
Shall pave the paths we tread, and Winter's feet  
Be newly sandaled here with flowers sweet.

Soon, cloud-like, shall the golden poppies' glow  
Cover our hills, like sunset's overflow,  
With radiant beauty; soon the shining noons  
Be bathed in seas of countless rich perfumes.

And all the birds shall unto fresh songs wake,  
Drinking the glory of the sun, and make  
A jubilee of gladness with the flowers  
Through all the glorious, rose-lidded hours.

The rain-washed skies grow brightly blue and deep,  
Mirroring immensity; no cloud-wings sweep  
Th' glorious pathway of the shining Day,  
But golden-winged hours pass down the way.

The mountains lift their purple crests on high  
After their baptism, and the blue sky  
Reaches its arms of sunbeams down to them,  
And places on their brows, its diadem.

Of wondrous light till cliffs and cañons stand,  
As if new-wrought by God's almighty hand,  
As if the roots of stone had come to bear  
Pure Light's white blossoms in that upper air.

Yes, joy is born anew in Nature's breast,  
She laughs in gladness on the hillside's crest,  
And in the valleys fair, where wakes the thrill  
Of Growth's sweet music which will not be still.

\*From "California, 'Where Sets the Sun,' and Other Poetry and Prose by Mrs. Eliza A. Otis." Forthcoming volume from the press of the Times-Mirror Company, 1905.

PRACTICAL ETHICS.

TWOFOLD MEASURE OF JUSTICE.

"Better is a little righteousness than great incomes through injustice."

Justice implies commerce between individuals or selves. Only a moral being can possess the virtue of justice, because no one can either demand or dispense justice without an "ought consciousness," or without a subjective standard of justice whence proceeds the demand for, and the dispensation of justice as an expression of personal will.

The will to be just, or the power to deal justly cannot be conceived as inhering in mere things, inasmuch as justice requires faculty, and faculty means mind. When, therefore, we speak of the "injustice" or the "cruelty" of nature, we ascribe a moral attribute to non-moral objects, unless we take nature to be an expression of mind or intelligence and as such deem it an unjust expression.

The fact that the demand for justice is part and parcel of our being, and is almost the first, if not the first element to manifest itself in the moral life of man, leads us to believe that justice is ultimately to be realized in the world; and that it only can be realized through the moral force in the universe, namely, the conception of ideal justice enlightening and impelling forward the social consciousness of humanity.

So long as the mind of man is beset by belittling prejudices and distorting, selfish motives, he can hardly deal out justice grandly and nobly, for, he "himself is in his way." And so he falls short even of the narrowest required measure.

However, we have besides the officially formulated legal measures of justice, the higher, moral law; the laws unwritten yet transcending all statutes, the laws evolved from the progressive "ought consciousness" of society. Thus we have besides the "even-handed" justice of Aristotle, enforced justice or the mere measure for measure, also a poetic or ideal justice.

The progress of the race, moreover, depends upon its growing distinction between this twofold measure, or higher and lower justice. Fortunately, this much we can say, that the conception of justice by the individual or the race is always in advance of its practice.

There seems to be a tendency on the part of man to reserve some of his truest reasoning for speculative purposes; that is to say, there are thoughts beautiful to think, ideas glorious to contemplate—but to give them tangible form in concrete acts—to carry our ideals over to the plane of everyday life and to make them real, to endeavor to actualize our ideals or visions of justice—ah! that is another matter. Hence, he who dares to attempt the task, must suffer himself to be called either a would-be martyr or a fool!

Notwithstanding all the martyrdom of saints and the exhortation of prophets, an appalling degree of inequality or uneven distribution of justice remains a portentous fact of life.

How may the justice of man be reconciled to the supreme justice or righteousness of the ideal dispenser of justice?

The ideal administration of justice is the Spirit of Righteousness, of beneficence. Free from all prejudice and from the crippling conflict of clashing interests; giving freely and abundantly to all mankind.

His interests are universal—dealing not alone with individuals, but with the whole human race. Ideally, the wealth of the universe exists for all alike, but man greedily snatches it from his brother.

In an ideal dispensation of justice, justice is not measured by rod and rule, but it flows out of the fullness of the heart, and righteousness is meted out unstintingly to every man.

Not by prayers and sacrifice is the prophets' cry for justice stilled. Not that is the Sublime Will, but sacrifice of the spirit. Not by ritualistic ceremonies, or by the rigid distribution of justice prescribed by law is man glorified; but by a natural and spontaneous expression of justice and of righteousness, does the graciousness and splendor of the human spirit become manifest.

The higher or ideal justice which eventually must supersede the lower justice is like the "justice which flows down from the streets, and righteousness like mighty rivers."

The triumph of the unjust is an illusion; for in the end, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Whosoever is righteous has the strength of ten thousand, for "Though the righteous were to fall seven times, he will rise up again; but the wicked shall stumble into misfortune. All that is not based on justice is built on shifting sand and must perish." But that which is based on righteousness will endure forever.

Righteousness is the rock and fortress of the individual; the bulwark of society and the safeguard of the race.

BERTHA HIRSCH BARUCH.

SUNSET.

Phoebus has driven across the edge of day—

The desert day that ends with yon blue line;  
And now the dust-flocks numberless and fine  
Thrown from his wheel, glint on the traversed way.

No shining clouds lie in the burnished West

Like melting amber in a golden bowl,

No rosy mists their gleaming length unroll

To veil the outline of the mountain's crest.

Only the air with floating splendor filled

Proclaims a monarch's passing, and the plain

Grows yellow, as with fields of ripened grain,

The sage-gray plain whose breadth no man has tilled.

The sky, a cup in nectar'd overflow,

Brims with a liquid radiance warm and rare,

Till darkness takes the chalice with slow care

And quaffs the mellow wine of afterglow.

NEETA MARQUIS.



## Industries of Canada. By Frank G. Carpenter.

### THE NEW NORTHLAND.

#### BEGINNING OF A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM BEYOND THE LAKES.

##### From Our Own Correspondent.

**M**ONTREAL, Oct. 30.—I have come to Canada to investigate the industrial revolution going on in the northern part of our continent. The United States is largely developed. Our public lands are almost all taken up. We have chopped down the trees and dug up the soil. We have gridironed our country with railroads and established great cities. We have gone down into the mines, and erected mighty factories and foundries, and as a nation, are growing so rapidly that the other powers upon earth are bowing down before us as the Israelites did before the golden calf. Canada is at its beginning. It was born at about the same time as the United States, but it has been sleeping until now. It is, in fact, an undeveloped country, its resources almost unknown and to a large part unexplored.

other railroads will soon open up their northern sections. Those provinces are being rapidly colonized by American farmers, and I am told that an American Canada is growing up right across the border. British Columbia, the mighty province of the far west, is another empire, through which the new railroads will go. Its western portion has a climate somewhat like that of Washington or Oregon, and the mountains are said to be rich in gold, copper and other minerals.

#### Canada—A New Country.

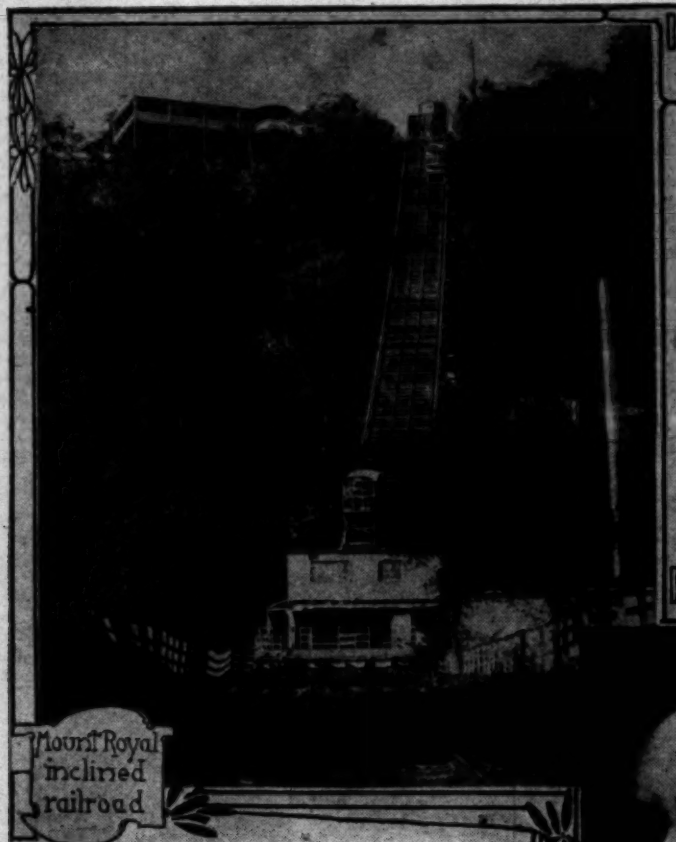
This gives some idea of the new Canada. I may now because the oldest things are new when first known, and Canada is just becoming known to the world. As far as the original discovery is concerned it is the oldest part of North America. Leif Ericson, a Norwegian, discovered Newfoundland and Nova Scotia by sailing down from Iceland almost 500 years before Columbus came across the Atlantic and landed upon the West Indies. John Cabot was the next arrival, a little after Columbus, and it was about a generation later that the French sent out Jacques Cartier, who discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence and sailed up through it to Quebec.

Europe. What this immigration amounts to, the settlements of the Americans and what they mean to the general development of the far west, the country will form a large part of my writing the tour.

#### New Things in Canada.

I want to tell you something about the new things going on here. The country is being opened up by railroads, and there are all sorts of new lines of transportation proposed, both by water and by rail. Now more than 19,400 miles of railroad traverse the portion to its population it has done much more than the United States in building canals, and it has the greatest of navigable rivers of the world, the St. Lawrence, go along the line of the rail and water routes from Atlantic to Manitoba, and shall mention the proposed for fast ships from England through the Strait and Hudson Bay.

Canada's new mines and the great manufacturing developments now going on will form the subject of my letters. Canada has the greatest nickel mines in the world. Enormous copper mines have recently been discovered; it is now turning out \$18,000,000 worth



Mount Royal  
inclined  
railroad

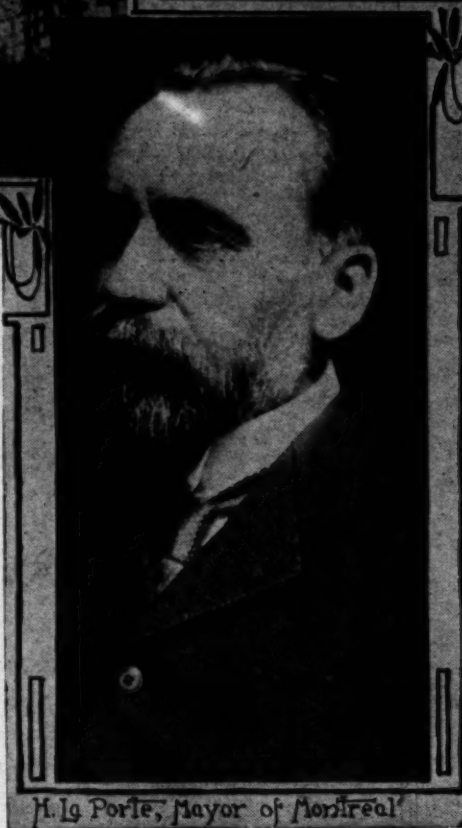
Have you ever thought how much land Canada has? The possessions of John Bull on this continent are greater than those of Uncle Sam. His Britannic Majesty is the land grabber of the universe, and his properties here are bigger than anywhere else in the world. Canada is twice the size of India; it is bigger than Australia, and it is thirty times as big as Great Britain and Ireland. It contains one-third of the land of the whole British Empire. Indeed it is a continent in itself; for it is almost as large as Europe and bigger than the United States, including Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Samoa and the Philippines all put together.

#### An Unknown Empire.

Canada has States the names of which we hardly know. We pat ourselves on our backs when we think of Alaska and its fast developing resources. It contains about one-fifth of all the land that we own. The province of Mackenzie, which borders the Arctic Ocean farther eastward, is almost as big as Alaska, and Yukon, which lies just west of it, containing the Klondike, would make four States as big as Ohio.

Have you ever heard of Ungava? It lies between Labrador and Hudson Bay, just north of the province of Quebec, and it is bigger than Texas, Kansas and New Jersey combined. Keewatin, on the western side of that bay, just north of Ontario and bounded on the west by Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Mackenzie, has 470,000 square miles, or enough to make ten States the size of New York; while the icy territory of Franklin above, with its great whale-fishing grounds, is larger still.

Everything in Canada is big. The old provinces are enormous. Quebec is ten times as big as Indiana. Ontario, just over the way above the Great Lakes, is bigger than France or Germany. It is bigger than all New England with the addition of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Manitoba is about as large as Missouri, and the Canadians claim, almost as rich. The new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, which have just been created, are empires in themselves. Each of them has an area something like that of France or Germany, and parts of them will raise more wheat than either of those countries. They are crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and



H. G. Forté, Mayor of Montreal

The next year he made his way as far as Montreal and gave the French their title to Canada by right of discovery. The French settled that part of Canada. There are a million and a half French Canadians today, and the people of that region still speak French and have papers published in that language.

Every American knows of the conquest of Canada by the British. Its story has been that of a British colony from then until now and it is a British dependency today. The country has grown slowly in population until recently. It has now altogether less than 5,500,000, but it has had more than 100,000 American immigrants within the past two years, and people are coming in by the thousand from the different parts of northern

every year, and its mineral products sell for \$100,000,000 per annum. The manufactures are also growing. The wool is combining, and it is a question whether the octopus will not eventually hold the country in its tentacles.

#### In the Granary of the Northwest.

Among my letters will be some from the northwest. I shall go through the new wheat belt, which is rapidly developing, and thence on to the great wheat fields, which are now being opened up to settlement. In a talk that I had with the Canadian World's Fair commissioner at St. Louis he told me that there were 173,000,000 acres in that region that had been surveyed, but not yet taken up, and a large part of it would probably be settled by the time the World's Fair opens. Three-fourths of that land is wheat land. The wheat belt is a tract 400 miles wide and 1000 miles long. Canada claims she will eventually be able to supply the mother country with food. She is doing more now than ever before, and is competing with us in our best markets. Agricultural Canada extends between the Atlantic and the Pacific for a distance of about 2500 miles. We already know that the wheat belt is several hundred miles wide, but the experiments show that crops can be raised farther north, and no one yet knows where the farming regions of Canada may end.

#### Americans in Canada.

The Americans who are rapidly coming to Canada are creating new political conditions here. The great West is a tall of this new empire, and it grows and grows, and with its vast resources being opened up it may in time be heavy enough to wag the dog or to break off and have an independent existence of its own. I shall tell how Canadian others feel about this matter, interviewing the people of the new colonies in different parts of the West.

There are hundreds of Americans who have come to Canada and become prominent here. The great lines of railroad are managed by them. They have opened up the biggest iron mines, and they are pouring in millions of investments in the way of factories, mills and forests. What Americans are doing in Canada can do should be interesting reading. The true of our trade with Canada. We are sending sums sending commissioners to all parts of the country to look up trade openings while we pay but little attention to the big possibilities near home. Canada is one of our best customers. We sell her twice as much



...to buy from her. She has a commerce worth half a million dollars every year, and it grows like a green bayonet. It is more valuable to Uncle Sam than his trade with Japan. China or any other country outside the United States, but he takes little pains to cultivate it. What a pity it is and how it may be bettered is worth the consideration of our government and business men.

Montreal from Boston. It is only a night's ride to the sleeping-car, but that night brings you into John Bull's domain and into the New York of his Canadian neighbor. Montreal is like New York and not like it. Its resemblance is in location. Both cities stand on islands, and both are surrounded by water. The St. Lawrence and the Ottawa here embrace the town. Montreal Island is about five miles long and the city rises from the shores up the slope of Mount Royal, a woods-covered hill from which Montreal has its name.

One can ride to the top of this hill on an inclined plane and have one of the finest views of the North American continent. Standing upon the lookout, the St. Lawrence and the St. Lawrence wind for miles below you, the harbor filled with great steamers and other craft. To the southeast and southwest, you can see the mountains of the Adirondacks kissing the sky and the existence of God's chosen country, while under you is Montreal with its wide streets, its many towers, its enormous grain elevators and new docks everywhere. The city covers, I judge, between ten and twenty square miles, and it has numerous suburbs which are coming in.

Montreal is a substantial city with plain, business-like blocks. It has no skyscrapers, and it has not been afflicted with the apartment-house craze, though I am told some large flats are in contemplation.

With the Mayor.

In order to give you the latest information as to the city, I called upon the Mayor. I found him in the City Hall, a four-story light gray stone building opposite the French market and not far from the river. I heard nothing but French spoken as I went through the market on my way to the Mayor's office. There were notices printed in French pasted on the wall side with the English notices in the hallways. Every door had a French and English sign over it. The Mayor was speaking in French to a delegation when I entered, and I was not surprised to find that he himself is of French-Canadian descent. His name is Mr. H. H. La Porte, and in addressing him one calls him "Your Worship." Mayor La Porte speaks English as well as French. About two-thirds of the city over which he presides is French, but the other third is English, and the conversation must therefore be conducted in both languages. I asked the conversation by asking him to tell me about the Montreal of 1905. His Worship re-

sponded as follows: "Montreal is thriving as never before. It has increased in population 150,000 in the past five years. It has more than 400,000 citizens now, and it will soon reach a million. We are taking in the suburbs just as fast as the great cities have done, and are creating a new Montreal. We shall add several suburbs to the city. We have a large outside population, which is governed by its own little municipalities. Within five years these will all be a part of Montreal."

Montreal City.

Do you have some idea of the character of your people, Your Worship?" said I.

"Before we are the most cosmopolitan municipality on the continent. About 70 per cent. of us are French, the balance part of the balance English Canadians. We have many Americans, Germans, Belgians, Italians, and a great number of English, Irish and others. Our people are of all classes. We do an enormous deal of manufacturing, and we have the workmen with their turbulent elements. We are the Atlantic gateway to Canada, and a large proportion of our immigrants from Europe pass through here. We are also a commercial city, and a city of the rich. Many Canadians who have made fortunes have their homes here, and many of our homes, too. We have residences which are worth a million dollars or more. This is a city of many churches and many creeds. It is a world in itself, and it is a wonder that it is so quiet and as orderly as it is."

Montreal is Well Managed.

Is it not a costly city to run, is it not?" said I.

"We collect taxes to the amount of three or four million dollars a year, but the money is well spent, and the cost of Montreal costs as much as any city of its size in the United States. We have an excellent police force, numbering four or five hundred, and this has not increased more than one-third within the last twenty years. We have a good water service, and are gradually improving our streets. A few years ago our sidewalks were almost all made of boards. We are now paving down fifteen miles of new pavement every year. We have an attempt some time ago to widen the old streets, but it cost so much that we had to call it off. We are now going more slowly, but we are improving."

What about the graft, Your Worship? Is there much graft in Montreal?"

"I don't think I had better answer that," replied the Mayor. "Although I might safely say that Montreal is no better than its sister cities of a similar size. The world as regards such matters. How I don't want to discuss the graft question. If I were to name here, I shall be charged with blowing the whistle, and those who think differently will not believe me. If I say graft does exist, it will be even more so. You will have to ask others that question."

Ownership.

Does the city own the franchises for great

public utilities? Is there any movement here in that direction?"

"Yes," replied the Mayor of Montreal. "I think we are slowly drifting toward municipal ownership, and the day may sometime come when the city will own the street railroads, the lighting plants, and other things of that nature. We are now having trouble with gas companies, and we demand that they cut down their rate to consumers. We want a reduction of 40 cents a thousand off the present rate of \$1.20 a thousand. Gas can profitably be manufactured at 70 cents a thousand, and if Montreal will pay 80 cents the companies should not complain."

"Are you a native of Montreal, Your Worship?" I asked.

"No. I was born within fifteen miles of the city, but I came here as a boy and have lived in Montreal all my life. I like the city, and have every confidence in its immediate and ultimate prosperity."

[Copyright, 1905, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

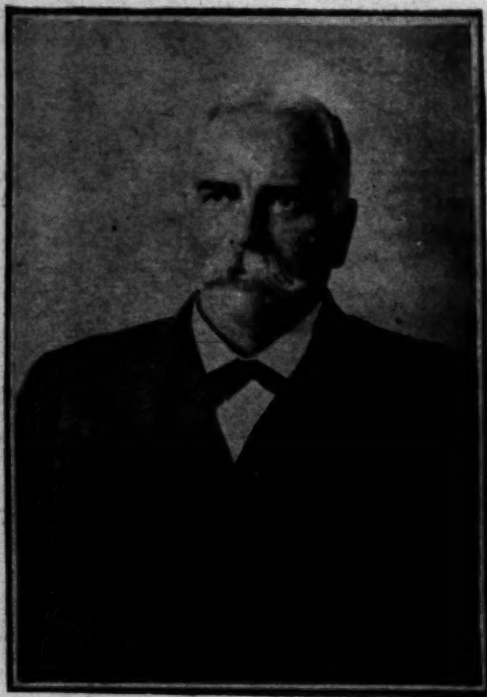
## A Living Miracle.

CIVIL WAR VETERAN'S MARVELOUS  
ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—A living mystery of the Civil War is Charles H. Smith, \$1200 clerk in the stationery division of the Treasury Department, this city.

Smith obtained the consent of his mother to enter the Federal army when he was just 16 years old. He went from Decatur, N. Y., his home, and at Cherry Valley was mustered into the Seventy-sixth New York Regiment, Co. K. His regiment participated in all the early fighting, and continued in the thick of the fray right up to the great Gettysburg. On the first day of that histori-



CHARLES H. SMITH.

cal conflict the Seventy-sixth New York was stationed on the extreme right of the field, assisted by the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York and Ninety-seventh New York Regiments. The four Federal regiments were attacked in a cornfield by the Fifty-eighth North Carolina Regiment, and three Mississippi regiments. The slaughter on both sides was thick and fast.

Smith went down with a ball in his left thigh and one in his left groin, which passed through the body, coming out at the right hip. Men all around were lying dead and wounded on all sides of Smith, but before he could realize what had happened the contending armies had drawn apart, and 'way in the rear Smith saw his own company and recognized his captain. Raising up from the ground to a sitting position Smith waved to his captain, hoping to attract attention and be taken care of. Just as he did so another ball struck him just above the left hip and went through the intestines, touching the spinal column and passing out the right side. The shot had been fired by a picket who had moved up when his army went back. That didn't complete Smith's wounds, for, as he fell over prone on his face a shell burst above him and tore out a good portion of his anatomy near his right hip.

Smith fainted away and was dead to himself for hours. When he did come to and open his eyes he heard some Confederate officers passing through the dead and wounded, picking their way to avoid their horses trampling on the bodies lying thick on all sides. "Here is where they locked bayonets," one young officer spoke to the general, but Smith says the fighting regiments did not get close enough to each other to close with the bayonet.

Smith realized that he was desperately wounded, and when the Confederates had passed on, he felt that if might be a long time before any help would come. He thanked heaven that he had some water in his canteen and took a drink of it. Feeling faint he placed the

canteen under his right arm and lay upon the arm to rest. Sometime afterward a straggling soldier came along and reached for the canteen. Vaguely conscious that the sweetest thing he had with him was being taken away Smith aroused himself and said: "Don't take my water. It is all I have." The Confederate replied: "Well, my boy, you won't need it long," and went on.

It was four days later when the Federal army found time to look after its dead and wounded. Smith did not see another living soul after the Confederate had passed. Part of the time he was unconscious. The fearfully hot July sun beat down upon him. Between intervals of consciousness Smith managed to pull up a few stalks of young corn and moisten his mouth with it. About the second day some cherry stones came out of the wound in the left side, and Smith remembered that early in the morning before the battle he had stolen some cherries out of a tree, and that was the only food he had had for several days.

Relief Comes at Last.

It was the night of July 4 when Smith's comrades went over the field searching for the dead and wounded. They found few living and many dead. The dead had begun to swell, and as Smith was taken off the battlefield he remembered noticing near where he had lain the body of a soldier swollen to enormous proportions. Smith was taken, along with other wounded, to what was known on the battlefield as the McPherson barn. His clothing was removed, he was wrapped in a blanket and laid in the cow shed. Surgeons passed around examining the wounded, looked at Smith and said there was no use wasting time with him. They found that the large intestine had been cut at least twice and that from the wound in the left side would come whatever food was taken. In addition they found that the bladder had been punctured and that it was unable to fully perform its duties.

He remained that way until afternoon, being too ill to complain and caring little what happened. The doctors were surprised that he was not dead and passed on to the other wounded. His comrades finally got the surgeons to again examine his wounds, and among them was the regimental surgeon, Dr. Metcalf, who told him he would die in a few hours, and asked if he wanted to send any message to his mother. But Smith's comrades took him on a stretcher and moved him to Gettysburg, where he was placed in a warehouse. They procured all the delicate food that was possible and gave to him, but he soon found that the food, partially digested, was passing through the wound in his side. Smith's comrades finally obtained consent to take him to the home of Robert Sheads, near Gettysburg, and there he remained under the kindly care of the farmer and his good wife until moved to a hospital in Philadelphia, from which he was not discharged until October, 1864, at which time he was so weak that he could hardly move with the aid of two canes.

Since that time, and to the present day, Smith has worn around his body eight yards of eight-inch linen bandage, which he changes two and three times a day, dressing his wounds upon each occasion. The wound must be left open or otherwise Smith would die. The orifice permits the escape of gases and of the discharge from the constant suppuration that is going on. The wound through the left groin must also be kept open. At intervals it heals at the point of entrance and must again be opened to permit the escape of pus and fecal matter. The wound in the left side has seldom shown a disposition to heal, and it is the wound in the groin that requires close watching.

Examined by Garfield's Physicians.

The remarkable case of Smith reached the ears of the physicians who were attending the mortally wounded President Garfield. The physician who had attended Smith for years had spoken of him to one of the White House surgeons, who doubted that any such a man could be living. Smith was requested by the physicians to examine his wounds, hoping that one of them, which presented a close resemblance to the wound of the President, might prove valuable to them in treating their own case.

"I seriously object to the morbid curiosity which my case has always attracted," said Mr. Smith, in talking to your correspondent, "but I thought that if I could be of any assistance in preserving the life of the President I would give it. I remember that for my breakfast before I went before the physicians I had eaten some soft-boiled eggs. As I unwound the bandages around my body a portion of the eggs adhered to the bandage. The physicians looked on in amazement and one of them actually tasted of the egg to see if he was dreaming. The physicians inquired minutely about the case, and one of them declared in a newspaper article that there was no parallel case in the annals of the Civil War."

The examination made by the Garfield physicians revealed that the twice severed colon had healed and grown fast to the membrane of the stomach, and they repeated the warning of every other physician familiar with the case—that if Smith permitted himself to be shaken and caused the breaking of this fastening he would die in a short time from internal hemorrhage.

Piece of His Bone as Souvenir.

Smith has in his desk in the Treasury a piece of his hip bone as large as two fingers placed together. A few years ago the open wound gave him unusual trouble. Smith sent for his physician, who told him he would make an examination. Procuring some probes the physician went into the wound and struck something hard. By careful working he brought out the large piece of bone, which had worked off the shattered hip bone. The piece is two and a quarter inches long, an inch wide at one end and nearly an inch thick. It looks like a piece of rough black iron.

Smith has been a prominent Mason in Washington for many years, having been Worshipful Master of Centennial Lodge for a number of years. He is also a Royal Arch Mason of high standing.

W. W. PRICE



## Chinese Guilds. By Frederic J. Haskin.

### POWER UNDERESTIMATED.

#### HOW THE SECRET ORGANIZATIONS ACCOMPLISH THEIR WORK.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CANTON, October, 1905.—There is a vast difference of opinion among the foreigners in China as to where the responsibility lies in regard to the disastrous boycott against American goods. While no one denies that we have merited the trouble by allowing our immigration officers to violate the treaty rights of the best class of Chinese, it is undoubtedly true that if this boycott had been projected against any nation other than America, it would have been nipped in the bud.

The indifferent manner in which our representatives have handled the matter cannot be overlooked. At the time the boycott was gaining its strength, ex-Minister Conger was giving out interviews in the States to the effect that it could not possibly amount to anything. Later, when I was in Hongkong, a dispatch appeared in the local papers from Washington quoting the United States government as saying that American interests were not in jeopardy. Yet at the hotel where I was

goods, others hid what they had in stock, still others claimed to be ill and refused to be seen; some were always out when the collectors called, and the few who were rounded up postponed settlement by means of one pretext or another. When the collectors tried to move in and make a siege of it, they could not rent a place for their headquarters. They were so effectually blocked and hindered at every turn that they eventually had to abandon the attempt to force payment.

The Chinese merchant guilds have their own way of

ing presents to officials. Many of the guilds are rich. Their funds are derived from voluntary contributions of members, they have property which is an income, and they earn money by contracting with the coolie class. A guild will advance the money to transport a company of coolies to some place where their labor is required, and then collect the money from the workmen until the money advanced for them is paid with heavy interest.

#### Officials Fear the Guilds.

On account of the secret power of the guilds the Chinese government tempers its attitude toward them. I reproduce a portion of a proclamation which the Chinese government issued when pressed by the United States officials to make a pronouncement against the boycott. Note the manner in which the author of this proclamation steps the question. His purpose not to offend the United States is so apparent that the salutary effect of the boycott is worthless. It follows:

"It is feared that the Chinese merchants acted in a moment of impulse, although it is true that the step they have taken in unanimously boycotting American goods and manufactures was inspired by anger at the treatment of their fellow-countrymen in the United States. There is cause for apprehension



Group of Chinese Priests



Members of Guilds



Five Chinese of Shanghai



A Guild in Shanghai

stopping there were five American traveling men who on their previous trips to China had sold many thousands of dollars' worth of goods, while at this time not one of them could get a single order.

#### Minister Conger's Mistake.

Mr. Conger was of the opinion that the Chinese could not be united on an issue like a national boycott. He believed the personal ambition of the individual Chinese was stronger than his patriotism, and that the movement would fall of its own weight. While there are many old-timers in China who agree with him in regard to the lack of unity among the celestials in most cases, it is generally understood that the guilds (unions) can be made most effective instruments for harm if they become hostile to any branch of commerce.

T. R. Jernigan, formerly United States Consul-General at Shanghai, opposes the opinion of Mr. Conger and explains the methods of the guilds when they become opposed to a given interest. He points out that the strength of these organizations is a material manifestation of a local characteristic of the people. Not only do Chinese merchants combine for trade purposes, but the laboring classes, whatever their employment, all band together on the slightest pretext, whether the object be to obtain an advance in wages or to secure the dismissal of an outsider.

Whenever a question crops up affecting any particular trade, the heads of the principal firms engaged in it first come to some agreement among themselves, then they appeal to the lesser firms until they have gained a sufficient majority to give them the balance of power. Once the community of interest is formed it seems that few questions ever come to a vote in open meeting. Matters of policy are talked over secretly, and if opposition to an issue seems to predominate it is quietly abandoned. If, on the other hand, a general understanding is arrived at, the pledges of the participants are just as binding as if a formal utterance or written agreement has been made. On account of this secret manner of procedure it is most difficult to trace responsibility for any action.

#### Secret Power of Guilds.

Numerous instances are given which illustrate how effective the work of the guilds has been in the past. A number of years ago an attempt was made to tax certain articles, and the merchant class decided to oppose the government's action. No dealer in the taxed articles would come to an agreement with the official collectors. Some refused to lay in new supplies of the particular

forcing transportation companies to pay claims on damaged cargo which is not insured. They enter a claim, but the case never comes up for trial. They simply withdraw all patronage for a few days or weeks until the carrying company sees that the demand for damages is reasonable. The manner in which these claims are negotiated approach the acme of adroit diplomacy. There is no loud talk nor direct charges. The merchant simply intimates that he thinks a certain sum would be reasonable in payment of the damage he has sustained. If the hint is not taken shipments are withheld without threats or explanations. The transportation company has no redress nor chance to make a fight because nothing appears on the surface. From experience they have learned that the cheapest way out of it is to settle quick.

#### France Had Her Lesson.

The influence of the guilds is not confined exclusively to commercial matters, as shown by the riots against the French officials in Shanghai several years ago. It is the custom that when a Chinese from Ningpo dies in Shanghai the body is placed in a coffin and stored away until opportunity offers to send it home. It happened that a number of bodies had accumulated in the French concession in Shanghai and their removal was ordered by the French health authorities. The Ningpo guild resisted the removal, but the authorities were obdurate. A riot ensued in which the French police shot a number of Chinamen. The guild had its revenge by issuing a secret order for the suspension of all business, and the loss which resulted from a number of large steamers having to remain at their wharves reached an enormous figure.

The numerous kinds of guilds include all classes of the population and the influence of these organizations extends over every phase of Chinese life. Aside from regulating all commercial interests, individual and collective, they settle trade disputes, exact trade regulations, perform the functions of Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, and municipal councils. They regulate the assessment of taxes, provide standards of weights and measures, fix rates of commission, determine dates of settlement, provide penalties for violation of trade rules, and act generally as the guardian of their adherents. They are the terror of all who dare array themselves in opposition to them.

An exhaustive investigation concerning the workings of these secret societies shows that they even support fire brigades, maintain the expense of giving theatrical performances, and have a fund for the purpose of mak-

ever, that evil characters may take the opportunity to create disturbances and influence the ignorant to break the peace. The United States Minister, speaking in a friendly and affable manner, and saying there is no intention of coercing our government. In this, therefore, it is most important that steps be taken to exhort everyone to be patient and quietly await the results of the deliberation on the subject. The motion is to appeal to all gentry, merchants and to wait patiently and cast away all doubts and suspicions, and they are also further asked to exhort the laboring classes and common people to refrain from being influenced by the evil influences of the rowdy class thereby avoid creating disturbances which will do to their own detriment. Let all respectfully receive the important proclamation issued during the visit of the author of which wears the brevet second lieutenant, and is an expectant taotai and chief commissioner.

#### Uncle Sam is Easy.

There is much discussion among the foreigners relating to the attitude of the American government toward China. The very fact that we have been so lenient to the celestials and have never taken any of the territory in settlement for claims, makes them so indifferent to our interests. If the representatives of Germany or Japan file a claim which is not settled favorably in due season, a hint is dropped that if the Chinese do not care to pay the money, territory will be equally as acceptable. The Chinese have been so sign so many treaties at the cannon's mouth that they lend respectful attention to all threats of this kind. When it comes to considering an American claim, they know that we have never used force on them, and they intend to, therefore they don't pay much attention. While it would not be good policy to adopt the methods which the Europeans use on behalf of their claims, it would be well for our interests if we affected a compromise between our present lukewarm methods and the stringent practices of Europe. The Chinese know we are their friends, and if we treated them as enemies, they would hold them to strict account, it would not be wise to use the big stick.

Instead of waiting for this boycott to fall of its own weight, it should have been stopped at the very first. The whole thing reverts to the poor representation of the Chinese officials in China in the past. The Chinese flow here in all directions and the European officials who successfully represents his country's interests should be wide awake and incorruptible. We have been



men in China, and our consular representatives have been notoriously corrupt and incompetent. The Japanese are competing nations in the Oriental trade are united. They play every trick. The Japanese are as highly organized as a secret society. The Japanese pull together like the members of one family. The English are noted for their loyalty to each other. The American interests are represented here, also the formidable competition we have. It is a wonder that we have any standing.

#### Most Organized.

It is reasonable or business-like to expect our commercial affairs in the Orient to be looked after by the poorly organized political bosses? The opportunities for us are so tempting out here, because the cost of living is so high, that an official can hardly make both ends meet. He has some income other than his salary. Americans pride themselves on our business ability, but the half-hearted and poorly-organized effort we make in foreign trade is feeble and insane.

When will the day come that the American merchants will go to do business abroad, and who ought to have the share of the trade, will go to Congress with their petitions that we have good Americans in office to help us? Our foreign affairs will never thrive until we pay attention that will attract able men to the service. This is an argument, but one that will have to be reiterated until it is heeded. The need of consular reform and an efficient foreign organization is generally conceded, yet the work of attaining that end proceeds only

slowly. Why do we procrastinate in this respect? I have talked with many authorities on this subject, and I find that the Union agree that we are annually losing millions of dollars by our penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy of consular inefficiency. When approached personally members of Congress say they would like to see improvement, and President Roosevelt is outspoken in his determination to see it. But year after year the appropriation bill has been clipped with tireless regularity. If the American business men who are such great losers on account of this want to unite and go to Washington with a petition, Congress may be forced to assist the President in building up a consular service that will be the possibility of our commerce.

#### PRESIDENT A NATURALIST.

THE REAL SOURCE OF ROOSEVELT'S PLEASURE IN HUNTING.

By Bird Grinnell, author, and friend of President Roosevelt, writes in the November Country Calendar:

Mr. Roosevelt's success and a great part of the pleasure in hunting come in large measure from the fact that he is a naturalist. When Mr. Roosevelt went to Harvard in 1876, he intended to take a scientific course there and to become a naturalist. This he probably would have done except for the influence of the instructors at Cambridge. He was told him to go into the laboratory and study the habits of invertebrate life and to devote himself to the study of sections and the study of cells. They told him that the day of the field naturalist had passed, that all had been done and that there was no future in study of that sort. Theodore Roosevelt, however, did not care to spend his life in cutting sections and mounting them on slides and then studying them through the microscope. Nevertheless, those early years of study and observation left their mark on him. As a boy, he went to Egypt, and while there he made a collection of Egyptian birds, which he gave to the National Museum in Washington, where they now are. An important contribution to ornithology was made many years ago, when he sent to the National Museum certain Long Island specimens of the American Ornithologists' Union to determine the validity of certain alleged species and to see at a time when no other specimens were available on which the decision could be based.

Twenty years ago, just after Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey, had published his 'Mammals of the Adirondacks,' Mr. Roosevelt sent him a manuscript journal containing an accurate record of observations on the habits of certain mammals.

In 1892 Mr. Roosevelt secured from the Yellowstone National Park a specimen of a certain mouse originally described by Merriam, which had never been found in the Yellowstone region. During a hunt made from Thompson's station on the Northern Pacific Railroad northward in the mountains of white goats, Mr. Roosevelt observed certain habits of a rare shrew (*Neosorex navigator*), which he identified by securing a specimen.

More recent were the careful observations made by him in 1901 on the panther, or mountain lion, in Montana, where he collected the skins and skulls of more than twelve specimens, with careful measurements.

The following year, when the President went bear hunting in Mississippi, he secured a number of bears which he sent to the Biological Survey, and by his observations established the fact that the bear of that region was a new subspecies of the black bear, a little-known form, very different from the ordinary black bear.

President Roosevelt's writings on big game have been the best accounts extant of the life and habits of the species of which he has written. All his papers, his hunting nature and wilderness travel reveal the keen observation and accurate knowledge of the naturalist. This is a long explanation of the influence of the President Roosevelt as a sportsman. It is a long explanation of the key to his interest in sport and in nature. A great naturalist was lost to the world when he died, and statesmanship took the place in his life of nature study and science.

## New Providence Island.

AN INTERESTING RESORT OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

By a Special Contributor.

LIVING some hundred miles or more off the southerly part of Florida, due east, the island of New Providence, one of the Bahama group, is coming to be to Florida what Catalina is to California—a mecca for tourists and sightseers, interested not alone in the people and their ways, but in the curious and interesting place itself, for it is at once both interesting and curious. New Providence is not the largest of the Bahamas, but it is easily the most important, for there it is that Nassau, the capital of all the islands, is situated, and there it is that H. M. Flagler, who has built a veritable chain of hotels in Florida, has erected a hotel which is at once a pride and a joy to every American visiting the place, and yet is a great bone of contention so far as the Nassau people themselves are concerned, for being essentially English, and provincial, they have not taken as kindly as they might to the "invasion" of American capital.

Situate but a short eighteen-hour sail from Florida and on the line of the rapidly-growing tide of travel to Cuba, visited in the winter time by thousands of Americans, some to stay for the season, some, mere sightseers, to stay only a few days, and with American capital seeking to develop it—though truth be told, it does not seem to be capable of much development—it might reasonably be supposed that Nassau would by now be "Americanized" to some appreciable degree. Yet it is not. It is, if anything, even more intensely British than ever it has been, and the probabilities seem to be that it will continue so for twenty years to come—until the people wake up and realize that their best market is with the United States, a few hours distant, rather than with England, some days away; and that after all, the best friends of the island are those who are seeking legitimately to develop it.

New Providence itself is some ten miles wide by twenty-two miles long, and the only settlement on it is Nassau, a town of some few thousand people, of whom more than one-half are colored. It is a sun-dried, sun-baked looking place, with houses principally of frame, spacious porches about; with wonderfully fine roads, cut as it were out of the solid rock, for New Providence, as are the other Bahamas, is of coral formation; and with a superb land-locked harbor, under the lee of a small island a half mile distant, that would be a veritable treasure were it only a trifle deeper, though even now it admits many ocean-going steamers. With here and there a notable exception the residents are all British or of British descent, and, judging from the jealous manner in which they now guard their rights and privileges, the Britishers will continue to hold undisputed sway in the island. The people here, as in the so-called "outer" islands, depend solely for their living upon three things: fruit, sisal and sponges. Fruit everywhere grows in abundance—coconuts, grape fruit, oranges, lemons, pineapples, bananas, limes, sapodillas, quinces, shaddock and the like. Indeed, so abundant is the growth that at times the fruit cannot all be marketed, and one may see, for instance, pineapples selling at 4 cents a dozen. Of course if there was a free market for the fruit in the United States, there would not be such complaint, and the growers would not be impoverished by their very riches. The fruit, too, is wonderfully good. Everything is sold there by the dozen, the hundred or the measure—oranges 50 cents a hundred, bananas from 50 to 75 cents a hundred, and so on.

In respect to sisal, a word of explanation is perhaps necessary. This is a sort of cactus growth which, we are told, was first grown in Yucatan, and from there brought to the Bahamas. It grows perhaps three or four feet high, and when full-grown, is cut down and subsequently converted into cordage and binder twine. Its strength is amazing, and for every inch of it produced in the Bahamas there is a ready market abroad.

But it is the sponge industry that really gives to the Bahamas what little commercial life they have. Daily, dozens of "spongers"—little sailing vessels with none too comfortable quarters for the crew—leave Nassau for the sponge beds round about, while their places are taken by other dozens just arrived, well laden, from the ocean fields. The cargoes of the new arrivals are at once brought to the Sponge Exchange in Nassau, and there assorted, according to grade and quality, and subsequently marketed. One may judge of the business done when it is stated that each week fully \$10,000 worth of sponges are thus disposed of on the exchange.

As has been said, Nassau is the capital of the Bahamas, and there the seat of government is. And a wonderful institution it is to be sure. Just as every five years a Governor-General is sent to Canada by the British government, there to remain for that period, so to Nassau, as the capital of the Bahamas, is sent, every five years, a Governor, who lives in state, draws \$10,000 a year, looks wise—and does nothing. For there really is nothing to do. The whole trade of all the islands together does not represent as much business as was done in Los Angeles when it was a city of 50,000 people; and yet to "conduct" this government they have a Governor who not only receives his \$10,000 yearly salary, but also is given, free, a handsome "government residence" where state functions are held. To assist him in this arduous task of government the Governor has what virtually corresponds to the Cabinet in this country, and, in addition, an advisory body whom the Governor himself appoints and an elective legislative assembly who meet and gravely discuss affairs of state as though the whole world were hanging on their every word. Parliament, as in England, is formally opened by an "address from the throne," read by the Governor himself in his gorgeous

robes of office; and all orders of government are promulgated through a private secretary and published in an official paper each week. One often might read in this paper that the solicitor-general or some other official had been granted a two weeks' leave of absence, the statement being made by the private secretary "by order of His Excellency the Governor;" while in another advertisement would appear a statement that in the absence of so-and-so some other so-and-so would act, again "by order of His Excellency the Governor." When one remembers that the duties of the solicitor-general would probably be less important than the duties of a junior clerk in a Los Angeles law office of any consequence, the humor of the situation will more readily appear.

It is the privilege and the duty of the residents of the place to call upon the Governor at his residence on certain days; and, those, however humble and whatever their color, who obediently and respectfully call are thereafter assured an invitation to the Governor's receptions! On days of state the Governor has his armed and uniformed bodyguard—all colored and commanded by an officer of the English army, sent to the Bahamas on such detail. When this bodyguard is not thus in service it does constabulary duty, assisting the regular police (also all colored), who are really not police as we understand the word, but are a part of the militia service. There is this to be said of the system, that it has made the island one of the most orderly places in the world, and one never hears, on the part of negroes or anyone else, of brutal assaults such as are from time to time reported from the Southern States.

In the island itself, limited though the white population is, there are always several distinct social cliques—the "Governor's set," the minor official element, a limited business coterie outside of officialdom, the rank and file of the whites and the rank and file of the colored. The lines of social cleavage in this little sea island, in short, are as marked as in any great city, and one cannot help wondering what kind of life is lived in the island in the summer, when the few thousand people huddled there are deserted by the tourist element and left to their own devices. If one should ask them, he would not unlikely be told, as many have been told, that the people are better without the tourists than with them, and live a more natural life. It is a fact that not a few of the so-called "bon ton" of the people hold themselves aloof from the tourists, however consequential these tourists may be, and refuse absolutely to recognize them socially. It is needless to say that these are some of the descendants of the provincial "aristocrats" of the older world who probably settled in the Bahamas years upon years ago, and mayhaps are not quite certain yet of the fact, or, if certain, will never forgive it, that America broke free from England and refused longer to be shackled-bound.

By way of amusement, the people play polo and cricket, the women also playing the latter game; and boat and bathe. Every Friday afternoon is a public holiday and on that day a polo match, if nothing else, is certain to be one of the attractions. The sailing is nothing short of ideal, on water whose varying colors, resulting from the sand and sea forest growth beneath, are beautiful as they can scarcely be more beautiful in any part of the world. It is not an uncommon thing to be able to see twenty or twenty-five feet down to the very bottom, so clear is the water. As for bathing, it is genuine all-the-year-round bathing, for Nassau has a most equable climate, the temperature in the winter seldom varying more than three or four degrees day or night, and the temperature of the water, under the influence of the gulf stream, remaining almost constant, and about the same as the air. In the winter the range is from about 78 to 82, and rain practically never falls there in the winter. In the summer time it is much warmer, with the sun fully 60 degrees hotter than the shade, and with rain falling sometimes too generously. Three years ago a hurricane visited the islands in the summer and did great damage. But to return to the bathing, it is most enjoyable—and decidedly cheap. For a shilling (24 cents) one may get rowed across to Hog Island, which forms the harbor shelter, be provided with room, suit and towel, get an ocean plunge and then, repairing to the fruit grove, eat to his heart's content of all kinds of delicious fruit. If that is not cheap, nothing is. And tourists are not slow to recognize the fact! Seeing the tourists eat, the natives are unkind enough to say that the island was well named.

For the reason that they grow little on New Providence but fruit and sisal and for the reason also that there are no streams or rivers of fresh water, one sees few birds on the island and few animals of any kind. Milk and meat, therefore, are a luxury, and even fowls do not seem to flourish there. Hence it is that most of the meat, chickens, etc., used on the island come from Florida, and that unless one is content with fruits one must pay pretty high for meat and the like. And yet these things considered, it can scarcely be said that, for the tourist, living is expensive. At the best private boarding-houses in the city, table board can be had for \$9 or \$10 a week, while at the hotels, the Flagler Hotel excepted, board and room can be had for from \$15 up a week.

In the winter time the boats from Florida run every other day. In the summer they run every other week. The people at these times, having nothing but a weekly newspaper of their own, and apparently subscribing for nothing but English papers which come weeks old, seem to depend wholly for their news and information of the world upon a weird cable system which in some round-about way gets its news a day old and posts it up, type-written, on a sort of public bulletin board in one of the town squares.

All and all, these Bahamas—for the outer islands are less advanced and more provincial even than New Providence—considering their nearness to the United States, are more than interesting. They are almost pitiful. They will be saved only from commercial stagnation and death when they can get a free market in this country or when, if ever, the United States shall take them over.

W. R. GIVENS.



## Life in the Navy.

### PAY, PROMOTION AND PERQUISITES OF UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—That the navy should now be embarrassed by a paucity of enlisted men is surprising when we consider the opportunities for promotion, even to the highest commissioned ranks, now open to the ambitious bluejacket. Far fewer of our hail and hearty sons of toil would turn their backs upon Jack Tar's life had they more than a superficial understanding of the speed of advancement and generous perquisites open to him.

In the first place, it is the common notion that the sailor's pay is \$16 per month. While it is true that the raw recruit may have to begin as low as this, the bare statement of such a rate is as misleading as it is discouraging. The navy pay table is a complicated puzzle

to the grade of seaman and handed \$24 per month. Indeed, he may even be enlisted at the \$24 grade at the start if he has been a good sailor on one of the big ocean liners. But even to the raw landlubber this progress to the grade of seaman and to the pay of \$24 has been a matter only of six or eight months, dependent not upon vacancies ahead, but upon his own merit.

Seaman Smith is now in direct line for the various ratings as "petty officer." These positions aboard the man-of-war are divided into "seaman branch," "artificer branch," "messman branch" and "special branch," the last including hospital stewards, yeomen (clerks) and musicians. He is eligible, after twelve months as seaman, to enter one of these branches as "petty officer, third class," at \$30 per month. In another year or more, depending upon vacancies and upon himself, he may go still further, becoming "petty officer, second class," with pay of \$35 or \$40, his next promotion being to the first class at \$40 and upward, and still another making him "Chief Petty Officer Smith," with a salary of \$70 per month.

But we have forgotten Jack Tar's perquisites and allowances thus far in his advancement. The rates of

reenlistment. Not even this being considered, a further increase of 75 cents per month—total of \$2.11—is given upon the completion of second and subsequent enlistments with a good conduct medal.

As soon as he is rated as a "seaman gunner" dollars are added to his monthly wage. If he is duty as a "gun captain" he draws an additional month for that; or if as a "gun pointer" he gets \$2 to \$10 per month extra, according to the class. If as a signalman, he receives \$3, \$2 or \$1, depending upon whether he be first, second or third class. If he serves as crew messman, moreover, or is put in of the hold, or is assigned to a submarine, he is made coxswain to the commander-in-chief, he gets \$5 per month added to his wage. Then, having attained in any of the branches of the petty officer, he has another \$2 added to his monthly pay.

#### Scientific Diet and Expert Medical Care.

By no means to be overlooked are the allowances made for the bluejacket's health and



A Sailor's Mess

for the landlubber to solve, and he is apt to succumb to brain fog before figuring out a sailor's increased pay and allowances due at the end of one year. But even this labyrinthine riddle falls to cover the ground fully, and if we wish to pry our inquisitive noses into all of the perquisites and allowances of Jack Tar we want to talk with one of his own feather who knows the ropes.

The man who starts in at \$16 per month is the raw landlubber from the inland counties who ten to one has never seen a naval craft or any other ocean-going vessel. His only necessary qualifications are a sound body, eighteen years of age, American citizenship and ability to both read and write the English language.

He must run the gauntlet of a strict physical examination, in which he must expect to vie with his brethren from every county of every State as well as from the Philippine Islands. This rigid going-over of his exterior architecture and interior mechanism is repeated every four years, if he continue to reenlist. Having passed the first ordeal, this raw landlubber signs his articles of enlistment at one of the naval recruiting stations, which are maintained at all of the principal points of the seaboard and great lakes, and are supplemented by a dozen or so of traveling recruiting parties which penetrate to the inland regions.

#### Clothes and Education Free.

The first thing which our raw recruit receives is an outfit of clothing worth \$45. Before having time to thoroughly admire himself in his new togs, he has been sent to a receiving or training ship to begin the elementary course of a gratuitous education in seamanship. Even while thus fitting himself to become the first jot useful to his employer he draws his \$16 and rations, in addition to his clothes. He now is "Landsman" Smith, and just as soon as he adapts himself to discipline and learns the first duties of a sailor he becomes "Ordinary Seaman Smith," with pay of \$19 per month. Having developed more intelligence and proficiency he promptly finds himself "Seaman" Smith, at \$24 a month.

We have been speaking only of landlubbers thus far. A merchant sailor enlisting in the navy is at once rated an ordinary seaman at \$19, and as soon as he can adapt himself to the change in his surroundings is pushed up

pay mentioned fall far short of representing his total compensation, and are supplemented by a long list of extra pay.

If, when only a "landsman," he is detailed as a "jack-of-the-dust" (provision, handler), or as a lamp-lighter, he is paid for his additional trouble an extra \$5 per month. Then there is his ration provided "in kind," with equivalent of \$9 per month. On many of the ships the \$9 is given in lieu of the ration, and the various grades of men on board club together, electing a caterer from among their own number and providing their own food. Thus have been organized on the man-of-war various eating clubs or "messes," such as the "petty officers' mess" and so on. The experiment has proved that the sailors, after securing ample and satisfactory provisions, have still left over out of their ration allowance some convenient spending money for luxuries.

Reenlisting at the expiration of his four-year term, Jack receives a bonus of four months' extra pay if he will enlist again. He may, between terms, loaf four months with pay if careful to reenlist a day or two before the leave expires, or he may reenlist the very next day after his term is up and receive double pay for the four months thereafter. Thus, although he gets his "shore liberty" throughout the four years of his enlistment, he is given government clerk's generous leave of one month per year or its equivalent in lucre. Besides this bonus for reenlistment, he has, regardless of his grade, \$1.36 per month tacked onto his pay after each

fare. His food is regularly inspected by an officer, and is served him. Then, there are aboard on each ship hospitals and accessible to each sailor a doctor, hospital and apothecary shop, all of whose services are gratis. The humblest jacky is under the constant care of a physician, and the highest grade of surgeon, in their profession, entering the service through examination. These medical men are equipped with the most modern appliances and are assisted by the skillful of trained nurses, always in readiness. Moreover, these doctors and nurses never send a sailor to the hospital. Should the sailor be taken seriously ill on board, he is sent at government expense, and without loss of pay or allowances, to one of the naval hospitals maintained by our government at every navy yard or station. Now even in Alaska, Yokohama, Honolulu and elsewhere, not only is Jack Tar's health protected by a diet, inspected thrice a day, by hospitals, surgeons, nurses, but by the most sanitary and hygienic and sleeping quarters to be found under the sun. The New England housewife must throw up her hands when it comes to vying with the cleanliness of keeping aboard ship. Moreover, the most advanced systems of ventilation and sanitation on each ship is converted into a floating sanatorium, whereon the most health-producing exercises are compulsory. Thus it is seen that every imaginable provision is made for the bluejacket's physical well-being. He cannot afford new, or even clean, clothes, which he must eat the adulterated food of the small galleys, must sleep in a dark, musty tenement room, neglect his cough because unable to pay the doctor, cause afraid to go to the free dispensary and be mented on by medical students, and who know exercise except the swing of the pick or lift of the

Jack's mental and moral health are quite as well provided for. Upon every ship and in every station there is a carefully-selected library of classic and reference books, the meanest of these is ample than that on which Abraham Lincoln based himself to become President of the United States. Then, too, each ship and station has its chapel, not only ministers to the spiritual wants of the crew, but serves as their schoolmaster; and what greater educational could a young man have than to visit all of the great ports of the world while he is in the navy? Thus, in addition to a doctor, a hospital, drug store, church and gymnasium on each of our great floating fortresses there is a free and several free schools.

Each sailor also enjoys retirement after thirty years of service, and in computing this period service in the Civil or Spanish-American war is counted as double time. As soon as he faces actual warfare, of extra allowances are made. Not only the admiral, his captains and other officers, but the humble of his enlisted men is showered with money, advancement in rank and pay, medals and honors galore, also advanced rank on the retired list. If the bluejacket fall in battle, his dependent is pensioned, his funeral expenses are paid and a salute fired over his bones every Memorial Day. If he is disabled he enjoys a pension himself.

#### From Petty to Warrant Officer.

We lost track of our hustling chap when he was Petty Officer Smith, at \$70 per month, plus allowances. His crowning ambition is now to become a warrant

Inspecting The Grub



to bridge the gap before him he must take care to step over the grade of "mate," a strangely anomalous class, with it the rank neither of enlisted man nor officer, but some of the advantages of each. The mates are men who have served long and faithfully as petty officers, who are held to be worthy of something better than the latter, but who are yet barred from promotion to the grade of warrant officer by reason of age or other reasons. Their rating to all intents and purposes places them with warrant officers, and as for their pay, those appointed prior to August, 1894, receive \$1200 at sea and \$900 on shore, while those appointed since that date receive only \$900 at sea and \$700 on shore. In common with warrant officers they receive "quarters" or "commutation" thereof at \$24 a month, the same as allowed a lieutenant in the navy or a second lieutenant in the army or Marine Corps. Not content with this betwixt-and-between class the perquisites of a commissioned officer, the navy allows them also the same month ration money of the enlisted man. Then, when their active service being done, they enjoy the same pension and pension privileges of commissioned and warrant officers for the remainder of their lives. But, as we said, our bustling chap does not want to be thus situated. He is out after a commission.

He becomes a warrant officer—a boatswain, gunner, sailmaker, warrant machinist or pharmacist—and his pay ranges from \$1300 to \$1800 per month with commutation for quarters at \$24 per month and the regular fuel allowance when on shore. When on shore, "beyond the limits of the States comprising the Union"—that is, in Alaska, Porto Rico, Samoa, Hawaii or the Philippines—they realize a 10 per cent increase in pay.

Three months and twenty-four days after enlistment he becomes a warrant officer with the rank of lieutenant. Three others became warrant machinists in less than a year. Twenty-three others became warrant officers of some grade or other in less than two years. These, of course, are record cases. Of the gunners, more than half have served as bluejackets under the old system.

#### Warrant Officers.

Warrant officers who have served six years as boatswains, gunners, carpenters and sailmakers are commissioned chief boatswains, chief gunners, chief carpenters and chief sailmakers, and are ranked "with but not above" lieutenants. This provision will doubtless in time be amended to include warrant machinists, comprising a comparatively new corps, established just before the Spanish War, to provide engineers for the navy. The former engineer officers were consolidated with the line officers. Nominally, the line officers of the navy are still assigned to engineer duties aboard ship, but in point of fact these warrant machinists are the men who are responsible for, who watch over and who have a constant contact with the marvelously complicated machinery of our modern fighting leviathans. Warrant officers commence at \$1400 per annum, which is added 10 per cent. for each five years' service, up to 40 per cent. In this estimate they are given the same pay as lieutenants in the army, navy or Marine Corps, but their pay, therefore, actually reaches \$1960, which is added a number of other extras. There is, for instance, the 10 per cent. increase for shore service in the States, which raises the total to \$2156 per annum. Then there are the quarters or allowance of \$24 per month, also the fuel allowance.

There is also traveling expenses. Chief warrant officers, warrant officers and mates, in common with other naval officers, receive 8 cents per mile for travel under orders, including that to their homes or back to duty. They are being constantly transferred from one station or squadron to another, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the United States to the Philippines, the South Atlantic or European squadrons, and, of course, this allowance for mileage above actual necessary expenses; hence in the case of the economical traveler on a long trip the saving is no small item.

#### Warrant to Commissioned Officer.

Now Chief Petty Officer Smith is straining every nerve to become Ensign Smith, U.S.N., a regular career naval officer, in direct line for promotion to the grade of captain or rear-admiral, depending on his age and the rapidity of occurrence of vacancies in the grade of him. The last Congress provided for the appointment of twelve warrant officers of six years' standing to be ensigns. Under the former law only half of the number were annually eligible, and the necessary number as warrant officer was ten instead of six years. In a year twelve of the 500 warrant officers in the navy reach the line. Of course there are numerous disqualifications intended to guard against promotion to the commissioned class men whose lack of training unfit them for the delicate duties constantly required upon our naval officers. For instance, the members of a squadron or even a single ship must have been in the country in a semi-diplomatic capacity at least one foreign port at which he calls. He must have the calls of the nabobs who visit him in port and rub elbows with royalty. Therefore his education must have learned to be at ease under whatever conditions they may be thrust. He must have mastered foreign language, at least, and have become proficient in the etiquette of bowing and scraping and gushing and flattery with great lords and their great ladies. This would be impossible to a large per cent. of the men upon our fighting ships and probably a fraction of 1 per cent. has ever entertained such notions, even in their wildest dreams. Nevertheless, the door is now open to the enlisted men ambitious to reach the highest grade in the navy, and the prospect of promotion will be opened wider and wider in ensuing years. It is a matter of Jack Tar's own efforts and abil-

ity, his necessary time and opportunities—all four; and we might add that it is partly a matter of his inherited culture.

I have it from a naval officer, who has figured it all out very carefully, that the enlisted man can earn a commission in the line as full lieutenant by the time he is 30; and, according to this authority, even though Jack never receives the coveted commission, he can when old age overtakes him retire with a snug little fortune in addition to his continued allowance. After remaining only an enlisted man for thirty years he can, if unmarried, have saved \$9000 by retirement time, and this he can put away without pinching himself a jot. One-third of this would buy him an ample home, in which he could lounge away his last days in comfort, ever surrounded by a gaping circle of neighbors awestruck by the fund of anecdotes of one who has sailed this jolly world over.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

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## Making Ends Meet.

### A HONEYMOON CONVERSATION ON THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

By a Special Contributor.

"I HAVE made a discovery," said Polly, very solemnly, as she handed me my slippers and turned to adjust the lamp at my elbow, while I poked the fire into a brighter blaze, and sighed with comfort as I leaned back in my armchair. "Did you ever realize that there are 100 whole pennies in a dollar, Jack?"

"That is the first thing one realizes," I remarked, "when one becomes poor."

"Oh, no, it isn't," replied Polly briskly, as she took up her needle and a bit of ruffy muslin and seated herself on the opposite side of the fire. "One makes lots of discoveries before that. For instance, yesterday I discovered that soup could be made without turtle, and the day before that, you don't put salt in pies, and the day before that, that you can get a better cut of meat at the butcher's if you will just smile instead of looking severe, and the day before that—"

"Christopher Columbus!"

"No, only Polly, thank you!" and she made me a modest curtsy from the other side of the table. "A great discoverer in the Land of Poverty, perhaps, but not to be ranked with the discoverer of America. And best of all, I have discovered woman's real mission, Jack."

"Thank heaven!" I exclaimed fervently. "I thought they were made to be looked at."

Polly dimpled.

"Well—they are," she agreed grudgingly, "and to be listened to. But a woman is also born with a great talent—a life work, the talent for spending the money which a man earns."

I jingled the coin in my slender pockets, and whistled softly with my eyes cast toward the ceiling.

"For once," I replied, "we are agreed."

"Oh, no we aren't," answered Polly, pulling her needle in and out with a grace and skill at which I marvelled, "because what you mean by spending, and what I mean by spending, are very different things. Spending is a fine art, and woman a master artist. Before we were poor, I used to think that Joan of Arc was the greatest heroine of literature and history, but now I know that it was Becky Sharp. Joan only had to face armies of men and swords and fire, while Becky and all the other women who live on nothing a year have to face armies of petty little problems, and doubts and impossibilities, and butchers and bakers and laundries, every day of their lives. They haven't even a sword to fight with, only a miserable dollar—which must be made to do the duties of two. But Joan never felt a greater inspiration than the woman who is bent on making ends meet, nor a finer thrill of triumph than I do when I have humbled the grocer's clerk or persuaded the plumber into halving his bill, or have discovered a new way of cooking eggs and peeling potatoes to make them go farther. The woman who doesn't have to make ends meet misses half the joy of life. It's her natural instinct to connive and scheme and plan; and when there is no incentive for her to do this, life lacks its spice. There never was a woman who couldn't take more real comfort and feel more triumph in an old frock successfully turned and made over, than in the finest creation Worth ever turned out. And there isn't a feminine person in all the world who doesn't get more pure joy out of a little home made with her own hands and heart and brains than she possibly could out of a Newport cottage trimmed and furnished by a lot of hired professionals."

"And there never was a woman," I added, "who could make a poor devil of a man feel so glad that he was poor, as you can, Polly."

Polly looked up at me in mute surprise.

"Well, aren't you glad?" she asked, in mild astonishment. "Why, it's been the most fun of anything we've done since we've been married. It isn't being rich that's delightful, it's getting rich; and only poor people have that opportunity. You and I were born with gold spoons in our mouths, which spoiled our taste for the real things of life. There wasn't anything to work for. There was no chance of getting anything better than gold. Now we have power, we have something to look forward to. It's wanting things, not having them; it's working for them and dreaming about them, that is the best part of life, after all. I remember once seeing a little china teapot in a shop window that I thought I would buy if I had time, but it was so easy to get it then that I never took the trouble even to go in and price it. Now I am saving up for it, and some day I am going to buy that teapot—and won't I love it!" and Polly's eyes shone with pure joy as she bent over her sewing.

"I suppose you will," I agreed. "A woman loves

anything which she has gone through fire and water for. That is why a mother always adores the black sheep of a son, and a wife worships the husband who beats her. It's a funny kink in feminine nature, but I didn't think even you, Polly, could be happy by so small a thing as a china teapot."

"Small a thing!" and Polly looked up scornfully. "Why, it's just the little things that make one happy. But people with big bank accounts never have time for little things, and that's why it's so sad to be rich. Rich women are so busy hunting all day for something to amuse them that they haven't time to be just happy. Now, I am so busy all day with little things, dusting my books and trimming over my hats, and watering my window garden, and washing teacups, and polishing, and sewing on buttons, that I haven't time to hunt for amusement. And when you come home at night, instead of wondering how we are going to pass the evening, I'm in a glow of anticipation, and wondering how I am going to find time to say all the things I want to say to you. It's like looking forward to a holiday."

"I suppose," I remarked, "that I stand out against—the surroundings."

"Yes, you do—and so do I. When people are poor, all they've got is each other. That's why there are so many more happy marriages among the poor."

"Polly," I exclaimed, "you're like that fire there—one only has to touch it to make it sparkle;" and I gave the fire another poke that sent a flame blazing up from the logs.

"If I were like the fire," said Polly softly, "I would have been very dull tonight, for you've been throwing a little cold water on me, Jack. I guess I'm more like an electric bulb or asbestos—you can't quench me. Anyhow, I wanted to be very kind to you and to keep you in a good humor, because I want you to do a lot of things. There's that picture to be hung, and the banner to be put up, and the Japanese umbrella to be fastened to the ceiling."

"More bare spots to be covered?" I sighed melodramatically. "Oh, if all poor women only understood the art of managing a husband as well as they do of managing his income—"

"Come along!" said Polly. "Now I will hold this end while you climb the ladder."

"That's the worst of it!" I cried. "The poor little wife must bear all the burdens while the husband climbs the ladder."

"Yes," agreed Polly, "and she must hold the ladder and the husband straight at the same time. There! It's up. Now, doesn't it look beautiful?"

I was looking at Polly's glowing face.

"It does," I replied fervently, "it fairly shines!"

"Where?" asked Polly, rubbing her nose with deep concern.

"In the eyes," I replied softly.

"Nonsense!" said Polly. "But it is fun, isn't it, for you to be helping me with my work and for me to be helping you with yours. That's what they call being chums, isn't it? It's odd how people who are going to be married always talk of being happy together. They are not really married until they have worked and been unhappy together. They join hands thinking they're going to walk through life on roses. Why, if they were going to walk only on roses they could walk quite as well alone. It's when they begin to tread on thorns that they need one another. One doesn't really marry to share his joys, but his sorrows."

"The sorrows of putting up pictures?" I inquired.

"Yes—and of eating done-over potatoes."

"And of hanging curtains."

"And of going without the things you want."

"And of laying carpets."

"And of staying at home in the evenings."

"And of counting the pennies."

"Ye-es—but you're not naming the sorrows, Jack. You're naming the pleasures. Tell me, hasn't it been fun, fixing up this little nest out of nothing?"

"It's been the jolliest bit of life we've had!" I declared enthusiastically.

"Then," said Polly, going over to the fire and seating herself on a rug in front of it, "why don't you come down off that ladder—and those stilts—and acknowledge it. I suppose you thought you'd have to be sorry because you failed and are poor, and now you're trying to live up to the part. But you're not sorry, are you?"

"I ought to be," I argued firmly. "Why, Polly Cutting, I've committed the crime of turning the sweetest girl in New York into a day laborer—"

"And a cook!"

"Well—yes—a-cook—"

"And a housemaid."

"And a drudge."

"And a chum."

"But"—and I got down off the ladder and knelt down beside Polly on the rug—"I'm going to try to forget it, Polly; and I'm going to begin by kissing the cook;" and I did so.

Polly looked into the fire.

"How funny!" she said, "a man usually begins by kissing the housemaid."

I promptly kissed the housemaid.

"And here's one for the drudge and one for the chum," I added.

"Nonsense!" cried Polly. "One never kisses a chum!"

"Oh, well," I remarked, "we don't have to economize on kisses, anyhow."

"Nor in love."

"Nor on enthusiasm."

"And with plenty of these," sighed Polly happily, "we can cover all the bare spots on the walls of Poverty."

HELEN ROWLAND.

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A Pittsburgh institutional church took the prize at the exposition at Liege, Belgium. This is because Los Angeles was not represented there.



## Vexing Passport Systems.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW STAND ON THE PUZZLING PROBLEM.

From a Special Correspondent.

KOCARINOVO (Turkey) Oct. 30.—When the Russian Consul at Chicago recently visé the passport of a Cincinnati professor about to tour the Czar's domains, under protest, and added to the seal the words, "A Jew," he started the ball rolling to what may result in the first passport legislation in which the United States has indulged. Heretofore, the United States has always held that each country has a right to regulate its passport requirements, as it sees fit, and if an American subject cannot conform, then let him stay away. But in the case of the Cincinnati man, who is a scholar, a professor at the Hebrew Union Theological Seminary, the Consul went just a step too far. He . . . possibly in all kindness, intimated that if the man Deutsch, would, for the time being, deny his being a Jew, all would be well. This Prof. Deutsch refused to do, and instead, appealed to the Russian embassy. There pressure was brought to bear, and at last the passport came, with the designation, and the words, "issued on the order of the imperial Russian embassy."

After returning from the trip, an appeal was made to the State Department against such discrimination, and now secret agents are abroad, looking into the passport question. It is doubtful if they do much, because of the fact that these regulations are eternally changing.

Turkey, next only to Russia, is the most bothersome country, in the matter of passports. Before leaving for the Ottoman domains, in accordance with a printed slip accompanying the passport from Washing-



*The Sandchak where border jumpers take refuge*

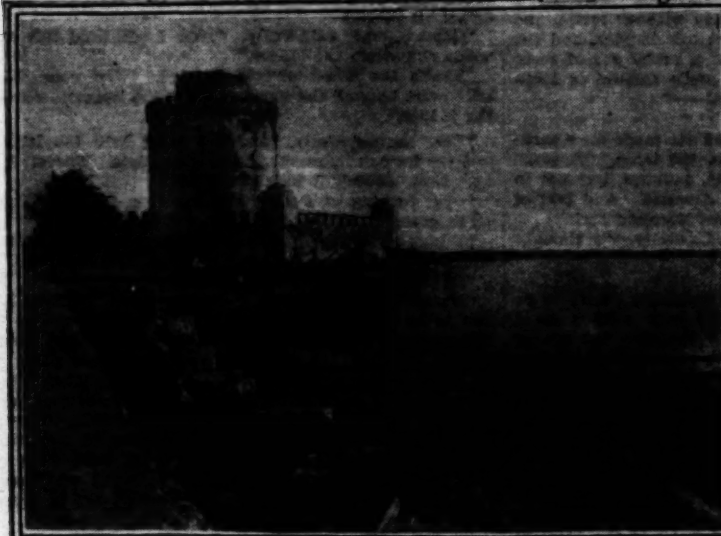
ton to jail. At Monastir, by oversight, this country was keeping us in jail long enough to miss the train, and be forced to stay in town two days more than was necessary.

Nor can one leave town at will. That is the why more Christians do not emigrate from the land of perpetual massacre. On departure, one must go to the police, and has his next destination written on the paper, as well as the proposed hotel. At the depot they will not sell you a ticket for any other except the one the police have signed to the train. At the train shed, again, they will not let you go aside the railing unless this be the particular station along the railway, soldiers patrol, to prevent meetings, and like outrages, and to attempt to board a slowly-moving train would be to risk being shot in a moment.

There is no help for it; in European Turkey, one is kept under careful scrutiny. When the publican may not lose by just so much annual tax, they refuse him a passport, and he cannot go.

Roumania, too, has its aggravating passport system. That is to say, while in Roumania, the American passport is admitted, it must bear the seal of the Roumanian Consul. At Belgrade we were at 10 of the night of departure. At 11 the Consul left. We had to scurry about, and hunt up the Consul. The Consul was out. We were bound to risk it, we went on to Glinjevo. There, at the foot of the bankment leading from the Danube to town, we met officers. They, however, are sane in the matter, simply assessed us a dollar each for the stamp, the same as the Consul would have done. The Roumanians likewise demand a passport, but with sanity, and Montenegro the passport has been abolished together.

The rest of the European States issue passports seldom require them. In fact, aside from a few identification at banks, and the like, one may make an ordinary European tour and never once make



*Torture Tower at Salonica, to which those without passports are committed.*



*By the Aegean at Salonica*

ton, the American sends his paper to the nearest Turkish consulate to be stamped. Aside from paying the dollar fee, and so helping to support said consulate, it is doubtful what purpose this serves, as the paper is returned one in far less time than the slightest pretense at examination into the applicant's circumstances would warrant. Then, with this paper, he proceeds.

On entering into Turkey from Bosnia, or, in fact, from any country at all, in addition to this American visé, one must stop again at the nearest Turkish consulate to be revised. In penetrating the old Sandchak of Novi-pazar the fallacy in all this is most apparent. Never having had the paper stamped since leaving home, months before, one finally lands at the Bosnian-Turkish border, two days by stage from Sarajevo. One dismounts, and at a little shed deposits his paper. An Austrian military officer stamps it, and writes on the base of the seal the date. Then one takes lunch on the border, at the patrol station. When ready, you saunter across the line to the Turkish station. There they had never seen an American passport before, and so were nonplussed, until the Austrian seal reassured them. Then it was another dollar. This probably supports the stamper, who, like all Turkish officials, has bought his office, under pledge to pay so many piasters a week, and may keep all in excess. The result of this is that he is quite willing to visé any and everybody.

Then one goes on into the interior. Beyond the district capital, Plevlje, travel is saddle only, from hamlet to hamlet, and one hugs the border in such wise that in a single day one is in Turkey, then Bosnia, then Turkey again, then Bosnia again, and, finally, ends in Turkey. At each of these occasions, possibly half a mile before the line, there is a passport station, where the one side visés the paper good to leave Turkey (for one may neither leave or enter Turkey without permission,) and the other lets one leave Bosnia, though for entering Bosnia—so far as the Austro-Hungarians are concerned—no stamp is necessary. The farce in this is laughable. Between the passport station and the line itself there are only the mountains, with their boundless forests. One travels for hours in these wilds without seeing a sign of man. Hence, if one really feared, for any cause, that he might either not enter or

leave Turkey—as the case might be—he would simply take to the mountains and elude the nearest pass station.

In the heart of the empire, however, matters are more difficult. There, too, one needs the visé of the nearest Consul before entering. On the trans-Macedonian railways, before reaching the border, a Bulgar officer comes through the car and demands the passport, to see that there is no criminal fleeing from the Prince's grasp. . . . this, although Prince Ferdinand is nominally still a vassal of the Sultan, and Bulgaria is likewise legally still part and parcel of the empire. Then, nearer the border, a Turkish official comes through and collects the passports, for copying. At the border the train halts for customs inspection, after which one is returned his papers, after having declared first his profession, and second, his destination. If one is a correspondent, his several newspapers are entered on the back of the document. Then, if at any time—as in my case at Monastir—they wish to keep him out of a town, they simply refuse to stamp the paper "good" for it, and only through pressure brought to bear by foreign consuls, on the Vail or province Governor, can one ever hope to get in.

On reaching one's first destination, however, his troubles begin. The train runs into a depot inclosed by gratings. One by one, as one passes through these bars, the officers inspect the passport to see if it bears permission to stop off there, and check it off on their lists. Likewise, one's hosteler refuses to accept you, unless you are marked "good" for his house.

This is the first day inside of Turkey.

On setting out to explore the town, however, one is accompanied by his hosteler and goes, first of all, to the police. There a "teskeret," or internal passport, is made out, on the strength of the American document. We, however, ask, at most, eleven questions, I believe, on our passport; the Turks ask twenty-two. Everything imaginable is listed as by some Bertillon inspector. Then, and only then, is this stamped "good" for the given town, say Salonica. Never may one leave this paper behind. Police are authorized to stop a stranger, or an infidel, at any time, anywhere, and demand to see this teskeret, with its authorization to walk their streets. If it is not forthcoming, one goes

to jail. But in the nearer East it is not so easy to travel without it, and the bother entailed is tedious.

FELIX J.

### ANCIENT FOOTBALL.

A book published at Venice in 1555, by Antonio, relates methods of play in a real football, actually called bl the same name. The field was large that no one, however strong, could kick a stone from one end to the other, and it was half as wide. Twenty, thirty, or forty players participate, on a side, the number being regulated by the size of the available field. Goals were at either end. No one was permitted to strike the ball with the outstretched arm or with anything but the foot. Nevertheless, he was permitted to "strike the ball with whatever part of his body he pleased." If the ball came rolling toward him, he was allowed to kick it, the inference being that if lying still he could not do so. The field was divided by a transverse line "into two equal parts, and in the middle lay the ball. The players were chosen by lot to be the first to kick the ball, and the means of colors, by which, in the struggle of the test, each could recognize his own side. A signal was given by the roll of the drum or the blowing of a trumpet, a player rushed forward, one of the chosen by lot to be the first to kick the ball with his foot. This action was understood to be the beginning of the contest, so that after it, it was permitted to one from either party to seize it, to strike it, or to drive it as victor over the goal. It was the method of beginning the game that is now called football."

These Italian games had their origin in the pastimes of the Greeks and Romans, and in the approach nearer to the modern idea of football the beginnings of the game in northern countries is believed by some authorities to have been a portion of the worship of the Celtic sun god, the rites attendant on the celebrative ceremonies also hold a strong belief that its original form was introduced into England by the Romans. —Meyers, in Outing Magazine.



## The Queer Koreans.

LITTLE CHANCE FOR A FOREIGNER  
TO SLEEP IN SEOUL.

From the New York Sun.

One of the latest studies of Korea is by a Frenchman. It is entitled "En Corée," and the author is Paul Bourdaret. The Koreans are a strange people, not only from the point of view of our civilization, but even from that of their near neighbors, the Japanese. Mr. Bourdaret describes with abundance of detail their habits, morals and daily life.

The last night a stranger passes in Seoul is one of the most restful sleep he is promptly disillusioned.

He is kept awake by a weird noise, ceaseless and prolonged. It continues from dark until dawn. It opens with a low rumble, increasing in volume until it becomes an infernal gallop.

The uproar comes from the washing of clothes, which is done exclusively at night. Koreans are not disturbed by it; nothing ever gets upon their nerves; but to a stranger accustomed to it it is a formidable menace to his sleep. The noise is caused by the method employed to wash clothes.

The garment is wrapped about a cylindrical stone and pounded with two clubs, which resemble those carried by policemen. Only a small quantity of water is used, but the process gives a glaze and finish peculiar to Korean dress or cotton.

Very thousands of these stones may be hammered in Seoul, but the Korean sleeps on undisturbed. Nothing disturbs his sleep. He may be seen slumbering on a bench of a slender tree in the full blaze of sunlight, or, dozing, devoured by a multitude of flies, absolutely unconscious of annoyance.

The beds of the lower classes consist of a mat upon which they sleep nude, even in winter, a wadded quilt covering a stone or block of wood for pillow.

Every street in Seoul is the retail quarter of the East. Here everything is sold—wood for fuel, old copper vessels, pipes, books, spectacles, paper, etc.

The merchant, in the rear of his shop, is seated in the shade of a Buddha, surrounded by his wares, his moments of leisure employed in reading a Korean newspaper. He reads aloud for the benefit of illiterate customers.

Journal records passing events—confiscations at a house of counterfeit nickel imported by Japanese. A minister by the Emperor, announced that one Pak—has changed his name, it is no longer Pak; an official decree according posthumously to a person who has been dead a hundred years of peasants robbed by brigands. These, with clubs, descend at night upon a village; the peasants offer no resistance, abandoning everything and fleeing.

Brigands have invincible fascination for the Koreans. Every night the taverns are filled with audibly absorbed in narrations of their prowess, professional raconteurs. In the domestic circle they are regaled with brigand stories which send them to bed, to awake at night with shrieks.

In a drinking shop it is only necessary to look at the pole with a small flag. This is the sign of these establishments.

The interior of a Korean drinking shop is squalid. The pole has an after-flavor of petroleum; it is not palatable to a European palate; but of rapturous to a Korean. Some of these saki shops are selected. They are conducted by women. In this is the one business in which an honest woman can engage without loss of caste.

Understanding the acceptance of the tenets of Buddhism, the old belief that preceded it still has influence. The Koreans believe that spirits, either good or malevolent, infest everything that surrounds them. The soil, mountains, rivers and trees are alive.

Evil is caused by demons; therefore, exorcising them has great vogue in Korea. They are the cause of the country. If the Emperor would suppress them as well as a multitude of magicians, astrologers, fortune-tellers, Korea would make great strides in the way of progress.

At every moment of the day or night may be heard in the quarter of Seoul the tambourine of a sorceress beating in a house where the demon of disease has taken possession. This is accomplished by the forcible beating of the tambourine, frantic dances, furious in proportion to the evil.

They predict the future. The birth of a sightless child is greeted with delight by her parents. That infant is her parents' future support. She is certain to become a sorceress or a chameleon.

Individuals hold such power that they have formed guilds; the blind forming one and the other a second corporation. Each has a chief, subject to the government. The poor Korean cannot be cured of disease or die without the support of these blackmailers.

It is not much difficulty in marrying off a daughter. Where there are defects, such as feeble limbs, deformities, etc., an expert intermediary is employed. It is his business to make the girl presentable to the parents.

As the bridegroom does not see the bride on the day of marriage, when it is too late to recoil, he must make the best of the situation.

Korean girls are not exempt from contributing to the support of the family. This applies to the

grande dame as well as the humblest peasant. Ladies of rank who have become impoverished and are obliged to support themselves may earn a livelihood by knitting or rearing silk worms.

In the country the care of bees is incumbent on every woman, however lofty her social status. She also cares for fruit trees, particularly the mulberry. The one profession of these impoverished ladies of which they enjoy absolute monopoly is that of physician.

The lowest class of women are practically outcasts. From this class are recruited the female dancers who occupy such a large place in Korean life. Of these the kisans are attached to the imperial court.

They are divided into two groups, one belonging to the bureau of imperial medicine, the other to the Garde Robe of the imperial court. The kisans are strictly dancers of the first class. They have the exclusive privilege of performing at court. Etiquette forbids a dancer of the second or third class to remain seated in the presence of a kisan.

The kisans are in the pay of the government. In addition to a fixed salary they have certain perquisites when they sing or dance at the imperial palace. As they are all women of great beauty from the Korean point of view, high officials sometimes marry them.

The marriage ceremony in Korea is conducted under conditions that are practically tests of endurance. On the day of his marriage a Korean has the right, if he can afford it, to assume the costume of any official of the imperial court. Usually he selects that of a minister of state.

In this guise, borne by six bearers in a highly decorated chair, preceded by two red parasols, the insignia of the official he is copying, he leaves his father's house and proceeds to that of the bride. He finds her ready to receive him, her face elaborately painted, her eyelashes gummed together, temporarily blinded, so that she may not see his features until night.

When the bridegroom enters the bride's house he retires to a corner, where he makes an oath to be a good husband. He then approaches the bride, who, being unable to see, is informed of his proximity by an attendant.

The bride and bridegroom are now bound together with long blue and red strings by a woman, part sorceress and part servant. Wine of friendship is tasted by the couple in turn. Then follows a grotesque scene. Its intention is to test the earnestness of the bride.

The young man may laugh, but this is strictly forbidden to the girl. If she succumbs to the temptation to laugh, the marriage is then and there annulled. The bride having safely passed through this ordeal, she is now tested for capacity to remain silent.

The young man tries every device to make her speak. If unsuccessful, he cries out that he will not marry a dumb woman. Usually the girl is proof against the temptation, but if she is resentful and makes retort that is sufficient to annul the marriage.

This happens when the girl is opposed to marrying the man. She adopts that method of escape. Generally the bride goes to live with her husband's parents, where she becomes the slave of the mother-in-law; the Korean species being considered the most terrible of the whole world.

M. Bourdaret has a good deal to say in regard to the alimentation of the Korean, who is gluttonous beyond belief. Even in high society it is considered an honor to the host to eat and drink to excess.

Drunkenness is not considered a reproach. One encounters every day in the streets individuals staggering from intoxication or sleeping off a debauch in the gutter.

The cookery in the restaurants and among the poorer classes is antipathetic to the European, particularly on account of the way in which food is prepared. On the other hand, among the higher classes, meals are scrupulously clean and artistically prepared, with an abundance of condiments and sauces. The European misses butter and bread, for which rice is substituted.

In families of wealth, beef, game, fowl and fish are served daily. The lower classes eat of dog flesh, but only in summer.

The gastronomic event of the year is the preparation in November and December of kim-tchi, the national dish. It is an amalgam of cabbage, turnips, cut fine, salted and put in large vases with pepper, onions, garlic, ginger and sometimes pears.

This mixture is allowed to stand during the entire season, the essence of two kinds of fish being added occasionally. This concoction is analogous to our pickles, but it has a power that would make our amateurs of pickles recoil with horror if they were obliged to eat one-twentieth part of what a Korean consumes with eager relish.

Beef is eaten cut in small pieces, sometimes enveloped in an omelet, as are tripe and fish. Soup is made with beef, dog, pig and mutton. The last is very rare; it comes from China and is only seen on the tables of the rich. Beef is roasted on a heated iron plaque, basted with spiced sauce and ginger.

In general, the Korean steeps his meats in strong sauces which to the European have the most revolting odor. Dogs are eaten. As an excuse for killing them for this purpose the Koreans say that after they are three years old they become too intelligent, and see spirits entering the house.

Like most Orientals, the Koreans are extremely cruel in their manner of killing animals for food. Game is most abundant in Korea. It is killed in hectacombs. Even in restaurants, where clients are obliged to adopt their appetite to the length of the purse, the Korean eats voraciously. He does not consume food to satisfy hunger, but simply to fill himself. From infancy they are trained in the school of voracity.

Native drinks are rice wine and soul. The last is of a mingled flavor of smoke, alcohol and lamp oil. After

all, taste in drink is a mere matter of habit, for when a Korean imbibes for the first time European wines and liquors they are as offensive to him as soul is to the Occidental. Koreans also concoct honey and orange-ades.

## CALIFORNIA COLOR.

THE SUBTLE INFLUENCE IT EXERTS ON FEELING  
AND CHARACTER.

By a Special Contributor.

The color scheme in Southern California is so different from that of Northern California, or of the Eastern States, that it is difficult to adjust one's self to the change. In Northern California, the deep greens of the pine-clad hills rest and soothe, permeate one with a feeling of solemnity. In the South, the light-toned coloring stimulates and enlivens, tends to make one light-hearted and cheerful. It is said that the people of Southern California are always optimistic. It would be interesting to know how much of this effect is caused by the colors constantly surrounding them.

The veil of ocean mist rising every morning, as a rule, fades early, leaving behind a tinge that takes the deep blue from the sky and leaves it pearly and iridescent in its brightness. The sun rises and sets with the most exquisitely delicate shades. It throws tints of violet, or shell pink on the hills and mountains in the path of its light. The hills on either hand stand in the shadow, a purple or a dark-blue background. Through hill and valley grow the silvery green eucalyptus and the olive-toned live oak. Here and there are clumps and single trees of cedar, or pine. As the shadowy hill to the glorified ones, so the somber-toned trees serve as a foil to the lighter-toned foliage. Acres and acres of olive trees, orchards and orchards of apricot and almond are in this same manner thrown into relief by groves of orange and lemon with their green so deep that in the shadows it is almost black. In the cities and towns, the fringy pepper trees shade the streets. With the sun shining through, their leaves are as delicate as ferns. In the spring they break out into dainty blossom. In summer they are hung over with long loose clusters of green berries. These in turn change into pale maroon. The pepper berry sprays nestle into the coolness of the green leaves and partially veil their brightness.

The predominating flower tone in this sunshiny land is in a high key, and brilliant in the extreme. Great gaudy clumps of poinsettia, hedges and vines of scarlet and pink geraniums, the clinging, blossom-laden Bougainvillea fill the land with color that keys in well with the foliage of the various trees. It is this light and brightness that makes Southern California essentially a land of out-of-doors. No one wants to shut himself away from its fascination. No one wants to escape from its influence, even though he may say that deep, cool, restful tones make the deeper man. Science has proved beyond question that color has a definite effect upon the human organism. Repeated experiments have shown the relative values of colors in the treatment of disease. Red, for instance, stimulates the nervous system, while blue or purple, quiets and soothes. In some cases valuable cures have been made through an intelligent application of this theory. We have come gradually to the realization that nature is, after all, the sovereign alchemist. Law and order is the keynote of her creation. It would seem to follow, then, that there is a deeper purpose than seen by the casual observer, in this arrangement of color effects. Like the wards in a hospital, great Nature's realm is subdivided. Living in a part of the country where the color effect is toward cheerfulness, unconsciously one acquires this state of mind. The native Southern Californian is, as a rule, hearty and happy. He has so large an interest in life that there is a share for the endless stream of halt and blind and gold-seeking that come to his door. This kindness is quite spontaneous. He himself is not responsible. It is the natural result of the color environment in which he has lived and had his being. A cheerful, kindly, mental and spiritual outlook is as much a product of the country as the giant geraniums and fuchsias, the waving palms or the fruit-laden orange trees.

D. N.

## MISSOURI'S WINE PRODUCTION.

Enough wine was made in and shipped from the 114 counties of Missouri in 1904 to float a battleship of 13,000 tons, according to figures made public today from the State Labor Bureau. The surplus shipments for the year were 3,068,780 gallons, which was about enough to give to every man, woman and child in the State, according to the population of 1900, a gallon of wine. On the market at wholesale prices the wine brought \$5,603,176.

Missouri produced about one-twelfth of the output of the United States in 1904. Gasconade county, which leads, produced 2,971,576 gallons. Other counties which made a fair showing are Putnam, with 22,316 gallons; Newton, with 3960 gallons; Livingston, with 13,793 gallons; Franklin, with 9892 gallons; Grundy, with 2589 gallons; St. Charles, with 11,968 gallons; St. Louis, with 3790 gallons.

Wine pressed out in St. Louis is not included in the total because that was practically all consumed there and neither is the wine which was used in the counties in which it was made.

Thousands of bottles of wine which appealed to the eye because they bore labels "from California" and tasted as well, were from the juice of the Missouri grape. In fact, the wine from this State can hold its own with the wine from anywhere.

Next to wine comes cider. The State is known to have sent to the markets 289,213 gallons, which sold at wholesale for \$57,842.60.—[Kansas City Star.



## Her Weak Place.

WHERE ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY IS THREATENED.

By a Special Contributor.

ONE of the chief advantages England has had over all her industrial rivals in the past has been her abundant supply of cheap coal. With the cheapest coal in the world giving the cheapest power in the world it has been easy for British manufacturers to compete successfully with all their rivals. There is no such supply of coal known in the world as that of England, excepting only the United States. China may take rank with these two countries in the time to come. The extent of the coal fields in the Orient is not known. The coal deposits in the Philippines are very important. The possible coal fields under the sea along the British coast may raise her supply to a higher point than that of the coal fields in the United States.

But there has been a great change in the situation in England in relation to the rest of the world in this matter of coal in the last fifty years. When coal was used only for heating and cooking purposes all the coal used in London was brought in by boats, and hence was known as sea coals. Who does not know the story of Sir John Whittington and his Cat, a coal ship, that was all. For a thousand years the English coal fields were worked close to the surface, merely skinning over the deposit, and when the top layer was taken off passing on to new parts of the field. With the wonderful development of manufacturing during the past century these deposits near the surface have all been worked out and now coal mining in England is much like gold mining in America, carried on at immense depths, at great cost and requiring immense capital to work the mines. It is no longer a matter of mere skill; it is a science. And in spite of increased scientific methods and of great capital the cost of mining coal at the pit's mouth has risen from \$1 to \$2.50 per ton, an enhancement of 150 per cent. in the cost of power which moves the various industries of the country.

Now have scientific methods and mechanical appliances in England kept pace with similar developments

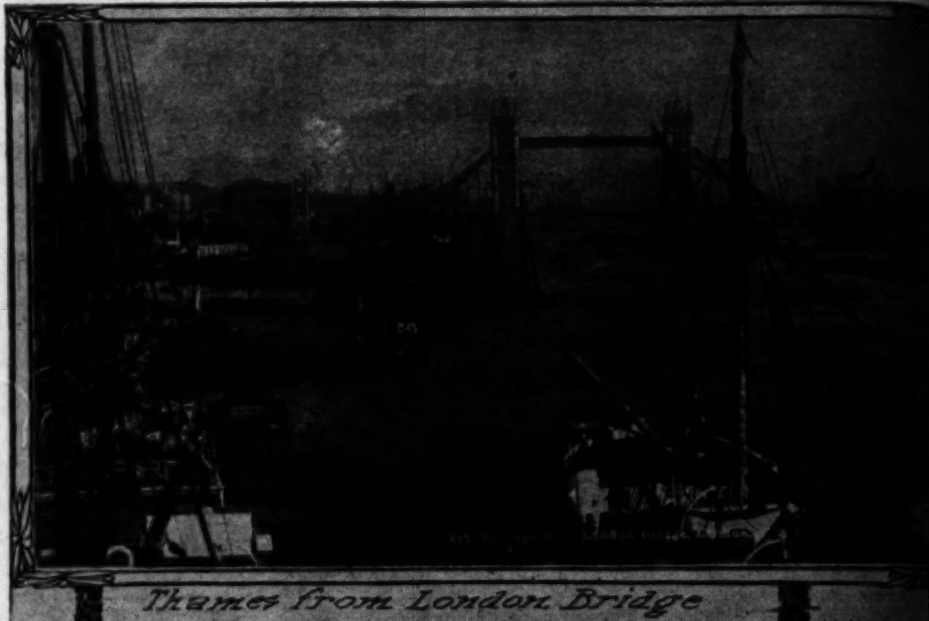
industries alive within the United Kingdom will cause a good deal of geographical shifting within those limits. There is perhaps no element in the industrial situation the world over which calls for more consideration than this development of electric power. It demands the closest watchfulness on the part of those interested in industrial affairs to keep account of the changes this is sure to bring about from time to time.

### England's Future as to Coal.

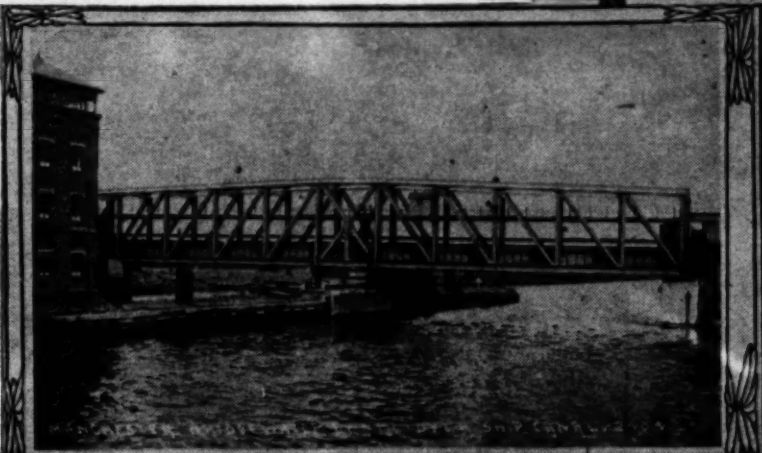
Recently a Parliamentary commission was appointed to study and report on the prospects of the coal supply becoming exhausted. Dire prophecies have been uttered and there was a clamor to put checks on the exporting of coal from England. Not only the industries of the Kingdom, but the continued supremacy of the navy was said to be in danger. In its report the

for the kitchen range or the parlor grate, and for the factories for a long time to come. The output go on increasing at the rate of 100 per cent. every thirty years several generations would not be enough.

But there is no fear that the rate of increase in the last thirty years will be kept up long. Several agencies are at work to check this increase. As the near the surface become exhausted the cost of production becomes greater and greater, and with the increased cost of production is sure to be checked. It is, of course, to the beds now lying not less than 4000 feet below the surface that England looks with confidence for her source of power in the far future. The unproved fields is not of very great extent. The same is true



Thames from London Bridge



Manchester Bridge Water Canal over Ship Canal



Houses of Parliament, London

in the United States. The average production of coal per man in England at the present time is 250 tons per year. In the United States it is nearly 400 tons. The difference is because of the powerful machinery used in American coal mines both beneath the surface in loosening the coal in the mine and above in breaking, sorting and moving the coal to market. The result is that the cost of coal in America has decreased in about the same ratio that it has increased in England. An American coal train moves five times the load moved in England. Those who visited St. Louis in 1904 and studied the past and present methods of handling coal will have a pretty good idea of the difference found in the industry today in the United States as compared with Europe. England is not quite so backward but is far behind us.

As time goes on the English manufacturers will find themselves possessed of less and less advantage over their competitors in the cost of power. This will be especially true of their American competitors, who have such vast coal fields to depend on, and such advanced scientific methods of mining.

### The New Factor in the Problem.

In reckoning with her industrial rivals in Europe England has to take account of the development of electric power. This has been touched upon in a letter written from Italy whose new-born industries depend entirely on this factor so far as power is concerned. France, Switzerland, Austria and Germany have incalculable advantages in their great rivers descending from great mountain heights. The Rhone, the Rhine, the Danube and the Po, not to take account of smaller streams, offer the means of almost unlimited development of electric power. Once the plant is installed this power practically costs nothing to transport or apply. The cost of installation is less than that of operating a great mine and providing rolling stock to transport the coal. England possesses no such streams and no such fall in such streams as she has. The comparatively small streams of Wales, Scotland and Ireland have some fall, and here no doubt there will be a development of power which while tending to keep the

commission said: "In view of the extent of the estimated coal resources of the country and if our anticipation is correct that the present rate of increase in the output will soon be checked by natural causes, there seems no present necessity to restrict artificially the export of coal in order to conserve it for our home supply."

As to the navy the report of the commission says further that oil will in the future take the place of coal to a great extent on the ships of war. The use of gas producers and of internal combustion engines will also lessen the use of high-class steam coal.

The coal commission of 1871 estimated the available coal in the proved coal fields of the United Kingdom within the limit of 4000 feet from the surface of the earth at 90,007,285,398 tons. The commission of last year, as the result of elaborate inquiries, make the following estimate of available supplies:

	Tons.
Within 4000 feet .....	100,914,668,167
Below 4000 feet .....	5,239,433,980
Unproved coal fields .....	39,483,000,000

In addition to these figures estimates are given of undersea coal fields as follows: Beyond five miles and within twelve miles of high-water mark, 1,237,000,000 tons. Thus the estimated total supply is over 146,874,000,000.

### The Present Output of Coal.

From the mines of Great Britain there are being taken at the present time, 230,000,000 tons of coal a year. This is nearly 30 per cent. of the production of the entire world, a ratio which establishes of itself the predominance of the United Kingdom in the industrial and commercial affairs of mankind. For thirty years there has been an annual increase in the output of 2½ per cent., or in other words the production has nearly doubled in one generation. The exports have increased at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum in the same time, or one and a half times in the generation.

At the present rate of production the coal ring within the 4000-foot level would last England over 400 years, so there is no need of much anxiety about fuel

estimated fields beneath the sea, and to this extent must be added the great difficulty of getting coal from a distance of five to twelve miles below the water mark. The commission reaches the conclusion that the United Kingdom must continue to depend on coal as the only certain source of power, but that as the cost of production naturally increases the present wasteful manner of using coal must be changed to a more economical consumption of coal at present is for each horse power developed, whether at home or in factories. The commission claims that the cost of coal should be reduced to two pounds. That would be a large saving, and if it can be done it will be to reducing the cost by 60 per cent. Such a saving while it would not restore England's former preponderance in the industrial affairs of the world, would do a great deal to retard her fall from such supremacy as she once enjoyed. The supremacy is threatened needs no elaborate proof, not only threatened, it is partly taken from her. With the continued development of all over the world among the many nations which have found a ready market for her goods, and the fact that there is no longer any competition, there must come a lower and narrower field for her trade. The cost of power increasing for her and decreasing for her rivals the situation is not without its anxiety.

### Is the Economy Possible.

Already engines burning gas or oil have been used even in England in spite of her great heritage of coal. From the ages that lie buried beneath her soil experiments are hardly proving satisfactory. Attention is being turned to other means of power at a cheaper price. The commission's opinion that the best means of doing this is by installing great central power-houses where power can be generated to drive much more machinery than the rule at the present time. There is great use of small furnaces and small boilers, and small tubes, and small pipes to carry the steam to the engines. Here is where the heritage of the past is always a blessing. Factories are like



that built has the advantage over the old ones. England is so old in the industrial world that her past achievements now in a measure stand in her way. Her plants are all such youthful Hercules they have an advantage in their youth. The plants put up in the last few years are so superior to those of a generation ago that they easily compete. The man who has found a plant sufficient for his needs in the past is slow to discard it and install a new one at great expense. This English Parliamentary commission took a wide range in its investigations. They studied all sorts of practical devices now in use and looked into all the theoretical plans for future power. Windmills, a heritage from long ago were considered; oil, a thing of today, and the share of their attention; the sources of water power were all contemplated and so was the possible use of waves and tides, which are in their experimental stage, and the devices so crude that no man can tell when they will ever come to anything. They were all regarded in view of the superior efficiency of British coal, and the practical conclusion reached is that the industrial revolution of the United Kingdom must depend on coal and the manufacturers must turn their attention to getting more service out of each ton of coal in order to maintain their position in the face of increasing competition on lower depths are reached in the mines, as well as in the face of so much greater competition on the part of rival nations.

How far can all such schemes for economy carry the coal plant in the industrial world in her brave effort to hold her own against so many rivals? Suppose there were to be found to make two pounds of coal do the work of five pounds? It must be at an enormous expense of capital which must earn interest on the investment. That might be done if the rest of the world stood still. But the rest of the world will not stand still. Every improvement in the plants for the production of steam made in England today will be copied by the whole world tomorrow and every pound of coal mined in the United Kingdom will be matched by another saving on the part of every rival England has in the face of the globe. Meantime, the increased cost of mining coal cannot be kept down, or not very much. By the introduction of machinery such as is used in the United States, something may be done. In the United States get down to 4000 feet below the surface and getting coal will be great. To lift a ton of coal straight up four-fifths of a mile cannot be done.

GEORGE W. BURTON.

## PLYMOUTH ROCK OF TODAY.

THRIVING NEW ENGLAND TOWN, WITH COMFORTABLE HOMES.

[Nichols:] Plymouth has been called the cradle of New England. It is on the coast, thirty-eight miles from Boston, and is a thriving and prosperous New England town, with good schools and churches and town hall and shops of all kinds and comfortable homes.

A fat strip of land that runs for miles up and down the shore of the bay the diminutive white houses of the fishermen are crowded together. In the center of this fat land strip, flanked on both sides by the houses, is a large open square forty yards square. Here stands Plymouth Rock, the rock of which gives one a mental shock, for no one has pictured an immense boulder rising out of the sea; but instead the visitor sees a long, irregularly-shaped gray sandstone rock, which is length and five feet in width at the widest and two at the narrowest. Across one part runs a crack, which has been filled with cement, and this gives to Plymouth Rock a highly artificial appearance. The origin of this crack is a bit of unique history, and bears evidence to the early differences of opinion which divided the inhabitants into two factions. For a long time there waged spiritual and bitter warfare between the opposing parties, and it even came down upon the much cherished Plymouth Rock, and one party declared ought to be removed to a more convenient position in the town square, and the other party protested it should not be moved an inch from its position, even though they had to guard it with their lives and guns.

The stronger faction drew up their forces on the shore of Plymouth Rock, and, in attempting to move it, the rock split in two, and this seemed a bad omen to those who attempted such a thing, until an ardent leader flourished his sword and by eloquent appeal convinced the other zealous whigs convinced them that they should not sever from their plan of carrying the rock to the town square.

The portion that first fell to the ground belongs to the "old" rock; and that we will transport with all care to its proper home."

A yoke of oxen drew the whig section of Plymouth Rock up the hill, amid the shouts of the throng gathered forward around the liberty pole which was set up on the new site. The ceremony of dedicating the new position was very impressive, and people with bare heads and in reverent tones chanted high-pitched psalms in token of thanksgiving.

In the town square this part of Plymouth Rock remained for more than half a century, when a committee was organized to move it back to its original position, and join it, as best they could, to the other part. Accordingly, in 1834, on the morning of the 4th of July, the Plymouth Rock had been reunited, and the main made complete by a mixture of cement and mortar.

The rock is surrounded by a high iron railing composed of alternate boat hooks and harpoons and inscribed with the illustrious names of the forty men who were on the Pilgrims' compact on board the Mayflower on the first day as they sighted the coast that henceforth was to be their home.

## Practical Temperance.

THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP THAT WAS TRUE.

By a Special Contributor.

CHARLIE and Frank were baby neighbors, school-boy playmates, pitcher and catcher of the village baseball club, and they went to college together. Together they were graduated from a superior institution; to be exact, Yale '75, for this is a true story of real life.

Very soon after entering upon practical work in journalism Frank was sent to Washington as the correspondent of one of the great newspapers of the country. There he remained many years, always in the forefront of news-gatherers and writers. Strong man that he was, and strong political writer, he was always gentle with public men. He never published an unkind word, nor ever uttered anything that might rasp the sensibilities of any public servant. Naturally, he was popular with the leading men of the republic, from every one of the sovereign States.

Frank had been several years to the fore, when Charlie came to the House of Representatives, from a State in the region beyond the Mississippi. The college chums were bosom companions. Frank's virile pen and graphic vocabulary did Charlie much good. He was kept before the people most favorably. He remained in the Congress just ten years, and voluntarily retired to private life.

Three years elapsed, and Charlie was sent to Washington to look after some corporate interests, and there he made arrangements to remain for a year or more. The first thing that Charlie did was to seek his college chum. He met with one of the veteran newspaper men, who replied to his inquiry:

"Poor Frank is going the way of his craft. They are all jolly fellows, the majority of them good fellows, and some of them princely in disposition. Frank belonged to the latter class. Long before you retired to private life, some of Frank's friends saw that he was neglecting his business for his nightly rounds of banquetings and other entertainments. Two years ago, he lost his principal newspaper connection. He cut down his allowance of stimulant for a while, and soon built up a correspondence bureau. Then he began his old habits. Today he is substantially without income; his family is suffering, and the boys are buying his liquor for him. Everybody likes Frank, for he never injured anyone. Maybe you can do something for him."

"Do something for him!" said Charlie. "Do something for him! Will you and the other newspaper men stand by me, if I undertake this work of reformation?" "I think that I can pledge all of the best fellows to help you; for all of them are Frank's friends."

"Then invite twenty or more of the fellows who have been buying wine and other liquor for Frank, to meet me tomorrow evening at Harvey's, at 8 o'clock; and tell all of them to keep it from Frank."

The following evening thirty-three newspaper men gathered together to meet Charlie and welcome him back to Washington. He was host for the evening, and a right royal time they had, for all of them were gentlemen of trained intelligence, and of extensive experience in affairs national as well as international. Wit and wisdom in greater abundance never gathered around any table.

Charlie said nothing concerning Frank until they were preparing to separate, for it was near midnight; and then the veteran whom he had met on the previous day brought the subject before the gentlemen, and asked Charlie what he was going to do about it. He replied: "How many gentlemen here are willing to help me reform my old friend Frank?"

"All of us," came the reply in chorus.

"Then I want all of you to pledge me that you will not accept an invitation to drink with Frank, and that you will pledge yourselves never to invite him to take a drink with you, and that you will refuse to buy liquor for him if he asks for it."

That caused some discussion. Some of the gentlemen thought that it would be hard to do; that it would be brutal to refuse to associate convivially with Frank, with whom they had been convivially associating for many years. But they finally agreed, and shook hands on the pact, each man agreeing to refer Frank to Charlie for the reasons for their refusal to imbibe with him.

The following evening Frank called on Charlie at the hotel, to ascertain why his companions had been treating him so shabbily. He assumed it to be one of Charlie's practical jokes, but Charlie disabused his mind by frankly saying:

"Hereafter, Frank, whenever you have any money with which to buy drinks for the boys, you will either save that money, or take it home to your wife and children. Upon my request all of the best fellows have agreed to refuse to drink with you. I did not undertake to make temperance converts of all of the newspaper men in the national capital, for that would be impossible. But I have undertaken to save you from a drunkard's grave, partly because you are worthy of a better fate, and partly because your wife deserves better treatment and more consideration from an intelligent husband."

"I'll endure this from you, Charlie," was all that Frank said, as he turned away and left the room with moist eyes and quivering voice.

Charlie's plan was successful. It was practical temperance work. Frank regained his standing, paid for his house, became an active church worker, a model husband and father. His wife and children became happy in their well-supplied home, as well as happy in pride. They are proud of their handsome father and husband; for he was stalwart and strong and wholesome, as well as noble of impulse.

Charlie comes to Washington once in a while now; but

he never registers at a hotel. He goes to Frank's house instead, where there is a comfortable apartment always ready for him, and on the door he sees his own picture, painted by Frank's daughter, Dora, and over it the words:

"Charlie's Room."

SMITH D. FRY.

## WHISTLIN' BILL.

We was brandin' in the valley, when he come a-whistlin' in, "Right from nowhere," so he told us, with his dog-gone happy grin; Sufferin' Moses he could whistle! reels or rag-time fit to kill, So the gang of Big G outfit pronto dubbed him Whistlin' Bill. Well, we took him in glad-handed, when he'd proved up to the boss He could handle a riata and our buckin' pinto boss, Guess his whistlin' must've charmed the devil out that pinto cuss, 'Cause Bill was the first to ride him, without kickin' up a fuss.

Mighty soon we got to chummin', Bill 'n me. 'Twas sorter queer, 'Cause I'd never cared for whistles, but his kinder caught my ear, For that whistle in his make-up, seemed to drive away yer care, And yer somehow felt good-nature floatin' round yer in the air; Yes alree! that feller was one of the cheerfulest gosssoons, I had ever met, and ginger! how he could blow out the tunes. With his lips in proper pucker he would warble, trill 'n roll Sweet enough for them up yonder as has paid their heavenly toll.

Didn't seem to make no difference whether work was smooth, or steep An' we had to keep a-moseyin' without a wink of sleep, Or if somethin' scared the cattle an' a whole bunch broke away, Or if grub was short, 'n flapjacks was shoved out three times a day; Bill would pipe some combination from his whistlin' repertoire, Mockin' Bird, There'll be a Hot Time, Dixie or Pull for the Shore; Always bobbin' up right chipper with his everlastin' smile An' that warble, while the rest of us was cussin' by the mile.

Bill's philosophy in whistlin' seemed to always bring him luck, Acted as a temper-cooler, an' a bracer for his pluck, While it held his tongue from waggin' if he felt uncommon mad, Times when people git to sayin' things they wish they never had. "Might as well," says Bill, "seem happy, even though it's all a bluff, Then yer'll find yer friends increasin'; for most all have had enough Of the other feller's troubles, told with solemn graveyard face, Chuck so full of blues there ain't no room to give a whistle place."

Just as long as Bill stayed punchin' mavericks for the Big G, We was pards, a-sharin' everythin' together—him 'n me—Stickin' closer'n two brothers, till the meddlin' of the Fates An' some daffy gal's love letter sent Bill hikin' for the States; Well, the next we heard of him, he'd gone 'n spliced up to that gal, An' had settled down home-makin' in some Jersey State corral Still a-whistlin'; but jest t'other day he wrote he had to keep Most his whistle now to use a-whistlin' little Bill to sleep.

An' he said although he's settled happy with his kid 'n wife, Sometimes there's an awful hanker for the sniff of Western life, So we needn't be plum locoed if some day he might think best To hike back with wife 'n baby to this fascinatin' West; Well he'll get a bully welcome, you can betcher, 'cause on that Proposition all the punchers of the Big G gang stands pat; For although us boys is not so long on sentiment, we will Make no bones of sayin' how we miss them tunes of Whistlin' Bill.

—[Arthur MacDonald Dole, in Sunset Magazine.

The Semi-Centennial Civic Improvement League of Topeka, Kan., set apart the first Saturday in every month as a cleaning-up day of alleys and back yards. The press aided nobly by calling attention to the fact each time the day came around, and it was very generally observed much to the advantage of rear premises.



# Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.





## In "Lorna Doone" Land.

A ROMANTIC COUNTRY THAT IS WELL WORTH VISITING.

By a Special Contributor.

WALTER SCOTT was the first writer to give direction to the current of travel. The publication of his Scottish romances drew shoals of wandering compatriots from Melrose to Inverness. In the West of England there lies a romantic district, part in North Devon, part in Somerset, that is worth visiting for its natural charms of climate and scenery as well as for its associations. Hundreds of literary pilgrims, who have made it their goal since the appearance of Blackmore's famous romance, "Lorna Doone."

Coming from the number of cheap editions on the market, that book is as great a favorite in America as in its native country. Deservedly so, for it is not only one of the purest and most idyllic love stories in the language, but it has a flavor of its own, like that of a new vintage. It is racy, and of the soil, full of the sap of the west country. Devonshire folk say it is as "good as sweet as Devonshire cream."

It could only have been written by one to the manner born. Richard Doddridge Blackmore, the author, was born in a sequestered parsonage close to the moor. The scene of his future romance lay round him in his infancy; he heard the old wives' tales related in a dialect that had scarcely changed since the days of the outlaws. His love of the country was ingrained; when he migrated later to a London suburb, he was absent from the clubs and literary coteries of the great city, and worked and lived in the retirement of a small orchard. He had the air of a prosperous farmer who kept his gig, and was indeed a successful raiser of guinea. It was his humor to describe himself as a married gentleman by calling, a novelist by accident.

Blackmore's home country lies off the main route of the steamship travel via Liverpool. But one of the steamers that call at Plymouth on their way to the continent will take you down in Devon. For the judicious traveler who has leisure enough, I do not know of any more charming introduction to the "nook-shotten isle of Albion" than a journey to Exmoor, travelling by rail from Plymouth to Exeter, visiting the cathedral with its wonderful west front, a gallery of saints and martyrs carved in stone, and thence by road to Tiverton on the Exe.

John Ridd, the hero of the romance, went to Tiverton, a typical English country town, is a village of old and new. There is an old gray castle, ruined in the civil war, and gabled houses of a still earlier date that contrast with the red-brick many-windowed terraces of the Georgian era, and the modern villas with their lilacs and laburnums. Peter Blundell's grammar school is still flourishing, where he taught his Lilly's Latin grammar and won his school "mill"—an American boy would say scrap—of little light. Its founder was a clothier, when broadcloth was a snug West-of-England monopoly. Middle-class gentlemen who had wealth laid up were apt to neglect learning; as witness the founders of those famous schools, Harrow and Rugby, and another, a schoolmaster whose name is well known in this republic. Others were concerned for the poor and the orphan hereafter. After leaving Blundell's you will find every almshouse, and cannot fail to notice the cold, domestic, with ruffs about their necks, above its gateway, nor refuse the request inscribed below: "Pray for the souls of John and Joan Greenway."

Tiverton to Dulverton is no longer the "long and tedious road" it was when John Ridd was waywarden of Exmoor and when all his care could effect was that he need not sink in the mud, if sober. Over the new, metalled road the traveler on wheels slips too easily for true enjoyment. Better walk, especially in springtime, when the green tassels are sprouting on the hedges and bluebells and wind flowers color the leafless copes.

Is there a change from California? The April air is soft and languid, not dry; the distances gray and hazy, the bird songs louder, more challenging. The Exmoor lark there is a shy, speckled bird, the robin a bird with a flaming red breast. You hear the flute of the blackbird, the sweet roulades of the thrush, the tinkling music of the skylark as it beats the air, a note between your eye and the sun. The whole countryside is enclosed, paralleled into a multitude of narrow, mostly pasture, not by wire fences, but by hedges of which you never saw in California. Imagine a hedge, three or four feet high, its grassy sides starred with a galaxy of primroses, and sheltering celandines, and a host of other flowers. On its crest hazel bushes have rooted, along with ferns, brambles, elders, and there a sturdy oak or ash tree. The whole countryside is entanglement, stiff as manzanita chaparral, through the farmer's stock from straying. A deer can jump the hedge, when pushed, but the hunter's horse can jump them through at a gallop. So when the hounds are out, you will meet many riders trotting along the lanes without a gate.

In the deep valleys these high banks sadly obstruct the way. Now and then they give way to low pallings of a hedger; and across the garden, gay with the white flowers of the hollyhock, you see the white window panes of a laborer's cottage; the weather side where the coat of "slapdash" has peeled, the building material shows the earth, earthy; plain mud and straw mixed, and up to dry within a light frame—the raw material of those before it is made into bricks. Such a material is called a "cob," and Devonshire wiseacres say: "A good cob and a good thatch will last forever."

At the doorway, ajar to the sweet spring air, a

glimpse is caught of a flagged, or perhaps earthen floor and the upright "dresser" with its shining load of crockery ware. The people that live here—the elders at any rate—talk broad Devon. They turn their "fs" into "v's," sound the double "o" like a French "u," and inquire of the wayfarer: "Whar be yu gwaine?"

At Dulverton you leave the rich lowland country, with its tangle of hills and narrow lanes, and pass the boundary of the wild, open moor. In this bleak little town dwelt John's rich uncle, Reuben, and little Ruth who cherished a secret love for her huge cousin. Through Dulverton runs the London road, quiet enough nowadays and rather lonely, but in the Doone times haunted by that most humorous of highwaymen, Tom Faggus. Tom and his strawberry mare Winnie are no inventions of Blackmore's, nor are they solar myths, but real flesh and blood. It was an old Devonshire tradition, and a well-authenticated one, that the novelist wrote into his story: how Tom disguised himself and rode into the midst of the justices and their posse, as they lay in wait for him, and compelled them to hand over not only their purses, but the very warrants they had just signed for his apprehension.

Dulverton in these days, however, is associated with hunting, not highwaymen. They say you can follow the hounds to some purpose here nearly every month in the year. When the fox-hunting is over, comes the season of the barriers and the other hunters, but the great carnival of sport is the opening of the chase of the wild red deer in August. Then the Lamb, the Packhorse, and all the inns and neighboring houses are full to the brim. Sportsmen and women assemble here from all parts of the empire, for it is the only place where the royal and ancient hunt is kept up. You may hear terms of "venery" that have come down direct from the days of the Norman kings; there is talk of "verderers," and "harbours," whose duty it is to discover the "harbour" or lair of the stag; of the "mort" or note sounded on the horn when the great hounds have pulled down their noble quarry. But it will be long ere the "mort" knell is rung if the stag heads for the open moor.

For thirty miles of unfenced hilly country roll between Dulverton and the British Channel, into the waves of which a hard-pressed stag will sometimes plunge with the hounds swimming after him. The hills of Exmoor forest are steep, but not high—the Santa Monica range would overtop them, and are covered with grass and heather, fern and furze. From their highest point, Dunkery Beacon—where the outlaw Doones threw the watchmen into the warning fire they had kindled—you overlook a wild expanse of billowy hills and narrow valleys. It is a pastoral country, feeding countless sheep and a few herds of wild ponies, a great sponge of earth that soaks up the frequent rains and gives them forth again in sparkling rills and babbling streams. A wild place in the winter, this treeless forest, when the channel gales are howling and the snow drifts in the steep "combes," and the shepherds are working hard to save their flocks. But in the summer time it is a right pleasant place to wander in, for it is one of the few unfettered spots in England, a country that is fenced and walled and parcelled out like a great garden.

Anywhere north of Dulverton you can take to the moor and voyage over its wavy hills guided by map and compass. Follow if you will Exe River, a cheery companion, to Exehed, and then strike over the wild by the track where Reuben Huckaback was surprised by the Doones and left robbed and bound by the wayside. Or travel by Exe's big brother, Barle, a noted trout stream, to the lone hamlet of Withypool, with its grey, weather-beaten church, where the service used to be pleasantly diversified by the tuning of the band—the serpent, flageolet, and divers kinds of music that accompanied Tate and Brady's psalms. Players and singers are all disbanded now, gone though perhaps not to the same haven as the potent wizard who built on Exmoor's central steep an eight-sided palace, with eight shining windows, where he sat and pointed his magic book at travelers, who were thereby invisibly compelled to come in and be despoiled. The pixies, too, from their ancient haunts have been "with sighing sent." They belonged to the merry band of Oberon and Titania, little merry sprites who would "a fat and bean-fed horse beguile," and lure its rider into sloughs, or mislead night wanderers with Will-o'-the-wisp lights. Pixies, they say, were changed long ago into those fairy flowers the daffodils.

"That come before the swallow dares and take  
The winds of March with beauty."

And now a sober man can hardly mislead himself on the solitary waste, for once over the divide that separates Exe and Barle from the Bristol Channel slope, every tiny stream is a sure guide to Lynn stream and Brendon town in the heart of Lorna Doone land.

Brendon, however, is only a town in the ancient Saxon sense, a township, or parish, and a very thinly populated one. If you hanker after fashionable hotels, London papers, table d'hotes, and the bustle of tourists, go on to Lynton. Otherwise—"rest and be thankful." Seek lodgings in a rose-covered cottage, farmhouse that takes summer boarders—they call them lodgers—or take your ease at your inn. There is, or was, a quaint old hostelry, close by Lynn stream, and its parlor walls were hung with curious-colored illustrations of the parable of the Prodigal Son. The characters are all in English eighteenth-century costume; the prodigal rides away, like Tom Jones, from the door of the old hall; he wastes his substance in such loose company as Hogarth drew in the "Rake's Progress" pictures. On cold evenings—it is often chilly in summer in this bleak country—you may warm yourself by the smoky fragrance of a peat fire. The rich brown squares of solid mould are cut, or rather dug, with a sharp spade, on the moor and carted home. On such a fire, when clear, they set rich milk in shallow brass pans for it to simmer and dry down to the pasty delicacy known "par excellence" as Devonshire cream.

Lorna Doone is full of the praises of this and other

Exmoor dainties. The cream is not too rich for robust out-of-door stomachs, but it is a sore trial for the dyspeptic to abstain from adding it to the juicy fruit pie made English style in a deep china dish with a top crust only, with which it blends so well. Whortleberries, which grow in boggy places, seem specially created for this commixture. The children, who stain their faces and fingers with their purple juice, call them "wurts," and bring them round for sale in baskets. Then there is junket, a somewhat stately dish, usually reserved for Sunday's dinner. Served in a handsome china bowl, its creamy surface fragrant with spice, this luscious blend of sweet and sour just dashed with wine is as good to look at as it is to eat. If you want to know how it is made, how the cream is to be tempered, with rennet, inquire of some descendant of that fair housewifely maid, Annie Ridd.

Plover's Barrow farm, the Ridd place, an American would say, does not exist under that name today, but one or two of the moorland granges fit the description fairly well. Oars parish lies just across the Lynn from Brendon; the stones of its church "are alive to this day to testify to the story," and the sexton will show the very window through which Carver Doone fired the shot that nearly killed Lorna on her wedding day. It is wonderful how local memories have been jogged since Blackmore's romance became so popular. The Snowe family still farm at Oars and the reigning Nicholas, they say, was so pestered by inquisitive tourists that he upbraided the author for dragging his family name into public notice.

Local scenery is faithfully rendered in the novel in every instance but one. If you follow John Ridd's footsteps up Bagworthy water, you will fail to recognize by the description the spot where he met his lady love. The story tells how the boy waded up "a long pale slide of water, fenced with cliffs," and so climbed into "a bright green valley, rimmed with sheer black rock, and seeming to have sunken bodily from the bleak, rough heights above." This is the Yosemite to a "T," but it is not Exmoor; there are no cañons in English scenery. No. Blackmore idealized the locality, finding it necessary to portray the rough, natural stronghold of a band of outlaws. When you stumble upon the stone foundations of the Doone huts, all that you see around you is a breezy, open sunlit glen with gently sloping sides. It is rather amusing to hear the remarks of some tourists who have painfully searched, book in hand, for the fascinating water slide, and "the black and lonely forest." The Doone glen is like any other moorland "combe."

This is a Celtic word, "ceom" in Welsh, pronounced as if there were two "o's" in it. Very pretty the combs are where they slope toward the sea, as at Lynmouth. In place of grass and heather they are filled with oak and ash woods, and you can lie amid fern and foxglove and look through a bowery hollow to the sunlit ocean. Kingfishers, blue as the sky, flit down the stream, wag-tails, pied or yellow, jerk their feathered scuts as they search the gravel for insects, the green woodpecker screams to announce the coming of rain. All these are unfamiliar forms. But yonder dusky-suited bird that, having dived under the cascade, comes up, squats on a granite slab, and bobs repeatedly, as if to catch your eye, is surely an old friend. It is the water ouzel, feather for feather a twin of John Muir's favorite, the dipper of Sierra streams.

High above Lynmouthcombe, and between the coach road and the sea, you will find the Valley of Rocks. A bowl-shaped hollow above a beetling sea cliff, it is filled with granite boulders scattered around as if rained down from the sky. In this uncanny spot dwelt Mother Meldrum, the "wise woman" whom John Ridd consulted when he could no longer sleep o' nights for love troubles. "White" witchcraft was what the old dame practiced, not the "black" art that dealt in curses and malicious spells, and there still linger here and there in Devon a few practitioners to whom the villagers resort "to be struck for boneshake," or cured of warts. But the witches are shy of access and do not advertise like those of the Pacific Coast.

On the seaward side of the moor, particularly, you cannot fail to notice the elevated positions of the churches. There is Countisbury, square and sturdy, braving the blasts of the channel. They built the towers on these heights of old to serve as landmarks to vessels out at sea and to wayfarers on the trackless moor.

When the time comes for you to leave Lorna Doone land, you have the choice between two routes, by either of which you can still play the literary pilgrim. Follow John Ridd's tracks along the London road by way of Porlock and Dunster, and you leave the moor for the tangled woods and hills of the Somersetshire Turncocks. Wordsworth and Coleridge walked and talked metaphysics and poetry in that sweet seclusion. You may spend a whole day trying to find, amid a puzzle of cross-roads, the whereabouts of Combe Florry, the flowery vale. It was here that in the days of whisky punch, and, as he wrote, "five miles from a lemon," that a country parsonage sheltered Sydney Smith, wittiest of divines.

Westward ho! from Lynton the coach carries the tourist some twenty-odd miles along the coast to the watering place of Ilfracombe. Thence a short journey by rail lands him in the quaint old town of Bideford. In Maine, by the way, the American offspring of this place spells its name, Bideford. The name is peculiar, anyhow, and is said to signify "by the ford." And by the River Torridge here once dwelt Amyas Leigh, hero of Charles Kingsley's great romance, and down the river sailed in the "Rose of Devon" the gallant company of adventurers who followed him to the Spanish main. From "Westward Ho" was borrowed the name of the modern school that was built near Braunton Barrows on the estuary of Torridge. Here Rudyard Kipling received his little Latin and less Greek, and tried his prentice hand by editing the school journal. The scene of the pranks of those "slim" schoolboys, Stalky & Co., is laid in this neighborhood. F. W. REID.



## The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

### GERANIUMS.

THE USES IN THE GARDEN ARE MANY AND VARIOUS.

By Ernest Braunton.

FIRST-TIME visitors to California look with almost reverent awe upon our geraniums, which climb two and three stories high, for in the East they are tender pot plants only, which must be well protected through the winter, much pampered in summer, and even then attain but a very small size. With us they seem to be perfectly at home, growing to large size and blooming freely without any attention. Anyone exploring our cañons may find deserted cabins around which are growing geraniums in nearly all shades of color with no moisture except the annual rainfall and no culture for ten or more years, yet they seem to thrive as well as native plants.

The newcomer passes the geranium by as being too common and too easily grown; he wishes plants that take time, attention, and the coddling that his geraniums demanded in his eastern plant collection. After the novelty of this change in garden plants and work has worn off, he begins to neglect his new acquaintances, and finally all but the more rugged perish. Only when his flower garden looks absolutely disgraceful does he observe how charming and how easily kept is his neighbor's yard, where geraniums and the "old-fashioned" plants common in eastern houses occupy the most prominent positions and the largest space. So much improvement has been made in geraniums during the past few years that the flowering class may be obtained in every shade of color from white to the deepest and richest crimson. Not only have as many shades of color been produced as is possible with any single plant, but the flowers of today are fully twice as large as those of the same variety of plants a decade ago. At least one local firm is engaged in producing some grand new hybrids; one the writer saw was a cross between the ivy and the zonalé types.

The uses of the geranium in the garden are many and various. They are massed around the base of buildings where a heavy, yet bright effect is desired, and for such purposes scarlet or crimson should be used. For alignment along paths or roadways, more pleasing effects may be gained by the use of the lighter colors and shades. In such a place the lighter pink shades produce the happiest results.

Geraniums may be obtained in several heights, and a charming effect along a drive may be obtained by planting a low-growing one next the road, back of this a medium growth, and in the background a rank-growing sort. Such a plantation will make a good appearance with a minimum of care. Not only is it economical in the amount of care required, but it will not require replanting for a number of years. While only a few uses of the much neglected geranium have been noted, one may find them in a variety of situations and always looking bright and healthy. They are easily grown at any season of the year from cuttings placed not too deeply in sand or light soil. They will not fall to root unless kept too damp or cold. Geraniums like sunshine at all stages of growth, though if propagation is undertaken in the full sun, the cuttings will need to be kept well watered. There is probably no place in the world where they will give such satisfactory results with little or no care as in Southern California.

### The "Kwaint and Kurious Kaktus."

EACTI may be called vegetable freaks, and many people engaged in handling or growing them seem in time to develop freakish tendencies. It stimulates in its votaries alleged humorous faculties, they take delight in subscribing themselves "in all cereusness," a "kwaint and kurious kaktus krank." There is no family known to botanical science of more difficult elaboration than the cacti—none in which more confusion prevails, or which for its intelligent elucidation requires more exact knowledge than this most difficult order (Cactaceae). Despite this, the average novice plunges into the intricacies of the subject, into fields where botanical angels fear to step, and in a brief week is equipped with all the material and knowledge needed to publish a learned, but generally misspelled dissertation on cacti. Of late years the "Kaktus Kraze" has suffered a genuine Rip Van Winkle slumber, but, like other plant fads, it will some day be resurrected.

### Home-made Bone Fertilizer.

EVERYONE with a large garden has an out-of-the-way place for fertilizers where a "bone barrel" could be placed. To reduce bones to fertilizer without the use of acids takes time, but for the home garden it is well worth waiting for. Put in a barrel three or four inches of soil, then a closely-packed layer of bones, broken up somewhat, and cover these with wood ashes and wet with liquid manure from the stables, if possible, or with water plain or strengthened with 10 cents' worth of washing ammonia. Repeat the layers as there are bones enough until the barrel is full. Cover with soil, rounding the surface, and sow with clover or grass seed, or plant the top with some plant that will knit the soil together as a cover, that will not let through much moisture. In a year's time empty the barrel, spade the contents together, make into a heap, and let stand for a month, then use when wanted. The material will be very rich in potash and phosphoric acid.

### The Black Calla.

THE best known "Black Calla" is one of several species that goes by that name, though the subject of our sketch is perhaps best entitled to the name and is more generally grown and more popular than the others. It is also called "Solomon's Lily," from the fact that it is a native of Palestine and is quite common in its wild state around the city of Jerusalem. For the same reason horticulturists have called it *Arum sanctum*, though its correct name is *Arum Palaestinum*.

It has a spathe much like the common calla in form, differing principally in the length. This spathe is greenish on the outside and black-purple within. It flowers well in a pot, but in California may generally be found in the garden, where the flower-like spathe often attains a length of sixteen inches. In addition to the blackish ones there are species with mottled spathes in many shades, and we have a yellow species (*A. italicum*), though it is by no means common. Another closely-allied plant which is also called "Black Calla," is *Dracunculus vulgaris*, though generally called *Arum dracunculus* by nurserymen. This one has a curiously and much divided leaf, while the leaves of our plant resemble those of the common white calla.

### Nature Study in Plants.

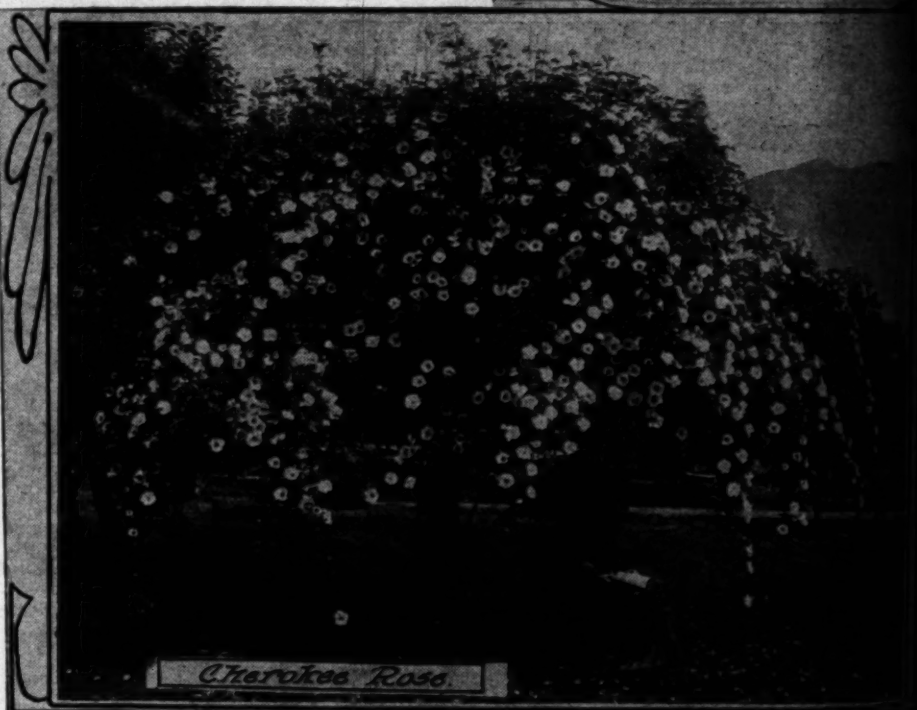
A LITTLE girl in Northern California, attending a school where nature study is in vogue, writes as follows regarding the work:

"The size of my nature book is seven inches long and four inches wide. We got them in a book store and paid 5 cents apiece for them. We call them Field Note Books. We use them when we go out to study nature. We study some tree or plants or birds.

"This is the outline for our tree study:

- "1. Name.
- "2. Height and diameter.
- "3. Shape—Does it divide into branches? How? Character of branching.
- "4. Color and character of bark on the trunks and on branches.
- "5. Shape of leaves; are the leaves all alike?
- "6. Difference between lower and upper side of leaf.
- "7. Venation of leaves.
- "8. How are the leaves arranged to get the sun; to avoid the hot sun?
- "9. Fruit—how distributed.
- "10. Sketch form of tree; of leaf; of fruit. The first tree we studied was the pine tree and the second was the maple tree. We have studied the pepperwood and the black oak also."

rarely seen, and then in the majority of cases in condition. The plan to follow is to sow the seed, you anticipate the plant should have permanent terms, either in pots or in the ground. Sow in composed of two parts loam, the other part composed of mold, manure and sand, drain thoroughly with



### The Australian Glory Pea.

ONE of the showiest of plants, perhaps the most showy of the great family of legumes, or pods, is the Australian Glory Pea (*Clianthus damieri*). In Southern California it has been very sparingly grown for years and it is well worth a trip, on the part of any flower lover, to the garden where it may be found. Doubtless others are growing it locally, but the only place we know of its bearing blossoms this summer is at the Raymond Hotel, Pasadena, where there is quite a bed of it. The plant is a perennial, but is so impatient of disturbance, overwatering, etc., that it generally proves an annual with most growers.

Its brilliant scarlet black-blotched flowers will certainly attract the attention of everyone, as it is one of the brightest colors in contrast with its silvery foliage, of all its family, and probably the most striking when grown to perfection. It is decidedly a matter of regret that a plant possessing such distinct beauty should be so

pots, charcoal or any porous material. One of the satisfactory ways of growing it, is to graft it on a fastidious congener, *Clianthus puniceus* from the land. This is a simple operation, and when grown under these conditions, it is much harder in every

For grafting, select a vigorous young plant, cut off the top to within a few inches of the soil and regular wedge method. For the scion take the healthy young plant and make it the shape of a wedge, then split the stock and insert the graft, being that bark of both scion and stock united, in a close, warm place for about two weeks, then it can be hardened by degrees where it is usually given light and sun. When perfectly established they can be potted or planted in the ground, as *C. puniceus* are not so susceptible to damping-off as those of the more delicate *C. damieri*. In a good, sunny position, where the soil drains well, it will live up to its name of "Glory Pea."



## The City Beautiful—Its Streets, Parks and Lakes.

### ELYSIAN PARK.

#### GREAT OPPORTUNITIES ALLOWED TO STAND UNIMPROVED.

ELYSIAN PARK, one of the most valuable pieces of real estate owned by the city, is least improved. Golden Gate Park of San Francisco does not compare with it in grandeur and diversity of scenery and topography. Yet donations for that park are constantly pouring in from all sides for monuments, buildings, water works, pavilions, in fact, everything necessary for the proper equipment of a large, interior city park. Our large eastern cities would give an almost marvelous sum, could they have such a beauty spot, right in the heart of the city proper. At an enormous expense, Chicago transformed Jackson Park, after the closing of the World's Fair, into something of a rolling landscape by forming artificial hills and depressions and utilizing the lagoons made for the exposition.

Los Angeles has the reputation of being a rich city, full of wealthy individuals. There is a fine chance for some of these to immortalize themselves as public

the magnificent crop of blossoms would amply repay for such care.

If free sway in the planting of the entire townsite were given the trees would be planted on the property line instead of on the outer line of the sidewalk, as is usually done. This would necessitate placing the houses a little farther back on the lots, but the advantages of this plan are many. Such an arrangement would give more space for root growth and allow of street trees which require summer watering. The trees would be out of the reach of horses; also away from mutilation of any kind by cutting of the tops, or endangering the life of the tree by cutting away the roots to allow space for curb or to lower grade of street. Trees are also liable to danger from leaky gas mains when planted on the street line. Such a plan, too, would greatly improve the general appearance of the street, giving it a broader effect.

#### Planting Street Trees.

One of the greatest mistakes made in street planting is the lack of preparation. All holes for trees, no matter in what soil or what the size of the tree, should be

a maximum of sunshine in winter and give a maximum of shade during the summer. But in California we can always get plenty of sunshine and unless the location is such that too much mud or dampness will be induced, evergreens are decidedly to be preferred.

#### The Valley White Oak.

When needing a large deciduous shade tree of pleasing form, suitable also for wide streets, try our giant white oak that towers so grandly above the levels of our interior valleys. Up in the Ojai Valley around Nordhoff, this tree, known to the botanist as *Quercus lobata* (by reason of it having a lobed leaf,) is the most pleasing, most impressive tree to be found in the local landscape. It grows so much faster than the live oak that no one will be disappointed in planting it for a shade tree, while for country roadside alignment it is unsurpassed among deciduous trees.



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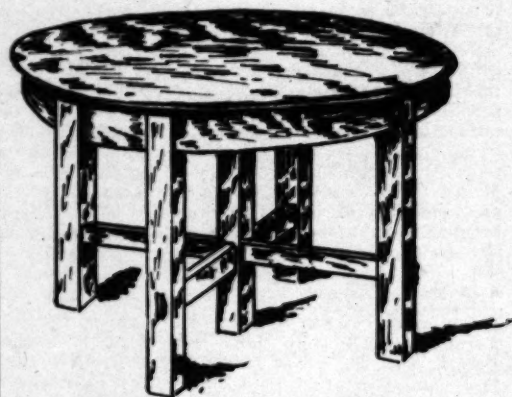
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dug from three to four feet deep and of the same diameter. Fill this hole with the best soil to be had, putting the very best at the bottom, below the roots. The trees, finding better food below than above will develop a deep root system and you will not then find so many dying trees or so many heaved and broken sidewalks. In choosing your stock get free-rooted and vigorous trees, not stunted ones. Better plant a thrifty one six inches high, than one as many feet whose roots have been confined for two or three years in a pot or can.

As a rule, too many trees to each lot are planted. Two trees on a lot or fifty feet frontage are plenty; this will place them twenty-five feet apart and twelve and a half feet from dividing lines, every lot owner having two trees all his own. The points to be considered in the choice of a tree are about six in number, as follows: (1) general appearance, (2) drought resistance, (3) cleanliness, (4) amount of care, (5) rapidity of growth, (6) root system. In some places it is desirable to have deciduous trees and the argument in their favor consists of the fact that they allow

### Established 1871--34 Years. TREE PLANTING OPERATIONS. BULBS

Our assortment of Dutch and other bulbs is unusually full and complete, embracing all the novelties and the old and popular varieties. With the advent of rain it is indeed opportune to plant your garden and conservatory with these handsome and fragrant winter blooming flowers, which end to the winter season a charm and pleasure to be attained with no other variety of plants. Bear in mind that they are low in cost, and hence within the reach of all flower lovers. We can supply you with 60 assorted bulbs for \$1.00, by mail \$1.15, 120 bulbs, 12 varieties, at \$2.00 by mail, \$2.30; 180 bulbs, 18 varieties, \$3.00, by mail \$3.60; 240 bulbs, 24 varieties, \$4.00, by mail \$4.80. Finely illustrated booklet giving cultural directions is yours for the asking.

### YOUR LAWN

With the advent of the winter rains you will want to prepare your lawn and garden, which means the purchase of good blue grass or clover seed and some good fertilizer to enrich your soil. We are headquarters for both, and stand ready to serve you with pure, clean and fertile seed at lowest prices, quality guaranteed.

### FLOWER SEEDS

This is the time to plant sweet peas and other annuals, which will give early spring flowers. Our stock in this respect is unusually large and well assorted, representing all the latest novelties and standard sorts.

GERMAIN BROS. COMPANY  
320-330 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

by contributing to the expense of some large comprehensive plan of improvement in Elysian Park. There is need of pavilions on the highest peaks, of places in the form of rustic benches, perhaps over them, playgrounds, drinking fountains, and ponds, grottoes, picnic groves and many other improvements, both ornamental and useful.

There is, at present, only one good entrance, Fremont, which is close to the railroad yards and completely enveloped in clouds of smoke and its usefulness impaired by frequent passing street cars. There is another entrance much more convenient to the heart of the city which stands in urgent need of improvement, and is at present known only to the few. This entrance, though at present in a deplorable state, could, with a little expense, be opened to the public, who would gladly avail themselves of a direct route of higher scenic value. This entrance, directly to the nurseries and the botanic gardens, is the most attractive and interesting part of the park. It is to be regretted that our short-sighted Councils have restricted park commissions to a routine existence, and making no allowance for necessary extensions and improvements along the lines of the park.

People do not come here to admire our large hotels, surrounded by dusty, city life. They have them at home. Neither do they come here to camp by the sea, for many of them have homes upon the great coast of the Atlantic. The one great attraction of the city is our unrivaled climate with its pure and balmy atmosphere, and in order to enjoy this to the full they should have plenty of breathing spots within reach of the principal hotels; breathing spots that are reached from car lines within a few minutes. The landscape beauty is of the first order.

Of the fact that tourists have commented favorably upon the unsurpassed scenery in and around our city, it would seem that Los Angeles cannot afford to delay the improvement of this nearest and most valuable piece of public property.

#### Street Planting.

When the writer had the planting of a town site, he would plant some streets with flowering trees such as the magnolia, ligustrum, and the crepe myrtles. The first year would need pruning for the first few years, but



# Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

## FIELD NOTES.

### Commissioners' Bulletins.

THE State Commissioner of Horticulture has issued the first of a series of monthly bulletins any of which may be had upon request, of the Sacramento office. These publications will serve as a medium between the State Board and the horticultural officials of the State, and, in addition, will contain information upon new insect pests, the increase or decrease of established species, methods used in fighting injurious insects, the progress of quarantine work, information upon bacterial and fungous diseases and upon the unification of tree inspection throughout the State. The new law makes the State Commissioner an ex-officio member of every County Board of Horticulture. It is in recognition of this relationship and the desire to harmonize the work of all offices that have induced the publication of this valuable monthly circular.

### J. B. Neff Appointed.

AS the successor to Prof. A. J. Cook in the conducting of Farmers' Institutes in the southern part of the State, the appointment of J. B. Neff, of Anaheim, will be well received by the farmers. A few days ago Mr. Neff informed me that he had not received official notice of his selection for this work, but he said he had received notice otherwise. He expects to meet with Prof. Wickson at once and outline the campaign for the coming winter. Mr. Neff's work will be characterized by its practical value and by his judgment in the selection of men and subjects to be considered at the institute meetings. I do not hesitate to predict full meetings and profitable sessions wherever the arrangements may be made for the holding of institutes. Mr. Neff added largely to the success of the efforts to get the Pathological Station for Southern California, and is awake to the needs of this part of the State in everything relating to agriculture.

### Seeing the Orange Groves.

THE Pasadena Board of Trade has just issued an illustrated pamphlet of interest in general and to rural California in particular that the booklet should receive extensive circulation. It contains sixteen maps of local drives in that portion of Los Angeles county ranging from one to fourteen miles in length. These maps are made by surveyors, and the text accompanying each is drawn with accuracy, particularly recognizing the rural homes and the attractive farms of this section. The form and scope of the pamphlet are entirely novel, as far as I have seen, and are worthy the brain of our chief advertiser, now in Portland. It is a Pasadena production throughout, however, and will prove of great value to the thousands of tourists this winter, many of whom will have to find their way about without any other guide. The text of the book was written by Road Commissioner C. A. Day, and consists of about twenty pages descriptive of each map. If you want to see something that every rural community should adopt that has fine farms and homes, ask for "Some Interesting and Picturesque Drives in and About Pasadena."

### Patenting Nitro-cultures.

SO many scores of farmers have become interested in the use of the cultures now being sold for the collection of nitrogen that the following query is pertinent: "Can a government employé patent a process discovered by him while in the line of his duty as an official?" I do not think the Patent Office is competent to take into consideration the connections of an applicant for a patent, but would be obliged to grant letters or refuse, as the device or process itself is, or is not, patentable. However, after a patent is issued to an employé he could hold it only in trust for the government and the citizens. The fact that he had gained the idea while making experiments for the government is an implied contract to give the people the benefits of any discovery he may make. He could take out letters and then deed the patent to the public as a matter of form. Upon refusal to do so, the matter would probably get no farther than the Attorney-General, who would declare the patent invalid for the reasons given above. These facts take away some of the glory of Dr. Moore's having deeded the patent on the production of nitro-cultures to the people, but it is very creditable to him that he took the initiative and made it impossible for any misunderstanding, or for anyone else to get a monopoly upon the process. The principle that public money cannot be expended to enable private parties in the employ of the people to make discoveries for their own advantage has been well established, and applies all down the line to the less important investigators.

### A Shaking-up Needed.

IT is not to criticize a great department of the government, but to state facts from which a valuable warning may result that I refer to the laxity of plant inspection apparent in the work of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Some weeks ago five Wardian cases of plants were received in Honolulu accompanied by a certificate that the plants were clean. They were from the Department of Agriculture. When Alexander Crow's vigilant eyes fell upon the boxes they did not see the certificate as plainly as they did the infection. And here is what Mr. Crow found: *Coccus longum* in various stages; black scale containing eggs; Pul-

vinaria, the scale so destructive to maple trees in the East and to apple trees in California; purple scale, of all the pests about the most destructive; the Florida red scale and another *Aspidiotus*. Mr. Crow characterizes the sending out of these infected trees as "nothing less than criminal."

The government has published hundreds of thousands of pamphlets and bulletins setting forth the enormous losses entailed through the introduction of insect pests and here becomes a party to the scattering of four of the most destructive pests known to fruit growers. Mr. Crow says these plants came from the Department of Agriculture itself. The confirmed loyalty of The Times to a department that is doing such wondrous work for the farmers of the United States will give force without fault-finding to the suggestion that some of the department employes should be investigated. And it would not be out of order to have the stock of the Bureau of Plant Industry thoroughly inspected, if the Honolulu plants are samples of those in the department grounds. I hope the close personal association of several of the officials of the Department of Agriculture with the people of Southern California will impress upon the former the necessity of more stringent quarantine and inspecting regulations. I recently received a letter from one of the chief officials of the Agricultural Department at Washington stating that the Florida white fly could not live in California and expostulating against the rigid rules of Los Angeles county regarding plant inspection. If these officials knew what is known in this State about the terrors of insect invasion, they would safeguard us to the last degree. May the department workers here impress these dangers upon their superior officers.

### Orange Shipping Reform.

PERHAPS never before in the history of the orange industry has there been more discussion upon the methods of shipping oranges than is in evidence this fall. It is conceded that the present boxing system is too expensive, and many hold that it is not the most meritorious plan of carrying the fruit that could be devised. This discussion will bring to the front propositions ranging from absolute bulk-shipping to modified package shipping, and it is to be hoped some means may be devised that will make it possible to carry the fruit to market cheaper and better. The statement is made that one prominent fruit man has resigned his position with his old firm in order to forward an enterprise for shipping oranges in baskets. The baskets are made of splits and are placed in the cars upon a rack of redwood, and between the lid of one basket and the bottom of the next is an air space of about three inches. This system recognizes the principle of free circulation, not only between the packages, but through them, as the fruit is not wrapped or excluded from the air by other means. Prevention of decay in transit, cheapness in packing, no grading or wrapping, and ease of handling by the trade are some of the points claimed by the projector of this new system. Whether success will follow the various experiments that will be made in the near future, all agree that the need of more economic methods of handling citrus fruits is great, and every friend of the industry should assist in working out the problems confronting the grower in this field.

### Tell it to the "Tenderfoot."

JUDGING from the scenes at the depots of the transcontinental roads the last week or two the people who have lived here sometime will be asked ten thousand times to make good some of their boastings about the agricultural resources of California. The far East knows too little of the resources of this commonwealth, but The Times has done its share in spreading the fame of the State, yet many do not read and many do not have the opportunity. Or if they bury themselves in the tomes of a few years ago what they see of California is very misleading. Fifty-five years ago the greatest New Englander who ever lived said in his speech in the United States Senate in opposition to the admission of our State: "The Senator says that the territory of California is three times greater than the average extent of the new States of the Union. We all know that it has three times as many mountains, inaccessible and rocky hills, and sandy wastes as are possessed by any State of the Union. But how much is there of useful land? How much may be made to contribute to the support of man and of society? Although California may have a great seaboard and a large city or two, yet the agricultural products of the whole surface now are not, and never will be equal to one-half part those of the State of Illinois; no, nor yet a fourth, or perhaps a tenth part. What, then, will be the value of this territory? Where is there any value in it? Can it be of any use whatever?"

Could Daniel Webster have lived forty years later he would have seen California produce one-tenth of the entire wheat of the nation and 11,000,000 more bushels than the wheat crop of Illinois. Also an average of five more bushels to the acre than the average for Illinois. Thirty years from admission this State lead all others in barley and later has been producing one-fourth of all the barley grown in the United States. Here are some more figures made while producing the above large proportion of wheat and barley. I give the pounds in millions: Raisins, 103; fresh fruits, 180; dried fruits, 150; beet sugar, 70; wine, 35,000,000 gallons; canned fruits, 2,000,000 cases.

Continuing his speech upon the worthlessness of Cal-

ifornia, the great Senator said of Southern California: "Gentlemen will please to remember that in the year of the State eight months of every year roll on without a drop of rain falling, and there is not within the limits of it any land whatever that can be cultivated without irrigation. Can it be of any use whatever?" In October, 1883, it rained one inch and a half of water, in following June the same, and 35 inches in between the period of nine months. In 1904 the value of the wheat crop was \$21,757,845 delivered in the market. A small portion of Southern California produced the season of 1904-5 over 695,000,000 pounds of citrus fruit. At a value of 3 cents a pound in the markets the crop was worth \$20,850,000, or within less than \$1,000,000 of the wheat of Illinois. Tens of thousands of acres are farmed successfully in Southern California without drop of irrigating water. Celery, honey, alfalfa, melons, small fruits, potatoes, olives and deciduous fruits are produced in unstinted quantities in this land. Senator Webster honestly thought worthless. Could he have seen the seed of our horticultural greatness, then in full fruition with the padres, or have he seen the limitless expanse of our grain fields, his picture would it have made upon the mind of the Senator of his day.

### Wastefulness of Orange Packages.

THE advantages to be gained by the orange grower in shipping their fruit in bulk, if possible, and in ventilation instead of refrigeration are questions worthy of consideration. The cost of the boxes, the fruit in them, the freight charges, the boxes, both local and through, the boxes and wrappers for the boxes and wrappers each orange carries the total cost into millions of dollars. The box is used but once, on arrival at its destination, and after the fruit is taken from it the box is of no value. The cost of the box is increasing year to year, and it is only a question of time when a better suitable for boxes will be very scarce on this coast.

The number of boxes of citrus fruits moved from California during the year ending October 31, 1904, was fully 10,860,000, allowing for 39,000 cars at 30 boxes each. Under the present system it has cost the growers as follows: Boxes, 14 cents each, \$1,520,400; paper, 7% cents each, \$841,650; local and through freight, 10% cents each, \$1,384,550; nails and wrapping paper, \$250,000; labels for boxes, \$65,160. This could be largely saved by shipping in bulk, if proper devices could be employed, having the receiver of the fruit at the market furnish his own packages. This would require the grower to be at the other end of the line, each grower to furnish packages that would suit his trade and turned to him when empty the same as eggs are now. In this way one package could be used over again. Baskets would probably be the most suitable. The fruit handled by the local dealers would have to be packed.

Shipping fruit under refrigeration takes the life of the fruit. Its keeping qualities seem to be lost, and when taken from the ice car and exposed to air it may keep for but few days at best. The class of fruit, it is claimed, when moved under similar conditions. With plenty of air and a low temperature this fruit may keep for months, and injured will dry up before it will rot. This is the nature's law. The citrus fruit growers of California have paid over \$950,000 for refrigeration during the year, nevertheless.

Some claim the keeping qualities of oranges are injured by not giving them plenty of moving air while passing through the sweat after being picked; that much damage from this cause by wrapping the fruit in a non-conductor (paper), nailing it up for three weeks in a box in poorly-ventilated cars and processes that do not tend to increase the keeping qualities of the fruit. There may be some reason in this.

The packing capacity of a standard orange box is cubic inches. That of 362 boxes, or a minimum of 1,149,988 cubic inches. Shipping in trays in bulk, a tray 4 feet square and 1 foot deep gives a capacity of 27,648 cubic inches. With sixty-four trays in a packing capacity of 1,769,472 cubic inches—of capacity in bulk over box of 50 per cent. The weight of the oranges in a box at sixty-four trays and the weight of the box at eight pounds a tray 362 boxes or 26,064 pounds, we find that 21,000 are oranges and 2896 pounds are boxes. With the car would contain 50 per cent. more oranges than the car with boxes, or 34,752 pounds. During the season the crop could have been moved in 20,000 instead of 30,000 required, and this at a much lower rate to the railroads by reducing the dead weight. This would be a strong argument in favor of the fruit and freight rate upon this commodity. Can this be done in this way?

Can the following \$5,000,000 paid by the growers for moving the citrus fruit crop of the past year be saved or eliminated? Cost of boxes, \$1,520,400; paper, \$841,650; freight on boxes, \$1,384,550; paper, \$250,000; labels for boxes, \$65,160; icing, \$5,016,030. In this calculation the cost of making, packing and nailing up same has been estimated at 22% cents per box.



## Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

**Caladium.** The propagation is effected by the division of the tubers at the beginning of the growing season, which is very early in the spring. The soil best suited for them is a mixture of fibrous loam, leaf mold, and well-rotted cow or sheep manure in equal parts with a sprinkling of sand. The tubers should be potted in small pots, but large enough to conveniently accommodate them, and shifted into larger pots, when they require it. But little water must be given at first, until active growth commences, when as the plants develop they require an abundance. As a bed of the fancy-leaved caladiums are getting more popular, the fine, high-colored kinds are not so well suited for outdoor work as those having green predominance in the foliage. Frequent watering, with plenty of manure, is absolutely necessary to the development of the foliage. There are about sixty species and varieties in the trade.

### Correspondent for Hedges.

**CORRESPONDENT** asks the name of the glossy-leaved plant with the wavy leaves seen in some of our hedges. It is the *Pittosporum undulatum*, sometimes also planted successfully as a shade tree. There are many fine trees of this plant at the Soldier's Home. It resembles somewhat the live oak in the appearance of the leaves and grows as tall as the ordinary oak. One of the beauties of this tree is its berries, which form a splendid addition to the fine leaves. It makes a more attractive hedge than a row of

### Correspondent Inquiry.

**A. J. C.**, of Guadalajara, writes: "Will you please state in your Field Notes why *Cherimolia* (custard apple) does not obtain in Southern California. It is a delicious fruit and is very abundant here. I would like to know if the fruit would come to perfection in the city of San Diego. I enclose a few seeds of exceptional size fruit." The *Cherimoya* (*Annona cherimolia*) grows very successfully, but to a limited extent in many portions of Southern California. In the region of tropical fruits now being agitated, no doubt it will be made in establishing this and other fruits on an economic basis. For example, the *Cherimoya* has become so popular in London that fruits sell for \$2.50 each, weighing from ten to twelve pounds. This demand could be duplicated in Chicago. The Turk were the merits of this excellent fruit as known there as in England. These facts are enlisted in the interest in tropical fruits that can be grown in Southern California.

### Amateurs.

**RECENTLY** a purchaser of plants with plenty of money and an embossed Eastern catalogue will order in sight, especially if it has high-sounding names. These amateurs mean well, but they get the best of their bargains quite frequently. It would pay them to look around in their home nurseries and greenhouses to see what they do not know they want. One amateur recently ordered *Calophyllum inophyllum* from a dealer, and afterward found it quite common in the home and most readily propagated from cuttings. He paid a good price for the plant, probably in proportion to the length and euphony of the name. One amateur paid \$1 each for grape plants last year, and found them a very poor article from the grower's view. The qualities of the vines were set off by glowing, and they had foreign names, two of which were of the tree dealer. An Eastern amateur made a great fortune largely by advertising plants with outrageous claims of novelty and quality. It has been done at the expense of many who were inveigled into ordering worthless plants, which was of the most common varieties and easily purchasable elsewhere at moderate prices under common names. There are thousands of such plants in Southern California, to be improved by the growers and ornamental trees within the next few years. They would make money by getting acquainted with good nurserymen and florists here who have a permanent basis, and who will treat them with that end in view.

**Estimate.** The flower show seemed to be lacking in the number of plants, though it was so varied and excellent in so many respects that no one, perhaps missed this favorite display. There may be some reason the layman does not see the distinction of having associations devoted to its growth and exhibition. There are many dahlia societies in Europe, and its popularity is increasing everywhere on account of its beautiful and the diversity of its forms. No less than twenty types of the dahlia are cultivated, and I have seen some of the most typical of these in fine flower at the Los Angeles. For more than a month last year the show was favored with a continuous display of flowers, some of which were scarcely rivaled by any other kind. With this plant there has been an improvement scarcely experienced by any other plant during the season has been shortened and its season extended; its colorings have been im-

proved in variety and vividness equal to that of the canna, the phlox or the geranium, and it has become very popular in some places as a cut flower. Here the number of flowers suitable for cutting may be so great as to take away some of the usefulness of this plant for the trade. It certainly does not equal the rose, carnation and many others daily seen in such profusion and beauty at the flower stands. The dahlia has the merit of being propagated in more ways than most of the flowers. It may be rooted as cuttings, grown from segregated roots, grafted or grown from the seed. In grafting, the scion is attached directly to the tuber. Amateurs can succeed admirably with this plant.

### Annual Rainfall.

**THE** thousands of strangers within our gates will ask many questions about the climate, and especially concerning the annual shortage of rainfall alleged to have overtaken this portion of the country. No one can deny that such a shortage exists, but I will show by the following comparisons that the deficit is not greater here than in the rainy climate of the Mississippi Valley. If we are not suffering more than our friends across the mountains the fact should be known. Statistics kept in Eastern Iowa show that the annual average precipitation between 1839 and 1849 was 52 inches. For the same locality, between 1889 and 1899 the average was 31 inches. The deficit in the Mississippi Valley is noticeable by the small volume of water now running in the great river. Steamboating has been practically abandoned above the mouth of the Ohio, the flat-bottomed boats now in use comparing very unfavorably with the palace of thirty years ago drawing eight feet of water. This falling away of a great system of transportation is largely due to the deficiency of rainfall. The Iowa records show a falling off of 38 per cent. in the annual rainfall in a period of sixty years.

Beginning with 1873 the first six years show an average of 20 inches for Southern California. From 1897 to 1903, the six-year period shows an average of 14 inches, or a falling off of 30 per cent. compared with the first period in which the records began, in 1873. The years 1903-4 and 1904-5 brought 14½ inches, or about the average of the preceding six years. That the fruit growers have been able to increase the holding power of their lands is evident, so we may be conserving more of the 14 inches than of the 20 inches of 1873-9. To further increase the absorptive qualities of the land in order to fortify against rain shortage is the key to making good the deficiency that seems to have marked the last eight or ten years. This can be done to a great extent by bringing the humus back to the soil, and makes green manuring a "burning issue" with the cultivators of today.

### The Poetry of Horticulture.

**FOR** three days and nights ownership and possession have vied with each other at Blanchard Hall, and the cup of joy ran over for the exhibitor and the crowd that took possession of the greenery and bloom, at least with their eyes. Even the layman and his wife who overran the hall to the financial success of the enterprise vowed eternally that they would have this and that growing in yard or veranda, and would "give habitation and a name" to everything in sight right in the midst of their own establishment, ere another season rolled around. Oh, the rhapsody of the better half as she saw a bower of orchids at her own home rivaling the splendors of Schiffman's; the happy illusion of her husband as he promised to grow a field of chrysanthemums rivaling the headgear of a football team, or know the reason why; the true spirit of gardening (in the mind); the innate love of flowers someone else had grown; the color, the fragrance, the magnitude, the inspiration of it all and the genuine and lasting enthusiasm that must have been engendered at the flower show of the Southern California Horticultural Society at its first exhibition.

But the greatest pleasure in the flower garden is in owning it, even if your flowers would not capture a cup at a flower show. To this is the inevitable tendency of such exhibitions as the public of Los Angeles have lately enjoyed at Blanchard Hall. The tendency will be rapid, judging by the expressions I heard, in favor of outdoing all public flower pomposities in the home grounds. After all, no rose is as sweet or perfect to the wife as the one she grows, but cultivated in the early days by her husband while he would rather be reading the morning paper. No judge would give it a cup or even a tin can, but about the house you admit it a masterpiece of your wife's horticultural skill. And when she gathers the rose with a dozen others and graces the dining-room with their fragrant, dewy presence you realize that it is more blessed to receive than to give, even if you had intended them for the typewriter. A little plot of ground, a few dollars worth of choice plants and the determination to have flowers—all that is necessary to emulate the flower show on a small scale may be enjoyed by all in this blessed land. It is the poetry of horticulture.

### Culture of Cabbage.

**THE** cabbage is a gross feeder. It endures much abuse. We may cover its leaves with dust, dose it with all sorts of substances, mutilate its roots or leaves as we choose, plant it in heavy clay, black muck or pure sand, it will do fairly well in spite of all conditions if we but supply an abundance of easily-secured food and

the right quantity of water to enable the plant to take it in and make it available. Next to plenty of food its greatest requisite is plenty of water, and, though its native home seems to be near the ocean it is by no means an aquatic, and suffers as much from an over-supply of water as from any untoward condition. Cabbages cannot endure hot sunshine and dry air, and do best at all stages of growth in a cool, moist atmosphere, and while young plants do fairly well in a higher one, provided there is plenty of light and air, the older ones cannot be made to form perfect heads in such weather as prevails in most parts of the United States during the summer months. They are quite hardy, and will endure a too low temperature better than one which is too high, their hardiness in this respect depending largely upon the condition of the plant. The leaves of one rapidly grown in the greenhouse will be killed by two or three degrees of frost, while it will take 20 or 25 degrees, continued for some time, to kill one grown slowly out of doors. It is clear that if the plant is to be grown successfully in our Southern States it must be during the cooler winter and spring months.

The earliest maturing varieties, when grown without check will come into heading condition in about ninety days from the seed, and the time necessary for the different sorts to perfect heads varies from that to 200 days for the latest. In about sixty days from the seed the plants will be as large as can be set out. The seedlings need abundant light and air, and great care should be used to prevent their becoming soft of spindling through too high temperature and want of light. A full stand of healthy, well-established plants is of the greatest importance to the grower, and does much toward insuring

### a profitable crop.

### Scab of Potatoes.

**SCAB** of potatoes is caused by a fungous plant working in the surface of the potato. The germs of it are very abundant, and live for many years in the soil, and also over winter on the potatoes. If these germs are fed to stock they undoubtedly grow in the manure, and the use of such manure may often be the cause of infection. Also they may be spread in the soil by natural drainage, and land receiving the drainage from infested fields may become infected with the disease without ever having had potatoes on it. Scabby seed potatoes when planted on new or old potato land will generally produce a scabby crop, but the amount of the disease will generally be much more on the old land than on the new.

Procure from a druggist two ounces of powdered corrosive sublimate (mercuric bichloride), put this into two gallons of hot water in a wooden or earthenware vessel and allow it to stand until dissolved. Place thirteen gallons of water in a clean barrel, pour in the solution of corrosive sublimate and allow it to stand two or three hours, with frequent stirrings, in order to have the solution uniform. Select potatoes as nearly free from scab as can be obtained; put the seed potatoes into bags, either before or after cutting them, and then dip them into the corrosive sublimate solution and allow them to stay in for an hour and a half. If seed potatoes are treated in this way and then planted on land free from scab, the resultant crop will seldom be seriously injured by scab. The expense of this treatment, including labor, should not exceed one dollar per acre, as the material may be used repeatedly. But the treated potatoes should never be fed to animals, as corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison.

This material should be mixed with water at the rate of eight ounces (one-half pint) of commercial formalin to fifteen gallons of water. The potatoes should be soaked two hours in it. If this method is used the seed should be planted within two or three days after treatment. This material gives equally as good results as corrosive sublimate. It is slightly more expensive, but the expense is light in any case. It has, however, great advantages over the latter in that it is not so dangerous, and being a liquid is easily diluted for use and may be placed in any kind of a receptacle. This material does not in any way injure the tubers or make them dangerously poisonous. One pound of formalin, costing not more than 50 cents, will make thirty gallons of the disinfecting solution, and is enough to treat fifty bushels of potatoes. If the solution stands a long time it will probably lose strength.—[Rural Home.

### A DREAM OF THE SEA.

The sea gull's plaintive cry of even,  
The sun sinking low in the west,  
The sunset gun as it booms from the distance,  
The ships that roll on the blue sea's breast;  
The breakers that dash their white crests higher,  
Turning to gray the glistening sand,  
The mournful tone of a long, low whistle,  
As a ship fares forth to a foreign land.  
Ah! there could I sit and dream forever;  
Of nestling close 'neath the sea gull's breast;  
Of floating softly on and onward,  
To where the sun at length seeks rest;  
Of firing the gun that salutes our loved ones,  
Asleep in the cool, deep graves of the sea;  
Of riding out on the swirling breakers,  
That call, and murmur, and beckon to me,  
Of sailing away in the white-winged dream ships,  
In a foreign country to roam;  
But the sweetest dream in the gathering darkness  
Is the light in window at home!

CARRIE REYNOLDS.



## Forgetting.

STORY OF A MEMORY THAT PASSED  
IN A NIGHT.

By a Special Contributor.

IT was night. He was wandering aimlessly through the forest; where, he cared not; why, he knew not; for how long—for a night, or for all eternity, it mattered not. He lingered on the fern-walled bank of a stream. He was troubled this night, and sad. The philosophies of life seemed in a miserable tangle.

A mighty choir of pines clustered close and murmured the day's requiem. He gazed into the clear reflecting depths of a pool, from which myriads of stars beamed back at him. Nature held his hands and consoled him gently. For a few brief moments he was at rest, at peace with the world and with himself. Then, like an evil thought in a prayer, a memory crept in—a memory whose influence had for many weary years held his life in bondage, had gripped the network of his life's thoughts as an anchor grips the roots of the sea.

During the long summer days he had spent in the mountains sunbeams had tumbled in golden showers among the leaves. Voices within him bade him see their brightness, and not the lurking shadows beneath the foliage. But always, the Memory unrelenting, and ever persistent, crowded forward, eclipsing brightness, chilling happiness, and silencing all expressions for which his heart yearned. As he stood by the stream this night, he grappled with this Memory. Why did it haunt him? Why did it master him?

"If this Memory lives, why must I?" he groaned. "How much, oh, God, can I endure?"

Then, rebelliously, as if to spurn thoughts of the past that dwarfed and deformed his happiness, his soul cried out:

"I have not lived my life. I am just beginning. Does not the moth emerge from the chrysalis into God's sunlight? Then why cannot I, after years of banishment in a chrysalis of sorrow and bitterness and heart desolation, come forth and live—come forth into light and contentment and success?"

Suddenly into the sacred silence of the forest, burst the laughter and song of merry-makers. His reverie was broken as the links of a chain are broken and scattered by a blow. He had forgotten he was not alone—forgotten the woods were thronged with summer campers.

The noisy interference disturbed, confused him. "Why must people be?" he questioned the night, whose only reply was a soft, half-purring sigh.

With all their deceptions, vanities and anarchisms, these creatures human seemed to him, when in one of his restless retrospective moods, like distorted blurs on earth's clean carpet. "But, then—people are, people will always be, and I—I am one of them," he philosophized.

He stumbled across the stream toward the sounds of revelry, missing the stepping stones in the darkness, and splashing recklessly. A wetting was of no consequence. Nothing mattered.

Shielded from observation by the blackness that rimed the fire-illuminated circles, he studied in perspective the various groups about the camp fires. His was a search for impressions, impressions of life, its depth, its shallowness, its strength, its weakness, its seriousness, its frivolity. For a moment, and a moment only, he stopped beside a shouting, laughing, shrieking group. They were effervescent with merriment; why, they themselves could not have told. Here he found neither rest nor encouragement, but felt helpless, like a swimmer entangled in slimy seaweed.

With weariness and discontent he wandered on to the next group, where all was music, where firelight illumined the faces of the singers, whose emotions grave and gay, corresponded with, and soul radiated the good old melodies of long ago, until they became living things that laughed and sobbed, and sighed and prayed in the forest. Then, as if weary of earth, they crept through the overarching foliage and on into infinite space, where they found shelter in the choir-room of God. The philosopher lingered close among the shadows, loth to leave. The notes dripped one by one into his heart, as water drips into a dry cistern. He felt refreshed, strengthened.

But there were other scenes in this woodland vaudeville. With a sigh he passed on, stopping next to speculate on a gathering of elderly people engaged in discussing the topics of the day. The picture was prosaic, uninteresting, rigid, and giving it but briefest notice, he wandered on. Under a mammoth oak, and somewhat separated from the throng, as if their two lives were sufficient, one for the other, he found an aged couple. Their little camp fire was glowing merrily. It lived, it breathed, it tossed its golden sparks into the night. The mighty oak, so strong and grand, which formed their shelter, seemed to symbolize the love, the hope, the faith of this man and this woman who had shared life's burdens, and who were now poised on the brink between earth and eternity. The wrinkled, snow-crowned face of the old man was luminous with love as he looked deep into the eyes of the little old lady. With hand clasped in hand they stood in the firelight halo. Snuggling beneath the branches, but a few feet away, was a tent, their mountain home.

"Mary, dear," the old man said with quivering, emotional voice, "it's forty years tonight since we were married." Then with trembling hands, yet tender, he raised her withered face and gently, lingeringly kissed her. The watcher among the shadows moaned.

"Must I always look at happiness through other men's eyes? Will happiness always pass me by?"

Next in his rambles, he discovered the trysting place of a newly-engaged couple. They were so completely engrossed with each other, and with their own emotions, they gave no heed to the crackling of dry twigs and

leaves under his feet. Wearily, hopelessly he leaned against a friendly pine. As he stood, silent and thoughtful, watching joy through a lens of misery, the Memory crept close and pressed against his heart, until he was almost stifled with the pain. The moon now beamed good-naturedly over the peaks of the range and transmitted its golden glow to the landscape. It crowded its radiance about the lovers. He saw the caresses. He heard softly-whispered words of promise and of hope. His unrest became greater and more morose as he compared the fullness of their future to the emptiness of his own. He moaned in his wretchedness, and staggered from Hy-men's habitat like a soul banished.

Among the pines in the distance was a tent. The fly was thrown far back, that the pure air and the aroma of the forest might find free access. A light projected warm rays toward him through the gloom. Inside, a woman sat reading. He admired this woman greatly. She had always interested him. He could have loved her, had not the Memory demanded obeisance. He glanced meditatively, longingly, at the quiet, graceful figure, as, all unconscious of his presence, she bent above her book. In her companionship he had found peace and rest, and yes, almost happiness, while she also had seemed content.

Tonight, as shadows crouched about him, and the utter weariness and loneliness of existence confronted him, he stretched his arms toward the woman.

"If she would come," he murmured, "if she were mine, perhaps—"

Again came the Memory, creeping and beating against his very soul. With its phantom fingers it clutched, then tried to toss into the vortex of unreason, his every thought for this woman. It followed him as he crept into the deeper woods where moonlight softly sifted through the branches, glinting the nests of birds as they chirped sweet lullabies to their nestlings. Even here was happiness. Even here were homes.

"Home," he sobbed, "and loved ones, can I—must I live this life?"

There was tumult in his heart, an insurrection against this Memory. As he struggled for footholds among rocks and clefts, the Memory pursued, but more weakly, it seemed. Was its strength failing? At last he reached the crest of the mountain, far and high above the world. Range after range, some crowned with snow, others forest-tipped, and all gilded by moonbeams, stretched in contiguous billows on every side. Far below, half concealed by the gloom, half revealed by moonlight, valleys lay sleeping. The silence was intense, broken only by the whirr of wings, as a bird passed in rapid flight. Heaven seemed so close—and God. Peace, sublime peace, was everywhere. It entered his heart, whisperingly, steadily, strongly, joyously—

"The Memory is dead—it has fallen among the untenable shadows of Nothing. Return to her—and to your happiness."

HELEN LUKENS JONES.

## Tardes Tristes.

ME AMO EN SILENCIO Y AL AUSEN-  
TASSE ME LO DIJO.

Por Especial Contribuyente:

QUE tiempo tan frío. . . . Que lluvioso. . . .  
Al traves de los cristales de mi ventana veo las verdes y frondosas hojas de los arboles que tamizan la luz vespertina. Todo parece de luto y que solo estoy! Se han despejado los cielos un instante y veo brillar este día por vez postrera los dorados del sol de otoño. Allí mismo en los muros de ese antiguo templo cubierto por débiles enredaderas he visto muchas veces esa luz amarillenta. . . . triste. . . .

Oh tardes pasadas de indecible gloria! Oh luz macilenta a bella! Porque venís, a renovar las torturas de mi pecho, trayendome el recuerdo de ella, trayendome memorias, dulces memorias de un feliz pasado?

Aquí mismo, sí, aquí, juntos contemplábamos los últimos fulgores de la tarde; oíamos el melodioso canto de las aves, su oración ferviente mandada al Hacedor de todo cuando la noche comienza a desplegar su crespon negro.

"Quisiera ser ave," me dijo muchas veces con infinita dulzura y como si no estuviese satisfecha de sí misma.

"Para que?" le preguntaba yo.

"Para vivir en los arboles, para volar libre por los campos, para ser feliz porque ellas deben serlo, verdad?"

"Que tu no lo creas?"

"Sí," decía, procurando reprimir un suspiro.

Luego nos sorprendía la noche, y a los débiles rayos de la luna le refería mil aventuras amorosas procurando agradarla, despertar en ella un amor como el que estaba fundiendo mi alma. Saltábamos al jardín, la tomaba del brazo y después de pasear. Nos largo rato, nos sentábamos debajo de un añoso árbol a platicar, a respirar el purísimo aroma de las flores.

Las fuentes arrojaban al espacio su lluvia de diamantes produciendo una música celeste, y el aura juguetera de los prados nos traía desvanecidos ecos de canciones, de amores. . . .

"Porque me amas?" me interrogaba, con ese tono dulce, sencillo é inocente de las criaturas buenas.

"Porque eres linda, la respondía, porque tienes un corazón noble y estas llena de virtudes. No esto suficiente para adorarte?"

Inclinaba la cabecita ruborosamente y después de una larga pausa como si dudase de lo que la acababa de decir, me interpellaba:

"Y si me fuese lejos, muy lejos, donde nadie me viese ni nadie supiera de mí, que harías?"

"Morir; o seguiría tu huella, iría tras ti sin importarme adonde y sería para siempre tuyo. Buscaría luego el lugar mas escondido allá en la cima de las montañas; allí separados del mundo, viviríamos los dos para los dos únicamente. Tendríamos por verjel todo cuanto ha

hecho el gran dios naturaleza; correríamos por las montañas chiquillos cogiendo mariposas; iríamos al arroyo a jugar al mismo tiempo con sus cascadas, sus aguas cristalinas, cortaríamos flores, muchas flores, y luego cuando del astro rey de extinguió los fulgores, vol veríamos a nuestro nido, veríamos a los astros uno a uno, te contaría cuentos de esos que te refería mi madre cuando era niño, o te leería una de esas novelas que inflaman y roban el sosiego del corazón.

En fin, allí, mirando el eden que anhelaba de mis ojos, te consagraría la existencia.

Me miraba como si quisiese leer en las profundidades de mi alma cuanto la había dicho, y sonriendo contentamente exclamaba:

"Que halagador! Que bello!"

La imprimía un beso en sus labios de nardo, ponía a jugar al mismo tiempo con sus cascadas, azabache. Sonaban las ocho en las campanillas del pueblo, carcomido ya por la acción inexorable de los años y nos separábamos en el acto.

"Hasta mañana," me decía con esa voz tan dulce, pero dulce, infinitamente dulce.

"Hasta mañana," le contestaba después de un beso en la frente y preguntarle una vez más: "¿amas?"

Día a día repetíamos nuestras entrevistas y día a día hora tras hora le hablaba de mi pasión desahogada, loca, inmensa, sin que jamás hubiera oído de su parte una palabra de amor.

Sin embargo, me amaba, pero era tan tímido, inocente, tan casto, que no se atrevía a decirme, aunque yo lo leía en sus miradas, en sus acciones, en su mirada, que quería arrancarle del pecho esa "embruja, que enaltece, que anonada."

Velaba las noches enteras acosado por la pasión y la duda. Que sera de mí? me preguntaba yo a mí mismo, si ella insiste en negarme lo que deseo. Esto no puede continuar así, pues que la pasión consume poco a poco mi vida. De esta manera pensaba incesantemente me convenía que no pudiese girar mas de aquella niña.

Una mañana de verano, lo recuerdo muy bien, llovido, el ambiente estaba fresco, oloroso, la atmósfera purísima, las nuvecillas se levantaban de la falda de las montañas y huían por el horizonte; allá muy lejos distinguía claramente en fondo de zafiro el negro pico del volcán. Que hermoso estaba todo.

Sentía yo el corazón henchido de placer a la vez de tristeza; estaba tranquilo por momentos, pero era presa del mas, horrible sobresalto.

Esa tarde ocurrió ella a la cita mas temprana de costumbre, y se sento debajo del añoso árbol testigo de nuestras pláticas, de nuestros amores. Tuvo flor entre sus manos, y apenas se hubo sentado comenzó a cortar sus pétalos, luego la deshojó por completo y arrojando los restos al suelo, se levanto, corrió y ollo varias veces y después repitió la misma operación.

Estaba pálida, y por lo que vi que hizo con la mano cuando siempre las había acariciado, comprendí que hallaba muy inquieta.

Fui a unirme a ella y al tomarle la mano la vi sudorosa y fría, además, un poco temblorosa.

"Te sientes mal?" la interrogué.

"No," me respondió, "pero anoche, me fue imposible concebir el sueño, las horas se me pasaron pensando durante dos años imbecil! te he ocultado todo mi corazón triste; ahora quien sabe. . . ."

"No me des la muerte? explícate" la dije con el pánico.

"Sí, mañana," continuó, "cuando los primeros del sol alumbren este sitio del cual llevo recuerdos débiles, sublimes, ya estaré muy lejos. Mi alma halla a los bordes del sepulcro y necesito redimir la promesa que me hiciste antes de que pase a lo desconocido."

"Sabe pues, que impresas en mi alma, y mas tarde, cuando vuelva iremos en pos de esas flores que me has hablado tantas veces."

Nos abrazamos tiernamente, nos dimos un beso y apartamos sin decir una palabra. . . .

La noche cubre a la tierra con su densa manta, la lluvia se desprende a torrentes; el viento aullando en el tiempo tan feo! Que lluvioso!

ISAURO DE LA ROSA

## ROCKEFELLER LETS THE PUBLIC

John D. Rockefeller's estate, near Tarrytown, is described as follows in the November Current:

"Those looking for indices of Mr. Rockefeller's character in his Pocantico place will not find anything together displeasing. It is, in a way, a splendid trophy. Its enjoyments are by no means limited to technical possession. It is not fenced or walled off by thirty-odd miles of new roads are absolutely public. Only one prohibition exists—and that is the automobile. Indeed, those given to driving might find here other indications that what Rockefeller's ownership, in other words, is not a legal fiction. More than 300 people live here, day to day; thousands constantly use its drive ways. All get just as much enjoyment as Mr. Rockefeller himself; probably more, as he seldom leaves the cantico more than two or three months of each year."

"For the last fifteen years the newspapers have been harrowing stories of evicted tenants, of houses, of smiling little farms turned into artificial gardens. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rockefeller has made few radical changes; such as he has contributed only to everybody's moral and well-being. Most of the estate is left, except for a few spots it has been cleared, turfed and sown with seed, and what was formerly a clump of trees formed into undulating lawns. There are no roads. It is simply a great preserve, park and garden, aside primarily, it would almost seem, for the use and only incidentally for its owner's."



## The Mann Family.

A NAME IN COMMON USE SINCE THE  
FOURTH CENTURY.

By a Special Contributor.

**M**AN, meaning manly, beautiful, is a name connected with hero worship, if its use may be traced to the Mannus, or "the hero," of Tacitus, the father of the god Trisco, and founder of the German nation.

In its compound forms the name has been in common use since the fourth century. In Domesday Book, eleventh century, the name is made of Willihmus filius Manne—William, son of Mann. He was a landowner in the County of Devon. Le Mann, de Mann, Monn, Mon, Men, Manni and Mani are variations of the name found in Anglo-Saxon records. Mano and Manno are old German; Manne is Danish, also Minan and Mand; the Icelandic name is Madhr. In early English days the name usually appeared as Man; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries both Man and Mann are used. Since the middle of the eighteenth century the more common form is Mann.

The family can boast of its martyr—Thomas—condemned for heresy and burned at the stake. He is mentioned in Fox's Book of Martyrs. For speaking irreverently of the Pope, John Man, "gent," was excluded from the court of Spain, to which country he had been sent by Queen Elizabeth. Thomas Man was sword bearer to the city of London, 1675. Cornelius de Man was a celebrated Dutch painter of the same century.

The old record is interesting reading: "John man was married 1535, June 1, to Elenor Whytt, daughter of Thomas whytt had 7 children, suckeye (Susie) wyllyam John margaret thomas Edith & agnes." The daughter of Galfridus Mann married James, the fourth Earl of Cornwall.

In Virginia, 1635, Thomas and William Mann, or Mann, made homes for themselves, and their families were among the influential ones of colonial days. The historic mansion Roswell House was built by Mann, grandson of Sir John Page, the richest landholder in Virginia with the exception of the Fairfaxes, his holdings amounting to about 100,000 acres. It was the daughter, Mary, of John Mann who married Matthew of Roswell. There was also marriage connection with the family of Thomas Jefferson. William Mann of Wrentham, Mass., married Abigail Cook, descendant of John Cook of the Mayflower.

John Mann, from Wales, was another Virginia settler. He was a revolutionary soldier. It may also be noted that he was the father of twenty-three children; their mother was a Timberlake. Needles is another Virginia name found in Mann records. Biblical names are Aaron, Joseph, Samuel, Daniel, Ichabod, Pelahiah, and Josiah—these all the children of one John Mann.

The England settler was William Mann, probably son of Sir Charles Mann, knighted by Charles I. He was one of the "men of Kent"—men of education and fortune, who sought in America "freedom to worship." William was one of the family of Cambridge. His son, Samuel, was a good and learned minister, whose "ordinary sermons were fit for kings." Horace Mann, statesman and philanthropist, was of the Massachusetts branch.

One of the original proprietors of Providence, R. I., was William Mann. His son Abraham was one of the Providence men who "staid and went not away" during the scare in Philip's war.

John Mann was chairman of a committee at Monmouth, during the troublous times of 1775. April 5, 1776, he addressed a letter to the "Inhabitants of this district, a great part, only not disciplined, consistent marksmen, and I dare be bold to say, that about 30 rods they could pick up Tories, as fast as so many hawks could pick frogs from a frog pond."

John James, who had been at Lake George in 1752, was at Brainerd Hill; also Capt. Andrew of Connecticut, of Providence, was captain in Sullivan's expedition, and had honorable mention for gallantry. James Mann, born at Man Hill, Scituate, Mass., was a member of the Sons of Liberty, who met on September 17, 1776, and dedicated a thrifty young elm to the Sons of Liberty—this elm is said to be still standing. "The Man" was the title by which he was known. He was a teacher for many years and remarkable for his memory. The Bible, the English poets and other books were at his tongue's end.

His arms reproduced is or, a chevron, ermines between a lion, rampant, sable. Crest, a tower or, issuant from a base, three tilling spears proper. Motto—Virtus in laudibus. Another armorial bearing of the Mann family is argent, three antique boots sable, spurs, argent, a demi-man proper, wreathed about the temples with laurel and holding over the shoulder an arrow.

### HERALDIC NOTES.

Two metals are used in heraldry, or (gold) and argent (silver). When the actual colors do not appear they are represented by dots at frequent and regular intervals, or by a perfectly plain surface.

Colors, or tinctures in regular use, are five: blue (blue), sable (black), vert (green), gules (red), and purple.

When the colors do not appear—is represented by horizontal lines.

When the colors do not appear—is represented by horizontal and perpendicular lines, cross-hatched.

When the colors do not appear—is represented by lines running diagonally from left to right.

Purple, by lines running diagonally from right to left.

Regarding the heraldic significance of metals and tinctures.

Or denotes generosity and elevation of mind.

Argent, peace and sincerity.

Gules, military fortitude and magnanimity.

Azure, loyalty and truth.

Sable, constancy.

Vert, hope, joy and loyalty in love.

Purple, royal majesty, sovereignty and justice, called the most majestic of colors.

Of furs used in heraldry there were formerly but two, ermine and vair. The former is a well-known fur; the latter is a species of squirrel. Several modifications of ermine were subsequently introduced—they are ermines, erminois, ermines and peau—all artificial and peculiar to heraldry. Ermine is represented by black spots upon a white ground. Vair is shown by shield, bell or cup-shaped figures. Ermines is represented with the field sable and the spots argent (black fur with white spots); erminois has sable spots upon a field or; ermines only differs from ermine in having a red hair upon each side of the black spot; peau, the reverse of erminois, is spots or upon a field sable.

In blazoning any armorial bearings—that is, describing them in words—the shield or escutcheon should first be fully described, then the crest, subsequently the supporters, if any, and lastly the motto. The wreath need never be mentioned, nor the helmet and mantling (which are not always represented), as they must always follow the rules of heraldry, their colors being determined by the arms, as already said.

The background of the arms, or the field, as it should be called, may be either of metal color or fur, as a rule singly, but frequently combined.

Although Adam is credited with complete armorial bearings, and Noah with a plentiful supply of quarterings, Planché, an authority, admits the existence of no coats of arms prior to the twelfth century, although designs and emblems had been displayed. By the next century, transmission of arms from father to son was a recognized custom.

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

## BOUTON'S BATTERY.\*

A REMARKABLE ORGANIZATION AND THE REMARKABLE SERVICE IT RENDERED.

By a Special Contributor.

At an artillery review in St. Louis in February, 1862, Gen. Halleck stated that he considered Bouton's Battery the finest battery he had ever seen in any service either in Europe or America. At a review of troops at College Hill, Miss., in December, 1862, Gen. Sherman stated that, at the commencement of the war, he had felt great concern regarding what we should do for field artillery, as it had always been considered in the old regular army that three years' service was necessary to make good and efficient artillerymen, and in Europe five to seven years, but that Bouton's Battery, though hardly yet a year in the service, he considered equal in efficiency to any battery in any service.

Although Bouton's Battery was organized in Chicago, it had men from several of the Northwestern States, quite a number from Ohio and from the sawmills and lumber regions of Wisconsin, and it is likely that a finer body of men from an athletic and physical point of view were never embraced in an organization of the same number.

Capt. Edward Bouton recruited this battery largely at his own expense, so that even when it was mustered into the United States service, it had cost the State of Illinois but \$13.53 per man, at a time when it was costing the State an average of \$154 per capita to put soldiers in the field. The battery consisting of an aggregate of 154 men, proceeded to St. Louis in January, 1862, where it procured six fine new James rifles, caliber 3.80, throwing projectiles weighing fourteen pounds.

At this time the government was purchasing from 500 to 1200 horses per day, at St. Louis, and was getting splendid animals from Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana. Bouton obtained permission from Capt. Parsons, the purchasing quartermaster, to take his pick from these horses as they were inspected and accepted, and he selected from three to ten a day, until he had procured 128 animals. Four guns and their caissons, requiring eight teams of six horses each, were supplied with bright bays, and the remaining two guns and their caissons with jet black horses. These teams were perfectly matched, and any pair of them would be likely to attract attention if driven through any city attached to a carriage. The battery wagon, forge, ambulances and baggage wagons were furnished with equally fine animals.

From the first organization of the battery, the officers, under Capt. Bouton's direction, applied themselves diligently to drilling the men, so that when the battery was brought into active service in the field, the men had acquired a great degree of perfection in drill and discipline, and were well prepared to attain the high reputation for efficiency for which they became noted. In over four years' service, this battery never failed to win favorable mention on many a hard-fought field, particularly distinguishing itself at Shiloh, Nashville and Franklin.

At the battle of Nashville Bouton's Battery was attached to Hatch's division of cavalry, which constituted the extreme right of the Union forces. In the night some 600 men hoisted one of the guns up the almost perpendicular face of a high hill well in the rear of the left of the rebel army, and at daylight fired the signal shot for the commencement of the attack on the rebel position.

This battery participated in seventeen great battles and forty-six important skirmishes that were officially reported, and probably a hundred minor skirmishes that

were never reported. They were with the extreme advance in the pursuit of Hood's army, after Nashville, and in that pursuit went into action on an average of six times a day for ten days. Among which was a very hard fight at Duck River, lasting several hours.

There was a flood rise of fourteen feet in this river and Hood had to abandon nearly all of his wagons and artillery, and supposed he was clear of the Union batteries as well, but Bouton's Battery took their ammunition chests across the river on rafts hastily constructed, principally from the beds of abandoned rebel army wagons, swam their horses across, and, splicing their prologs, dragged the guns through fourteen to eighteen feet of water, and in two hours were pounding away at Hood's forces again.

This battery not only never lost a gun, but with the exception of Shiloh, and perhaps two other instances, where the entire line fell back, they never receded from a position they had taken. Their guns were especially adapted to throwing canister; each charge of canister weighed fourteen pounds, contained 240 projectiles, and when hard pressed they would double-shot, and for a short time could fire six rounds per minute, or 2880 missiles from each gun; 17,280 from the entire six guns per minute, which no force could withstand. Bouton's Battery was noted throughout the army for rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim. Gen. Hatch used to say that Bouton's Battery could shoot prairie chickens on the wing.

On one occasion during the Nashville campaign, in a hard fight between Nashville and Duck River, Bouton's Battery not only silenced a rebel battery, but drove the men entirely away from it and went with their own limbers and took the guns and carried them off. Two of the guns proved to be James rifles that had been captured from Waterhouse's Battery at Shiloh. So far as known, this was the only instance during the war of one battery capturing another's battery and actually carrying off its guns.

A high testimonial to the character of the men composing Bouton's Battery is the fact that fifty-three of the enlisted men were promoted to be commissioned officers during their terms of enlistment.

JAMES DODWELL,

Formerly of Bouton's Battery.

Eldorado, Kan., Sept. 15, 1905.

Gen. E. Bouton, who recruited and commanded this battery, is now and has been for years, a resident of Los Angeles.

### A DOG'S ALABI.

The article on the subject of "Humor in Animals" in yesterday's Daily News has brought communications which raise the question whether domestic animals, particularly cats and dogs, are not gifted with a power higher than mere instinct, and approaching human reason.

Every lover of animals must have observed peculiarities in their habits indicating their sense of understanding, and making use of the circumstances and conditions in which they live.

A correspondent states that he has a very vivid recollection of an incident which came under his notice while staying at a large farm in Dorsetshire. The farmer had experienced considerable losses from sheep worrying extending over several weeks. Every effort to detect the offending dogs proved unavailing. He was certain that his own dog—a fine sable collie—was innocent, as it was always kept on the chain over night.

A circumstance, however, led to his suspicions being aroused. Driving home one night from the neighboring market town, later than usual, he was surprised that the dog did not bark at his approach as it usually did. Approaching the kennel he called for the dog, but it made no response. Examining the collar, he discovered that either the dog had got his head out of it or that it had not been chained up that night.

The farmer searched all over the steading, and whistled for the dog, but without avail. He was early astir the following morning, and going to the kennel found the dog in it. The presence of some wool on the dog's coat convinced him that it was the cause of all his trouble, but before shooting it he decided to watch it closely. He found that the dog released itself from the collar, went to a neighboring farm, where it was joined by another collie, and the two together went to the sheepfold. The following morning three of the sheep were found dead, all of them having been worried. The two dogs were killed, and from that time the farmer was relieved of his losses.

Was it instinct or reason that enabled the dog to release himself of his collar and after a worrying expedition to push his head into it again?—[London Daily News.

### THE MOCKER'S THRENODY.

The midnight minstrel hath attuned her throat  
And straightway trills her sonnet. Note by note  
The molten silver of her magic tongue  
Pours out upon the stillness, and among  
The moonlit bowers a dulcet echo wakes  
The myriad phantoms of the hills and lakes—  
Strange, soulful sounds as of some solemn grief—  
The trembling requiem of an autumn leaf—  
The lingering plaint from some dry brooklet's bed  
Whose babbling mirth is, like the brooklet, fled—  
The pensive sigh of some poor, blighted rose—  
Which waits, unseen, the sepulcher of snows:  
Or is it but the spirit of the bird  
Which hath these silent sanctities thus stirred?  
I know not which; but when the mocker sings  
Methinks I hear the mystic, hidden wings  
Of souls by sorrow haunted—spirits, these,  
Of Life's and Death's long-drawn sciomachies;  
And throb by throb there steals across my brain  
The cryptic meaning of the wild refrain;  
And in the gloaming of the mountain-night  
The lips of Love up-guide me to the height—  
That Love which hath all Nature's efforts crowned—  
That Love, divine, which makes the world go round!

T. SHELLEY SUTTON.



## Light in Lunacy.

RAYS OF REASON THAT ILLUMINE  
THE MENTAL MIDNIGHT.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE is considerable method in certain forms of madness—occasionally a real "ray of reason" and of rare wisdom which is truly astounding. In the most pitiable cases of mental aberration one frequently discovers an evidence of the most enviable sanity in the opposite direction. It has been maintained by many learned savants that everyone, in some particular phase of his mentality, is insane. Every tenacious adherence to a theory that is false, every form of fanaticism, every vain hobby, is declared to be an evidence of insanity. Indeed, nearly every great genius has been declared a crank, an imbecile or a lunatic, by his contemporaries. Columbus—what a poor, pitiful object he was when he raved over Europe about "the roundness" of the earth! "Truly," said all but the good Queen Isabella, "this man is a lunatic."

Tasso, that admirable bard of Florence, whose guilty love seemed to have seared his brain, was undoubtedly insane. Rousseau, declared France, was a madman; yet to us of today his writings reveal no shadow of the mental blight. Dante, too, said all Europe, groped in a chaos of imaginings. "Keats," decided the Quarterly Review of London, "is unquestionably imbecilic." It was this, and similar sarcastic criticisms, which drove him to an early death.

The world's treatment of her great men has not infrequently been shameless and unwarranted. We permitted the immortal Chatterton to starve, pressing him to suicide. We persecuted De Quincey and George Sand. We allowed Homer and Payne to beg for bread. We left Milton to hunger, and drove Real to crime and suicide. We permitted Poe to languish in the dregs of poverty—and we declared him a lunatic when he gave us the immortal lines of the gloomy "Raven." We branded Baudelaire as a weakling. We allowed Burns to follow the plow, and scandalized Goethe. We made a slave of the deformed prodigy, Aesop; and we even questioned our safety in the presence of Newton and his foolish-looking apple. "But did we not also crucify Jesus Christ?" asked Hugo.

The suggestion that many of our geniuses have been insane is not always to be taken as an aspersion. Insanity is not a fault; it is an affliction.

"Who would not be a Tasso, aye, and dwell  
The mark of pity in a madhouse cell?—  
With Tasso feel that liberty of brain  
Which scorned the prison and defied the chain?"

Perhaps in the intellectual attainments of Byron there were many tangles; a glance over his life seems to reveal many symptoms of insanity. Undoubtedly he was eccentric; so were Pope, Poe, Dante, Cervantes, Rousseau, Franklin, and many others; but who are we to condemn and belittle the peculiarities of our immortals?

"Men die; worms eat them. Pygmies may deride  
A Broddingnagian when his hands are tied."

Camille, during an investigation at a maison de santé for the insane at Paris, made "the startling discovery that the brains of Paris were bound in padded cells." He was not speaking lightly, either. "Fools," said Byron, "do not go insane: Insanity is a derangement of the brain, which not everyone possesses. The greatest thinkers make the greatest lunatics."

On the walls of a whitewashed cell at the Stockton (California) asylum, years ago, was found scrawled the following immortal poem, only once since published, but of a beauty that will yet cause it to be resurrected from the dregs and debris of much modern trash, to find its place in the proper niche of fame:

"Could I with ink the ocean fill,  
And were the sky of parchment made—  
Were every stalk on earth a quill  
And every man a scribe by trade,

"To write the love of God above  
Would drain the ocean dry,  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole  
Though stretched from sky to sky."

And its author was a raving, incurable lunatic! How wonderful, indeed, must be that form of insanity which can so lucidly realize the infinite love of the Deity! In the blinding darkness of that mental night, the lunatic at Stockton saw nothing but the single ray of comfort—knew or felt nothing but the truth of the love of God—that God which for some inscrutable reason had seen fit to blight his mind! We marvel, and are constrained to ask, with Shakespeare, "Is there no sweet psychiatry for this mind diseased?"

Several years ago, in San Francisco, a woman of rare intelligence, and a gifted writer and teacher, was deprived suddenly of her reason. This woman, Flora McDonald Shearer, had fought a long and unsuccessful battle with mankind; but an inexorable fate had been adverse, and circumstances eventually closed upon her so tightly that she became a raving lunatic. She was sensitive, accomplished, of tender heart, and cultured. And as they carried her away to the asylum, she sat between her attendants, and with the stub of a pencil wrote upon the margin of a newspaper:

"For me, I never knew the way  
To win the crowns of life—  
A chance spectator of the fray,  
A watcher of the strife—

"And so, it is not hard for one  
With naught to lose or win  
To mark the setting of the sun,  
And see the night begin."

She, too, was insane, hopelessly, ravingly insane—but

such is the mystery of madness. What loneliness, what utter disappointment, what pathos and grim despair are burned indelibly into those eight brief lines! Yet in reading them, who would suspect that their author was a madwoman?

Not long ago, in the State asylum of Oregon, at Salem, the following, queer definition of insanity was found written upon the wall of a cell in which was confined a newspaper man who had lost his reason:

"The mind that soars amid the stars  
For fame or knowledge yearning,  
Receives the livid lightning's scars  
And finds no path returning;  
"The mind that delves in depths of thought  
'Mid gems of wisdom mining,  
Perchance may find its struggle fraught  
With beauty past divining;  
"But in those depths too oft the soul  
Is lost to mortal reason—  
Who delves where Thought is past control  
Grows mad: 'tis Nature's treason."

One has only to question the keeper of an asylum to become convinced that in nearly all insanity there are to be found phases of unusual sagacity, wisdom and intelligence. The cunning of a lunatic is almost proverbial, and the cleverness with which he frequently executes a plan of escape is often phenomenal.

Several years ago the writer was one of a party of six who made a "sightseeing" visit to the Oregon asylum. A man wearing the uniform of a guard was instructed to show us through the institute, but when we came to the hospital ward he was suddenly called away by a nurse, and we were left standing by the ward entrance until his return. While thus waiting, and incidentally commenting upon things we had seen, a gentleman approached us from one of the main corridors. He wore a traveling cap and Norfolk suit, and from the manner in which he gazed about him we judged that, like ourselves, he was a stranger "doing" the institute. Upon approaching us he lifted his cap (for there were ladies in the party), and in passing us stepped courteously aside. One of the ladies unconventionally directed a question to him; with a proper bow he turned and answered it. A conversation ensued, and for fully ten minutes we chatted with him merrily. He informed us that he was also a stranger. Being an author, he desired to make a study of asylum life and lunatics, for a story which he had in view, etc. He then, at some length, informed us of his discoveries concerning the cleverness of certain lunatics.

"To look at them, to talk with them, even, one would not suspect that many of them were insane. For instance, I just met a man in this asylum who is said to be completely 'off,' yet his talk is charmingly lucid and natural."

About this time our guide returned to us, and I observed a peculiar expression in his eyes as he glanced at our newly-made acquaintance. Upon the approach of the guide, the man's whole manner changed, and a second later he was slinking away down the corridor like a cuffed cur.

"Who is the gentleman?" asked one of the ladies in surprise.

"That," said our guide, "is a hopeless case. He is a 'trusty,' but has been an inmate of the asylum for twenty years. He is perfectly sane until he hears the word 're-ligion,' then he is off in a bunch with a set of arguments that would drive you to the woods!"

We looked at one another surprised, but could say nothing. A half-hour later we returned to the superintendent's office, preparing to take our leave. At the door the guide was thanked by us for his kindness, and he left us with a pretty speech of well-wishing. The superintendent turned in his chair and smiled pleasantly.

"How did you find your guide?" he asked, still smiling.

We replied that he had showed us about everything, and had been very attentive.

"I wondered what kind of a guide he would make," said the superintendent. "He wears the uniform of a guard, but is himself a lunatic. He has been a 'trusty' for many years, and is perfectly harmless, but I did not know whether he would prove efficient."

"You do not mean to say that he is insane?" asked one of the ladies in astonishment.

"Exactly. He imagines that he is Shakespeare. If you should happen to quote a line of Shakespeare to him he would immediately inform you that he is that distinguished author. Oh, these crazy people are mysterious!" and the superintendent turned back, chuckling, to his desk.

T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

## PERILS BY RAIL.

A more vivid notion of the destructiveness of railroads may be had by considering the fact that in the great Crimean conflict, which was one of the bloodiest wars in history, the British lost less than half as many slain and wounded as were killed and maimed on the iron roads in this country during the last year. In any twelvemonth about 60,000 persons are killed or injured on the railroads of the United States—a much greater number than fell at the battle of Sedan, which sealed the fate of the second empire of France. Wellington won Waterloo, and Meade, Gettysburg, with losses of 23,185 and 23,003 respectively, and the total losses on both sides at Shiloh in the two days' murderous fight did not reach 24,000.

More railroad employes were killed in the United States last year than three times the number of Union men slain at the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Orchard Knob combined. The number of injured among these workers in the transportation business was greater than that of the wounded and missing at Shiloh, Antietam, and the First and Second Bull Run combined. More faithful tollers on the iron roads of this country went down in sudden death during the twelvemonth than perished in the Battle of the Wilderness.—[Pearson's Magazine.]

## Nature Study.

HOW IT MAY BE CARRIED ON TO  
BEST RESULTS.

By a Special Contributor.

A SHORT note of inquiry which appeared in the Times Magazine, a Sunday or two ago, with reference to the formation of nature study clubs, and outlining of work they might be able to do, suggests some hints for general use. The nature study idea has laid hold so strongly on many communities in the Eastern States that it would seem only reasonable to look for its outcroppings at this end of California. Indeed, I believe several of the women's clubs of this city have done something in this direction, but in a desultory manner—by listening to talks from those who have been out among the wild things rather than by getting out among them themselves. Nature study, second-hand never did anyone any more good than a "literal translation" of Virgil or of Homer in the school days; all the reading in the world, even of the best writers on the outdoors, will never put one so close to the wildwood as will day after day of work through the hills and the cañons.

### The Idea.

"Nature study" is only another name for that going back to the simple things of primal life that is natural to every human being as it is to breathe and walk upright, instead of on all fours as do the beasts. Some of us give it more sway than others; some crush it beneath the heel of commercialism, study demands and other ills to which civilization has subjected us; but beneath the skin of all of us the hand of the outdoors comes and goes, more strongly, more with each returning spring, but always there, insistent—until we kill it entirely.

Now it is the object of nature study not so much to teach us hard and cold facts out of the trees and flowers and the butterflies and the birds, as to get that longing; to help us that we may get the outdoors has to offer, and more than all the rest, to us the seeing eye. The man with the very greatest opportunities frequently sees much less than the man whose chances are not nearly so good, because he has with the fewer opportunities is doing more to get things out of them. It is a not uncommon belief among fishermen that loons carry their eggs under their feet until hatched. Their opportunities of seeing and doing their beliefs are of the best, and yet there are men who have never seen the sea who have seen a loon incubating her two eggs on a huge pile of reeds in some inland lake. The myth that the miner builds a hedge of cacti around his reptile is the most common among dwellers on southwestern plains where roadrunners are seen every day. The belief that the cinnamon bear is a cross between a grizzly and a black bear is foisted on the reading public every day not alone by glib reporters, but also by men who honestly think they have made a great discovery.

Not long since a man wrote to me from New York to the effect that a pair of hawks were roosting in his chickens. A few days later up came one of the hawks, quite dead. It was a red-tail, and in its talons was literally full of the remains of ground squirrels. A few weeks later he wrote me that the mate of the hawk had left his place—as she had every right to do—because the chickens were still being killed, and that, what great deal worse, the squirrels were eating his potatoes, leaf and tuber. "What shall I do?" he asked. "Get back your hawks," I answered him, and he did. A hiatus of some weeks in our correspondence, one afternoon, there came another box up from New York. In it lay a beautiful horned owl, with feet long and with talons like those of a hawk. He had caught his chicken thief at last, but he was away of the hawks had cost him dear—far more than the chickens, even, were worth. It seems the owl was just at dusk, when my friend was not in position to see him, caught and carried away what chickens he was devouring them just at the edge of the alfalfa field. Here the piles of feathers were in plain evidence of what more natural than that the young farmer should accuse the great red hawks that bred in his alfalfa grove and flew so bravely above his fields? The opportunity one could ask for, and yet he had that happy faculty of looking at all sides of a problem ere he came to its solution. And so he lost the talons of his sweet potatoes.

### The Method.

It has been my experience, and doubtless that of others who have lived much in the outdoors, that it is better to let people learn the little things of the outdoors than it is to tell them the big things. Much that man is told he forgets easily; what he learns through experience he sometimes hangs onto. Nature study in nature study. It is very well, and very necessary, doubt, where this is carried on as a regular instruction in the public schools, to have a teacher who knows the little ones all about the things of the outdoors, expected to learn, but when a party of "grown-ups" undertake to learn something of the world in the outdoors, it is far better to let each one find out for himself as he can for himself. Then he may do good to the others, but to himself as well, by the ideas at their meeting place. One fact that you have covered for yourself is worth a dozen you have learned of any book.

And do not be misled into thinking that the only known about the common things that live in the outdoors, in the parks, in the nearby hills, or even in the dooryards. It isn't. The finest place of knowledge I think I have ever seen put into print, and the most of the actions of a very common animal, is in the



afternoon's observation. The author was a youth of sixteen years—and the beauty of the work was, not that he declared any great opinions as to what the sandpiper thought, or whether he thought at all, but simply that he could see and remember what the bird did. For hours and hours he lay hidden in a clump of high grass at the edge of a little pool in his father's pasture, watching the bird. How many would have seen ahead of him the worth of such observations? Not many. Yet they are some of the most interesting contributions to American ornithology.

Then, there are other things beside birds. I am so much more interested in our little brethren of the air than I am in other wild friends that I sometimes forget that there may be those not quite so minded. The butterflies and the moths—about the latter of which, at least, so little is known—are here on the south coast in abundance. Why not take them up as your special field? No one has done a book about them in this particular region, as yet—much of the land would lie virgin to your eye and collecting can. How about the trees, and the flowers, and the rivers? Don't you know that there is something just as real, just as personal, just as moody, about a river as there is about your nearest and dearest friend? I know there are not many rivers here, but each one of them has a personality, a song, a history all its own; and in no two of them is this alike. Why can you not study this, make of some little brook what Thoreau made of Walden Pond? Do not mistake me; that you have to write about it. You do not; only know it, understand it, from ripple to ripple, from trout pool to bank whereunder lie the perch and whereon the wild roses bloom.

All Southern California holds out her arms in welcome to the one who enters her temples of oak and willow and cypress and pine. Secrets such as Delphi never revealed lie hidden here, can one but find them. Yet you must take time, not your own time, but the meditating time of the wilderness, slow as the unfolding of a leaf, impenetrable as the growth of a fern, never hurrying, but always completing its work in time for each season.

Along the beach one may find uncommon things in seaweed and shell and fish and birds. Along the mud flat of the sandy shore there is a yet different life. In the actual shore you will find the treasures of the sea, some of them very, very strange to you; in the shallow edges where the snipe and the plover and the gull and the shorebird are usually to be seen. Back of these landlocked waters there is usually a strip of meadow land which is yet a new field. On it are the most curious forms of life—and here the four-footed creatures begin to enter into the scheme. The voles and the shrews and the gophers and the squirrels—all of which, except the latter, one seldom sees, of them only by night. Most of these, if one wishes to study them at all, he will have to kill and make up into specimens.

My plan of nature study contemplates the taking of the lives of these creatures whenever it is necessary to add to our store of knowledge. It is useless to spend any number of hours' observation of the shy, solitary animal with an opera glass is equal in results to a dissection of the dead body. By such means one can learn to undertake to familiarize himself with the living points of zoology and the arrangement of all the animal kingdom as well as the vegetable kingdom—whichever one essays to take up. In such a study there can be no question but that one gains from the study of the animal with others similarly interested, provided the work be well directed, and the interest of the study maintained.

Along the beach zones mentioned come the foothills of the mountains, and all their wild life may be studied in gradual succession, until one has a reasonably complete acquaintance with almost all the creatures of hill and valley. I have found this scheme of dividing the study into zones very beneficial in any kind of outdoor study, and it may be further carried out by dividing the study into similar sections, whereby every part of a given piece of land can be well worked out. I have found one winter I collected and identified eighty-five species of birds off one five-acre piece of wild land. Some of these birds were new to the section. I have, though, a few miles further north they are abundant. Next spring I watched to see how many of the twenty-three, though I suppose that there may be one or two that I did not find—the underbrush is very thick and I was quite alone in my search. I made two experiments, of course, established no new facts in ornithology, but they were of value to me in the study, and while I could undoubtedly have read much of these same birds in several good books, I could not have become so familiar with them as I did by the personal study of their bodies first hand.

The Work. The work of the student is of prime importance, and after that the personal notebook is one of the best of helps. The student's memory, even, will forget much when it is not taken hold of so vast a study as this, and to the student who is cast only in average mold the many facts uncovered by a little investigation, on the one hand, will prove far too burdensome to be remembered in our heads. Keep your notebook accurately, and learn to keep the wheat and throw the chaff away. Be sure you let no new point, however small, escape from you. In after years your homely notebook will be as much of a joy to you as is that one of Gilchrist kept for all of us on the edge of Selbourne

is the camera. Nothing so perpetuates a memory as a photo of the place in which we are studying. And of late years, especially since the cheapening of cameras and modes of picture-making, the exhibits are not great when results are considered. Often the best that can be made in the cañons and on the

green hills, especially in the springtime when all the wild world is in love with its mate and careless of who sees them. Little homes not made with hands make beautiful pictures—and, if you ever care to do anything toward adding to the world's knowledge of the creatures and things you love, you can have no more efficient ally than the camera.

Personally, I should be glad to hear from any who are interested in this work, and who would take up systematic study, form a club or clubs, and try, for a year at least, to learn something first-hand about the outdoors. The expense will be practically nil—nothing but occasional trolley trips into the hills and the cost of a book, now and then, if you have not already a nature library of your own.

HARRY H. DUNN.

## Zigzags in England.

OLD CHESTER AND THE HOME OF GLADSTONE.

By a Special Contributor.

AN American in England is delighted to have all sorts of stop-over privileges with his railroad ticket, especially if he has crossed his own continent without the least consideration of the kind, even although he may have practiced "strong cries and tears" upon his countrymen, the railroad powers that be.

In England, one seems to zigzag about any way between two points, and all he has to do is to show his ticket!

Stepping off at Old Chester, we at once proceeded to make the circuit of the city upon the walls built upon the old Roman foundations. From the elevated position of this walk, one gets the best impression of the old world character of the place. The medieval features of the town, the quaint, half-timbered houses, with projecting gables, the noble old cathedral, the Rows, and, winding about here and there, "the placid waters of the River Dee," make one almost regret that he is a denizen of this smart, unpicturesque country.

We stopped at Phoenix Tower, from which King Charles I. in 1645, saw the defeat of his army on Rowton Moor. At other quaint old piles, Morgan's Mount, Goblin's Tower, and the Water Tower, one pauses for a moment and longs to stay for hours, but his walk is a two-mile one, and his legs and his stomach begin to admonish him!

After resting from our magnificent walk, we visited the Rows, a series of ancient, three-storied houses, having the front of the middle story apparently left out, leaving the upper story to rest upon columns.

The Rows are reached by steps, and with the crowd we promenaded over the shops below. We paused at "God's Providence House," said to be the only house in Water Gate street passed over by the plague in 1647, and a little farther on, we entered Bishop Lloyd's palace, bearing date 1615. The curious old panellings, with allegorical and scriptural subjects, the great mantels and quaint furniture, make a profound impression on one who has reverence for the antique. These rooms are now devoted to the use of the Y. W. C. A.

The next day we visited the Cathedral, supposed to stand on the site of a temple of Apollo. The greater part of the building was erected in the reigns of Henry VI, VII and VIII, and, being of soft red sandstone, has crumbled away and been substantially restored, the exterior carvings and other main features being accurately preserved.

The carved choir stalls and reading desk are said to be among the most beautiful in England. We next took a hasty glance of St. John's Church, which, with the ruins of the ancient priory, is one of the most interesting objects in Chester.

Later, we were driven with a party of Americans across the famous River Dee bridge (the largest swing bridge in the world), over those marvelous English roads, smooth as a floor, to the delightful, sleepy old village of Hawarden (pronounced Harden), where we halted to enter the church in which William E. Gladstone worshipped. An irrepressible American woman of the party proceeded at once to sit in the Gladstone pew; but as for us, we felt it a desecration.

There is a beautiful memorial window in one end of the church, dedicated to Gladstone by his children, and near, a tablet with the hymn "Rock of Ages" translated into Latin by Mr. Gladstone in 1848, and placed there by his grandchildren.

We drove through the park of several hundred acres, divided into almost equal parts by a romantic glen, through which winds a brook, broken into cascades and bordered by magnificent trees of oak, maple and beech. We halted at the ruins of the old castle, which, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was several times stormed by Welsh rebels, and was the scene of much fighting and bloodshed.

The new castle, which is new only by comparison, built in 1752, will ever be sacred as the home of Mr. Gladstone, and therein is his famous study, or "Temple of Peace," just as he left it, with his library of over 25,000 volumes. Visitors can view only the outside of the castle, as it is occupied by the family to whom it descended.

From Hawarden we were driven to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, where, for an English shilling apiece, we were admitted to the state rooms of the castle. The admission, which amounts to a pretty figure per year, is devoted by His Grace to local charities. We rode up Belgrave Drive, with its vista of two miles, seeing all the while the castle on a slight eminence at the end. On either side were great trees, with here and there dense woods, and everywhere through the greenery and the gorse, hundreds of partridges and rabbits ran and hopped about, apparently unafraid.

"The golden gates" at the head of the avenue open

upon a quadrangle, and are the same that stood before the old hall in 1690.

In the quadrangle is a statue of Hugh Lupus, the first Earl of Chester, weighing seven and one-half tons. As the great alabaster door swung open to let us into the entrance hall, the splendid pavements, the walls paneled with alabaster and Genoese marble, the parqueted ceiling—all impressed our simple hearts with awe. In the grand corridor are two great paintings by Reubens, "The Fathers of the Church" and the "Adoration of the Magi," the latter being 10 feet 9 inches by 8 feet. It is said to have been painted by Reubens in eleven days. Here we found the Tennyson windows, illustrating many of the best loved of the poet's works. Passing through the library and grand drawing-room, our eyes feasted upon fretted ceilings and paneled and tapestried walls, the elegance of the chimney pieces and the perfect harmony of furniture and decoration. In the library are five paintings by Benjamin West, commemorating great events in English history, and in the ante drawing-room, the most richly decorated of all, is a noble frieze, by Marks, of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims.

The flower and fruit gardens, the conservatories, the terraced landscape extending down to an inlet of the River Dee, are enough to make the eyes, even of a Californian, stand out with wonder.

Returning to Chester, we could understand what Boswell said in 1779: "Chester pleases me more than any other town I ever saw. I have come to Chester, I cannot tell how, and far less can I tell how to get away from it."

T. W. B.

## RELICS OF ANCIENT MEXICO.

SACRIFICIAL STONE AND ITS HORRIBLE STORY OF TORTURE AND DEATH.

By a Special Contributor.

Among the most interesting of the many relics of the ancient Aztec race to be seen in the museum in the City of Mexico, is the Sacrificial Stone. It was discovered under the pavement of the courtyard of the great Cathedral in Mexico City, which occupies the site of the Aztec Teocalli or Temple, which was razed by the Spaniards, and who built out of the ruins a beautiful structure to the Christian God.

The stone is an immense circle of basaltic rock, three feet in height and nine feet in diameter. On its upper surface and sides are beautiful carvings in bas-relief representing a conqueror with his captives. From the center of the upper surface a gutter runs to the edge and part way down the side. This is supposed to have carried off the blood of numberless victims, mostly prisoners of war who were sacrificed annually to the heathen gods.

When a victim was to be sacrificed he was dressed in the insignia of the god to whom he was to be offered. He was decked with feather garments and flowers, and carried about the city, the people worshipping him as a god and giving alms to him for the temple. Finally he was carried to the top of the Teocalli, which was built in a series of platforms like steps. There a band of priests dressed in red robes, their heads bound with bands of brilliant feathers, led him to the place of sacrifice. His body was then extended upon the stone and over his head a yoke was placed which was held down by three priests, while his feet were held by two others. The chief priest advanced, and with one stroke of an obsidian knife cut open his breast, tore out the heart, which he first held out to the Sun, then threw it as an offering into the mouth of the idol.

In the annals of the Aztec race it is said that on festival occasions many hundreds of victims were sacrificed thus to the gods in one day.

The Calendar Stone, known as El Reloj de Montezuma, or Montezuma's clock, is a circle of basaltic rock eleven feet in diameter and about three in height. This also was found imbedded in the soft earth under the pavement of the cathedral courtyard, as was the Sacrificial Stone.

It represents the year divided into eighteen months of twenty days each. These are represented by different symbols, a serpent, a lizard, a rabbit, and in the center the sun. The stone was set up in such a way as to cast the shadows across it, enabling them by their symbols to accurately judge the time.

Their time was divided into cycles of fifty-two years, and as the end of these cycles approached, great preparations were made for the end of the world. The sacred fire in the temple was allowed to burn down, and as night approached on the last day, the people betook themselves to the Teocalli and to the heights to watch the tower of the sacred fire. The priests who officiated in the fire worship stood about the temple, and as the last embers were dying the chief priest struck a fire from flint. If it blazed up brightly it was a sign that the opening cycle would be a prosperous one for the nation, and as it glowed on the altar, messengers were sent to all parts of the city shouting the glad tidings to all the people.

A great fiesta began to the god of the sun and fire. No horrible human sacrifices had a part in this festival, only fruits, flowers and birds were offered.

ELIZABETH GREEN WILKES.

European countries first made their parks by taxes wrung from the people, and as they were really the pleasure grounds for royalty and royal retainers, the people realized neither profit nor pleasure from them. Happily, in the United States, parks have been designed for the people, and although they have all been developed within this present century, are a standing source of pleasure and benefit, and rank in extent and beauty with any in the world.



## Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM  
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

### How He Paid the Debt.

IN a certain district where pork was raised more easily than money, the people had a way of their own of tiding over the cashless period. In anticipation of their own "hogkillin'" time, they would borrow some pork of the last neighbor who had slaughtered his porcine. One man, Brown, we will call him, had done this to such an extent that when it came to his own time for fresh pork, his spirits fell, and his visage elongated proportionately, as he faced the discouraging fact that when he came to "square up" he would have very little left for himself.

His wallet was small, and his family large. What should he do? After much cudgeling of his brain, all to no purpose, he resolved to lay the matter before the parson, though what he expected the poor dominie to do in this exigency did not appear even to his own perturbed mind.

The parson listened attentively, and finally said: "I will tell you what to do. You kill your pig and hang it out tonight, and go to bed. Then you get up very late and take it in. The next morning you tell your neighbors that someone came in the night and carried it off, and then, stick to it!"

The farmer jumped up gleefully, thanked the parson for his advice, and went home seeing a smooth way out of his trouble. That night he proceeded to put the scheme into execution. He hung up the pig properly, went to bed properly, and, improperly, got up at midnight to take it in.

He went to the place where he had hung it—and, lo! the pig was gone. He stood in consternation for some minutes, made an ineffectual attempt at a search, and went back to the house, mournful and mystified.

The next day there was occasion for another visit to the parson, to whom he told the story, finishing with tremendous pathos: "And somebody had stolen the pig!"

"That's right, that's right," said the parson cheerfully, "just as I told you; now stick to it! The farmer drew himself up in surprise. "But, Parson, somebody did steal it!"

"That's right, stick to it!"

"But—Parson—Smith! I'm talking to you! Somebody did steal it!"

"Yes, stick to it, stick to it!"

The farmer gasped. He leaned back in his chair, hopeless and speechless.

Recovering himself, he leaned forward and caught the minister by the arm.

"Par-son S-m-l-t-h, it's you I am talking to, not the neighbors; somebody did come and carry off the pig."

"I understand, I understand; stick to it; stick to it; I told you to."

The farmer fairly groaned. He got up and walked to the door, stopped and, with one last effort, jerked out: "Some-body—did carry off the pig!"

"Yes, yes; stick to it!"

The farmer glared at the parson, frantically opened the door, and, with those words echoing in his ears, walked angrily home.

That evening he was surprised by a visit from the parson, who, to his further astonishment, produced the purloined porker.

And, after giving his perplexed parishioner a lecture for his dishonesty in trying to evade the just payment of a debt, left Farmer Brown in a state of mind not altogether fitted to enjoy his restored pork. B. S. H.

### Western Journalism.

"IT sounds like a yarn," said a Chicago antiquary, "but here is the proof. Look at it for yourself."

He opened his scrapbook to a clipping yellow with age. It was a clipping from a newspaper of Tombstone, and it said:

"Wx hopx that our rxadxrs will pardon thx appxarax of thx wxxx's 'Infxlllgncx,' and thx sxxmlyngly mysterious absence of a cxrtain lxttrx."

"Sam Billbx camx into our offx xystxrday and statxd that as hx was going shooting and had no ammunition hx would lxx to borrow somx of our typx for shot. Bxforx we could prvxxt it hx had grabbd all thx lxttrxs out of thx most important box and disappxarxd."

"Our rxadxrs can hxp in rxplnxshing our stock if all thox who wxrx shot by Sam will savx thx chxrgx whxn it is pickxd out of thxm and rxturn it to us."—[New York Press.

### He Paid for "Pants."

MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, former president of Amherst College, was noted for his closeness and for his extreme correctness of language. One day he bought a pair of trousers at Thompson's clothing store in Amherst, and had them charged.

The bill came at the end of the month, and was as follows: "President Gates, to J. A. Thompson, debtor, one pair pants, \$4."

President Gates sent the bill back with the following note in pencil at the bottom: "'Pants' is incorrect; please amend."

A month passed by and President Gates received another bill for the trousers: "President Gates, to J. A. Thompson, debtor, one pair pants, \$4." Again he amended the bill and sent it back to Thompson.

In a month's time President Gates received a third bill from Thompson, still with the objectionable word "pants" in it. This time he went to see Thompson in

person, taking the bill with him, and explaining why he had not paid it, concluding his remarks by saying: "I always use correct language myself, and I wish others to do the same."

"President Gates," said Thompson, "I've been in the clothing business twenty years, and I've always sold two grades of goods, pants and trousers. Trousers are everything over \$5 in price; pants everything under \$5. It's pants I sold you, and it's pants you'll pay for."

President Gates paid the bill.—[Boston Herald.

### A Tight Place.

THEY were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered. No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in," she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!" There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madame, this is not a bee hive; it's a bathroom!"—[New York Sun.

### One Passenger Would Have to Go.

JOHN MCCARTHY, a husky, well-built man, was a conductor on the Newton electric railway. One day while running from Newton to Waltham he was very busy collecting fares, and by chance happened to ring in only seventeen fares when there were eighteen people on the car.

A man who was looking at the cash register, as John was ringing up the fares looked through the car and counted eighteen people. As John was going to the rear of the car this man said: "Haven't you made a mistake? There are eighteen people on this car, and you have only rung up seventeen fares."

John paused a moment, surprised, and the other man asked: "What are you going to do?"

The conductor looked up and down the car, then replied: "One of them will have to get off."—[Boston Herald.

### No Burglars in the House.

SENATOR LODGE tells of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature who was much impressed with the dignity of his position. One night his wife woke him and whispered: "John, there are burglars in the house."

"You must be mistaken, my dear," said her husband; "there may be a few in the Senate, but in the House—oh, no; the idea is simply preposterous."—[Boston Herald.

### A Quick Recovery.

P. F. ROTHERMEL, counsel for the Lake Superior Corporation, as the reorganized Consolidated Lake Superior is called, was complimented the other day on the excellent year that the concern has had.

Mr. Rothermel smiled and answered: "Yes, the company has gotten quickly on its feet. It has recovered quickly. It was not badly hurt, after all. And thus it resembles a widow of whom I heard recently."

"This lady's husband died, and, a day or two after the funeral, a neighbor called to extend her condolences. 'She expected to find the widow frantic with grief. She found her at the piano, singing a gay song. And, astonished at so quick a recovery, the visitor said:

"Well, well, I expected to see you in the deepest distress."

"Ah," said the widow, pathetically, 'you should have seen me yesterday.'"

### War is —

THE late Gen. Isaac J. Wistar of Philadelphia was condemning war at a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences. At the end of a vivid description of war's horrors he smiled.

"A woman," he said, "twice married, stood with her second husband beside the grave of her first."

"Here," she murmured, 'a hero lies. You would not be my husband today, Jack, had John not been killed at Gettysburg.'

"Oh," the man cried fiercely, 'what a curse war is.'"

### Not High Financiers.

GEORGE ADE was listening gravely to a compliment. At the end he said:

"Thank you. Ye remind me of something. A little while after the appearance of my first book I went to spend a week in a summer resort outside of Chicago."

"The landlord of the modest hotel said to me: 'Mr. Ade, you are a literary man, I believe?'"

"I blushed and smiled, and answered that I had written a few trifles, nothing more."

"I have several literary men stopping here," the landlord went on.

"Well, I'm rather glad of that," said I.

"Yes," said the landlord. 'I like literary men. They never object to paying in advance. They are used to it.'"

### Too Impressionistic.

OF John S. Sargent, who has been accused of painting a Baltimore physician's beard blue, a Bostonian said the other day:

"Mr. Sargent will take this fling about the blue beard

good-humoredly. He likes flings at artists. At a party here, during his last visit to America, I heard him tell a pretty good story at his own expense."

"He was visiting, he said, a country family, Woodstock, and one morning, by a lake side, he set up his easel and began to paint. His subject was a stretch of water, and the rolling hills behind. In the painted way, a house servant came to tell him that luncheon was ready."

"As Mr. Sargent slowly cleaned his brushes, he noticed that the man was lingering to study the water and water scene upon the canvas."

"Well," said the artist, 'what do you think of the picture?'"

"Well, sir," the servant faltered, 'I can't say such a very good likeness of the master.'"

### Sage Advice.

RUSSELL SAGE has a horror of lawsuits. A clerk of Mr. Sage's said the other day:

"I sought out the chief one morning in his office. 'You remember, sir, I said, 'my complaint of my wife's uncle?'"

"Yes," he answered.

"Well," said I, 'the man is obdurate, and I am of bringing suit against him. What do you advise?'"

"Mr. Sage, always interested in the welfare of his employes, was silent a moment, frowning thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Listen. When I was a clerk in Troy, I had a fight against a man that seemed quite as good as you. I visited a prominent lawyer, and I laid the whole matter before him in detail. When I was through he told me that he would be delighted to take the case. It was a case that couldn't lose."

"It can't lose?" said I.

"It can't lose," he repeated.

"I rose, and took my hat. I thanked the lawyer and told him that I wouldn't bring suit, after all. Then I explained that it was my opponent's suit, not my own, which I had laid before him."

"Before bringing a lawsuit," Mr. Sage continued, "it is a good plan first to lay your opponent's case before your lawyer as if it was your own."

### An Affirmative Answer.

THE late Alpheus D. DuBois, the New York teacher who, though his salary never exceeded \$1,000, managed to accumulate a fortune of \$750,000, was a man of thrift and of system.

"Mr. DuBois," said a school-teacher, "was a great teacher in everything. He even kept a book of examples of school children's literary style."

"This book was very interesting. He showed it to me one day, and I still remember, under the head of 'Biblical and Hifalutin,' an essay of one paragraph on the question, 'Which was the greater general, Hannibal?'"

"The essay ran: 'When we consider the times in which the great generals lived, the conditions under which they governed, the people over whom they reigned, the difficulties under which they fought, we are unable to answer in the affirmative.'"

### A Spirited Bay.

A BROKER sneered at the recent story of Carnegie's reputed declaration that his epitaph was to be, "That's d-d white of Andy."

"Mr. Carnegie is a wise man, not a fool," said the broker. "It is true that he has done his share of good and remarkable things. All those things, however, are a wise purpose behind them. The purpose of the epitaph as 'That's d-d white of Andy' could be to evoke ridicule."

"I once visited Dunfermline, Mr. Carnegie's home. They told me there a story about him that showed the tenacity and perseverance of his character. The bulldog determination to ride down every obstacle reached his end."

"It seems that at the little Dunfermline school master called Andrew up one day, and asked him to recite much seven times nine was."

"The boy, unable to hit on the answer, began to go over the entire table:

"Twice nine is eighteen, thrice nine is twenty-seven, four times nine is thirty-six, five—"

"But the master interrupted impatiently. 'No, no,' he said. 'Give me the answer again.'"

"After some thought, the boy began again: 'Twice nine is eighteen, thrice nine is twenty-seven, four times—'"

"No. Straight off," repeated the master. "Haud yer gob, man," the boy cried, "Ye've spoilt me twice, an' do you want to spoilt me a third time?"

### They Do, Too.

JACOB RIIS, the sociologist, said a lawyer in New York, "has a soft heart. Everything that touches his sympathy flows out in every direction. He has indeed in him a true friend."

"Mr. Riis sat in my anteroom one morning to consult me. Near him a young girl sat away on a typewriter. She was pretty and had clear eyes and soft hair, but perhaps she was a little pale."

"As Mr. Riis regarded her, so young and so working hard in a stuffy office, while her sister and sister were riding or motoring in the country, he felt sorry for her, and he said gently:

"Don't you never get tired, you young thing, of eternally pounding away upon those keys?"

"Ah, yes, we do, indeed," said the young girl.

"Then what do you do?" Mr. Riis asked.

"Then, as a rule," she answered, smiling, "we tell our employers."



# In the Feather Kingdom—Birds and Fine Poultry.

BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL.

Author of "Our Feathered Friends," "Birds of Song and Story," "Stories of Our Western Birds," etc.

## OUR QUAIL.

### APPEAL FOR THE PROTECTION OF THIS BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

WAS driving through Eagle Rock Valley a few days ago when I said "Whoa" to the horse and we paused in the shade of a pumpkin patch to watch a covey of quail. Papa Quail and Mamma Quail and all the children. They ran across the road leisurely and gracefully, their beautiful heads held high, proud of their freedom yet not at all in danger. I believe I could have shot every one of them at a single pull of the trigger. (I am a fairly good shot.) But I didn't. Why waste for a moment's sensation of questionable pleasure, a thing of which I have taken Nature months or years to perfect? When I went home and picked up a local evening paper the editorial met my eyes. There is good, fresh quail meat in it for such as love to hunt quail.

A great many people who rightly recognize the rights of birds and animals have hoped that the day was over of the old-fashioned side-hunt for points. It is true that the barbarous custom has been pretty nearly dead of its own age, but it refuses to be buried. It is going to start up again and go on the warpath in California on Monday, November 5. On that day of rest the members of the McCloud Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West, will start out at Redding, after choosing sides, and hunt quail all day all over Shasta county, and at night return to town with all the quail they can get. Mamma Quail, Papa Quail, Baby Quail—all quail will be meat for these hungry hunters, and the bloody butchery will go on while daylight lasts. Numbers will be the essence of the contest, and the side that kills the largest number of innocent birds will be the victors—the proud heroes of the day. They will probably have a wagonload of quail, little, bloody, battered-up birds that were things of beauty that same morning. The losing side will lack a little of having a full wagonload of murdered quail, and as losers, will have to make up \$50 to pay the cost of a banquet to celebrate the great and glorious day.

Now, if these amateur hunters would, they could change their programme and do some good on the day of their hunt. Instead of destroying the beautiful quail, they could hunt down skunks, hawks, coyotes and other vermin, and count up their points and enjoy their banquet with clear consciences.

When I opened my mail I found several letters of interest, among them the following from Mr. Scott W. Alden, State secretary of the Audubon societies of California. This also is full of quail meat for every table, cooked to a proper turn, and very palatable such as are fond of it.

Mr. Grinnell: Just now, when the beautiful valley quail is so few friends and such a multitude of enemies, I think it is time to remind the many readers of your interesting bird department in The Times that, at the present rate of slaughter in this beautiful valley, these valuable birds must soon reach the borderland of extinction.

Some writers reported more than six hundred hunters in the McCloud Valley on the first day of the open season, and it is not reasonable to suppose that all of the eggs six hundred hunters would destroy. It is plain that the killing is very great. With that many shooters at large in the valley of San Fernando one must wonder if the residents are not in a state of underground refuge, modeled somewhat after the conditions of the Jews.

Los Angeles sporting-goods dealers are said to keep an average of five hundred guns for rent, all of which are usually out on the hills in the dove and quail seasons. Many of these guns are owned by boys, aliens and other shooters classed as extremely dangerous.

The New York State does not permit an alien to carry a gun, and a misdemeanor to sell, hire, loan or give any firearm or spring-gun to a boy under 16 years. Arkansas also prohibits an alien from hunting.

California the alien may hire a gun and go out shooting every day for thirty minutes after he strikes the State, and there are hundreds of them—quail hunting in California, who are at home biting on a hard-rubber ring. One of these hunters killed a few days ago at Riverside—just another name for the season's victims who have been foolishly killed by parents prematurely blossoming out as "sports."

Washington exacts a hunting license fee of \$5 from non-residents. Oregon has a license fee of \$5 from non-residents and a lower fee from all other hunters. Game laws in these States to the north. In California, where the quail is disappearing at an automobile pace, the "game warden" is disappearing as well. The game warden is believed to have been more than liberal in his contributions to a fund that was raised not long ago to purchase game ordinances in the courts—a fund plied with the State of the Union now exact hunting license fees of \$5 to \$10 for residents, \$5 to \$25 for non-residents, and \$5 for aliens. Besides the State license of \$5 for residents California exacts a county license fee of \$1 from each hunter.

California deplores the senseless slaughter of our quail, and has issued a "Western Field," the sportsman's organ of the State, a much-needed note of alarm and earnestly appeals for aid.

From season to season—four months too long by half, and in Southern California, at least, it opens before many coveys are more than half grown and continues two weeks into the mating season. The sportsman, after thinking it over, must oppose the season.

It is not always an important factor in the protection of the quail, but in the matter of quail it would do no harm, and the game protection, should advise the cutting of the quail season.

count it seems a pity that they should be killed at any time. There are some who charge that these birds are destructive to the grape crop in certain localities where they are very plentiful, but, to be convincing, those who make the charge must furnish better evidence than they have yet produced.

Mrs. Minna E. Sherman of Fresno, one of the most observing and successful grape growers of the State, whose annual net returns from one vineyard of table grapes averages \$15,000, computes her yearly loss from quail at about the sum the average smoker pays for tobacco.

This reminds me that I have heard men rave excitedly over the fact that the birds had eaten probably a dime's worth of their fruit and immediately turn to the clear stand and spend fifty cents for three cigars rank enough to break up a happy home. And I am not prejudiced against smokers, either, for I am one of them myself.

#### The Poor Doves.

The following letter is from a well-known professional man:

[Dear Mrs. Grinnell, Editor Feather Kingdom:] Last year, by virtue of a limited shooting season, and general posting of lands with "no shooting" signs; by constant watchfulness of deputy wardens and other bird protectors, we had here in Altadena many pairs of happy, cooing doves.

In our five-acre grove of eucalyptus and pine trees their voices could be heard every morning as a mellow undertone to the general chorus of the birds. They came often near the house, even down upon the lawn, and to the dripping hydrant for a drink. But this year, no more. The decision of Judge Allen, that the action of the Supervisors, practically prohibiting dove shooting, was unconstitutional, gave immediate license to every owner of a gun to begin the work of destruction, and continue it to the point of extermination. Morning and night the guns went "bang." If one came upon a boy, or a Mexican, or a Chinese cook with a gun, he would seldom confess that HE was shooting doves. Oh, no; he was out after rabbits. But all the same, the doves disappeared. In August I saw several lone seared specimens. The last one came near the house one morning and sat for a time at the top of a trellis—a female, I thought, and apparently wounded. She seemed utterly dejected and spiritless, and was no doubt a near and easy mark for the next runner who saw her.

I say runner, not "sportsman," for it is a fact that the doves are not destroyed mostly by real sportsmen. They are not true



FEMALE VALLEY QUAIL.

game birds. Generally they are shot as they sit on the ground, or upon weeds where they are feeding on seeds, or on the trees by the roadsides.

I understand that the decision of the court has been appealed from in Ventura county, and may be reversed, but in the meantime annihilation is the watchword of those who DO NOT CARE. It would be interesting to know, if we might, how small the minority is of those who really favor this sort of thing. If a vote were taken of all the respectable citizens of Los Angeles county, not excluding the women and all school children, what proportions does the reader think would favor the killing of that gentle, useful and beautiful friend of all, the mourning dove? It is absolutely protected in most of the Eastern States, and California's (legal) attitude toward the dove is but a "relic of barbarism."

It means a great deal when business and professional folk pause in their work to speak a good word for birds. What moves them? Certainly not frenzied finance. I think it is patriotism, love of country, philanthropy if you please, possibly political economy, all the virtues that move great hearts.

#### A Lucky Mail.

It was a lucky mail that brought all these letters to this Bird Kingdom. Here is one from Harriet Williams Myers, a bird lover already at home in The Times. And in line with this letter of hers concerning the wearing of birds upon women's hats, I will introduce the picture of a live pet quail on the brim of Mrs. Scott Way's garden hat. This "bird on the hat" speaks in behalf of its kind in a fashion that even Senator Hoar can appreciate.

GARVANZA, Oct. 21.—[My Dear Mrs. Grinnell:] I quite agree with the bird-lover who wishes you would tell us more about the birds—rather than the chickens—although I have much enjoyed your information in regard to the latter.

Besides my personal interest in the birds, I feel that California is behind many of her sister States in the protection of her feathered folk, and needs educating along those lines. I believe in your page you are doing much to educate the community as well as giving us much pleasure.

Some of our Eastern States have a law prohibiting women wearing stuffed birds on their hats. Missouri and Massachusetts have such a law. Perhaps some of your readers can tell us of other States that do. I certainly hope that California can soon be added to the list. Not because I do not believe that the best of California womanhood will, of their own will, discard the distorted birds that are supposed to adorn hats, but because in every community, however cultured, there will always be some whom the Goddess Fashion will hold in thrall. It is for such that stringent laws must be made.

I am going to send you a copy of the petition written by Senator Hoar, which was instrumental in getting the Massachusetts laws prohibiting the wearing of birds on women's hats. It is such a unique affair that I am sure you will enjoy it. I send you, also, a clipping which tells of the fight that the Audubon Societies all over the country are having against the automatic gun, a gun which can be fired six times without taking from the shoulder.

The remarkable document that secured a law in Massachusetts against wearing birds on women's hats is published from Unity:

"To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellow, make this our humble petition.

We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the garden and parks you have made so beautiful for your children, especially your poor children, to play in. Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything the other people all over this great land between the seas and the lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same. We know. We know.

"We are Americans just the same as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came across the great sea. But most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and the birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many, many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

"Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us for mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us; as if the place for a bird was not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or in a glass case. If this goes on much longer, all our song birds will be gone. Already we are told in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are now almost gone. Even the nightingales are being killed in Italy.

"Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another one that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one shall kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for a blackbird to whistle.

"If you will we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flowerbeds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, oriole and bluebird and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. And when you go home tired after sundown, vesper sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit down on your porch after dark, firebird and hermit thrush and wood thrush will sing to you; and even whippoorwill will cheer you up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you."

This petition was signed by thirty-seven birds.

#### GUERNSEY'S HELLO SYSTEM.

Guernsey has become an island of "hellos." The inhabitants now boast that they possess the best telephone system and the greatest number of telephones in proportion to the population in the United Kingdom.

Six years ago Guernsey yearned for the telephone, but as no satisfactory arrangement could be come to with the National Telephone Company, the local Parliament of the states of Guernsey, approached the Postmaster-General, with the result that in 1898 a service was established at the following rates:

Tariff B. £2 5s. per annum and 1/4d. per call.

Tariff B. £2 5s. per annum and 1/4d. per call.

Tariff C. £5 per annum to cover 3200 calls without further payment.

Although originally 300 subscribers only were provided for, at the end of last year there were 1430. As the population of the island is only 40,000, this works out at about one telephone for twenty-eight people.

This places Guernsey first in the United Kingdom, Glasgow coming next with one telephone to forty inhabitants.

"There are in Guernsey," said Mr. A. R. Bennett, M.I. E.E., the Guernsey states telephone engineer, to an Express representative yesterday, "no fewer than 1886 miles of overhead wires and 650 miles of underground.

"Our telephone system has been taken advantage of by the War Office in connection with the recently devised scheme of defense of the Channel Islands. All the forts, arsenals, and rifle ranges have been placed in communication.

"Another development is at the fever hospital, where children who have to be isolated are comforted by hearing the voices of their parents speaking to them through the 'phone.

"The installation of the system has cost the rate payers nothing, for each year since 1898 there has been a handsome surplus of revenue over expenditure."—[London Express.



## Aspects of Life in Hayti.

A COUNTRY OF MANY INTERESTING CONTRASTS.

From New York Evening Post

SOME of the conditions in the interesting island of Hayti were described today by George V. Nash, head gardener of the New York Botanical Garden, who recently returned from a scientific exploring trip through that country. He stayed for six weeks. It was his second visit, the first having been made in 1903, when he obtained for the garden a large collection of living plants and herbarium specimens.

No alien can enter the country without a passport from his government, according to Mr. Nash, and this must be vided by the Haytian Consul at the port of departure. The regulation is so strictly enforced that unless every passenger on a steamer sailing for Haytian ports is provided with a passport so vided, the vessel is held by the Consul, who will not give the captain the papers necessary for entrance to the island's ports. Yet the passport is of little use in the interior of the country, and in order to travel there one finds he must get a letter of recommendation from the general commanding the department; and this letter must be shown to the general commanding each subdivision visited.

Accompanied by Norman Taylor, one of his assistants at the garden, Mr. Nash landed at Cape Hayti, the principal port on the north shore, which has a population of about 20,000. In this town, and everywhere else in the republic, the great majority of the inhabitants are blacks. There is a small minority of mulattoes, and still fewer whites, the white men being mostly merchants or bankers and money lenders.

In Cape Hayti many of the people are well educated, and they frequently go to Paris, where numbers of their children attend school. French is the language generally spoken in the towns by the educated class. The lower classes speak "Creole," which bears about the same relation to French that the negro dialect of the Far South does to English. This "Creole" is so corrupted in the interior mountain region that it is hard, even for those who are familiar with the dialect in the coast towns, to understand it. The children of the middle class in towns on or near the seacoast acquire a fair education under the tuition of priests and nuns, who are paid by the government. In the interior, among what are called the mountain people, total ignorance prevails.

The traveler in the interior every now and then comes across a little bamboo hut, usually plastered over with mud, situated either on the top of a small hill or on a plateau made by digging out some of the earth from the inclined side of a mountain. In this lives a family, which raise in the neighborhood a few plantains, bananas, and beans, and cultivate a patch of wild coffee. The products are seldom much more than sufficient for their own needs, but if there is any surplus it is taken to the market in the nearest town. Often the market is twenty or thirty miles away, and a member of the family will go to it on foot, carrying the produce nicely balanced on his head, or on the backs of small donkeys, over roads which are merely trails. The character of the people is indicated by the statement of a Haytian to Mr. Nash that if a mountain native attends to the rude cultivation of eight acres in a good year, and at the end of it has a surplus remaining, the next year he will "put in" only four acres, so as not to waste time in unnecessary work. If this second year turns out badly he nearly starves before he can double his output in the following year.

Wild mangoes grow everywhere, and in its season the fruit is the principal food of the people. They also live very largely on plantains, which are cooked in a variety of ways and take the place of our potatoes. Numbers of goats are kept in the mountain country, and a good kid yields a considerable supply of meat. Chickens, also, are numerous.

The mountain children wear no clothes until they are five or six years old. Then they are clad in little sleeveless shirts. They are noted for their protruding stomachs, due, it is said, to eating much starchy food. The peculiarity disappears as they grow older, and with advancing years their clothes become slightly more complete. The women wear gowns; the men, shirts and trousers—sometimes shirts only.

Mr. Nash and his assistant were accompanied to the mountains by their host, Mr. Cassé, a Dane, who manages a large plantation at Bayeux, about eighteen miles west of Cape Hayti. He furnished men, horses and mules from his estate, and, with servants and an interpreter, the party numbered ten or twelve. From the plantation, which was used as headquarters, the party made trips into the mountains for a week or ten days at a time, returning there for supplies, chiefly of canned provisions. They would take a tent with them, and, after establishing a camp in some suitable place, would remain several days, exploring and collecting in the neighborhood.

The mountain negroes, who had never seen a tent before, were amazed by the unfolding and erection of what they called the "white house." They were also astonished at the folding cots and folding table.

One day, while riding in company with the general commanding a subdivision of the department, Mr. Nash noticed a stake by the wayside, with a hat and a basket hung upon it, and a pile of stones at the foot. When he asked what it was, the general replied: "Oh, that fellow stole a pig last week, and I had him shot." The body of the pig stealer was buried underneath the stones.

An annoying theft occurred at one of the camps. Mr. Nash's valuable camera disappeared. With this, he had secured a number of views illustrating the vegetation

and other characteristics of the island, and he had hoped to make many more. A reward of fifty gourds was offered for it, but the thief probably feared he would be shot if he showed his face.

The collection of plants secured for the garden herbarium has not yet been classified, but is believed to contain specimens of much interest, including some that are new to science.

Up to the present time, there have been no railroads in Hayti, except two short lines of no commercial importance, one beginning at Cape Hayti and the other at Port au Prince. Last summer, however, the government granted to a company of American capitalists the right to construct a road starting at the port of Gonaives, where in 1804 Dessalines proclaimed Hayti's declaration of independence. Surveying work was begun on this road before Mr. Nash's return. It is to run westward across the island, eventually connecting with Santo Domingo. This railroad will afford an outlet to some of the richest agricultural and mineral lands of the island, as well as to valuable forest lands.

## Afternoon Tea.

SOME HAPPY HOURS IN A LITTLE WORLD OF BEAUTY.

By a Special Contributor.

WE were neighbors, in days not long gone—a little coterie of congenial spirits thrown together by chance, and slipping imperceptibly from neighborhood into friendship by reason of the many opportunities for the interchange of ideas.

Those quiet chats at odd moments on the doorstep or over the fence, while duty calls with half a dozen voices from within—who does not know how delightful they are?

But that demoralizing process known as "running down" having begun in our neighborhood, we deserted, one by one, to settle in new nests with only a telephone wire to bind us all together, a poor substitute for the friendly fence.

One beautiful day in early September the voice of the architect's wife came appealingly over the said wire. "Can't we go for an outing this afternoon? I have something to show you."

A little later there would have been "a paper for the club," "a delinquent call," "visitors from the East," or some such obstacle; but this day there was, happily, nothing.

A few more telephone messages and the thing was done. The meeting was at the big station whence the red cars fly to hill and valley and ocean; and six feminine faces beamed at each other in the noisy waiting-room, the only properly decorous members of the party being the two young pillars of the future Democracy belonging to the architect's wife.

"You know," she laughed, as we boarded a Pasadena car, "if my husband designed a pig sty, you should all have to go see it! But I promise something better today—wait and see."

Through the crowded streets we glided, and out into the open country, where the hills of brown and yellow roll away to the mountains. Mysterious, far-away mountains they were that day, veiling themselves in a faint haze of blue, and wearing an air of lofty exclusiveness.

We had scarcely time (all talking at once) to relieve our minds of the most pressing matters, when behold, we were at the street of our destination. Up this we were led to the object of our pilgrimage—a house, or rather a home, for it is with all the loveliness of a home that it strikes the stranger who enters at the gate.

It is the realization of a dream, this home, carried about in the head of an Eastern capitalist for ten long years, unable to launch itself into reality for lack of a constructive dreamer who should understand.

"Now this is really mission style," is the first thought at sight of the long, low, white building with red-tiled roof and diamond-paned casement windows.

One enters the tile-paved vestibule and looks straight out through an opposite door to a courtyard roofed by the blue sky and bounded on three sides by the white walls, a pergola forming the fourth.

Within, to the right, divided by a half partition of wood, is the long, low hall (cosy for all its sixty feet of length), half living-room, half dining-room, with its heavy rafters bound with clamps of hand-wrought iron, its huge cobblestone fireplace, and its recessed windows opening to the court. It is a house destined surely to figure in many a magazine article to come, a house which seems born of the Climate (I dare not write it with a small "c") in which it finds itself.

From any room one may step into the outer air, and the imagination takes fire at this picture of that court when the promised fountain shall tinkle there, with the "green grass growing all round," when a palm or two shall be silhouetted against the sky, and roses overrun that pergola which seems now really to ache for them.

There is no upper story, yet one may get lost in the rambling place, with its various wings; and half a dozen people might dwell within its walls, each in seclusion.

It is not the house, however, but our pleasure in exploring it, with which I have to do. Each woman of the six furnished it completely to her liking (at no material cost,) and where tastes disgraced contended bravely for her own.

We left it with many a backward glance, and perhaps with just the slightest shadow of envy for the man so fortunate as to possess both dreams and dollars. Back to the cars we sauntered, with a new memory of something beautiful to add to all the old ones.

But the architect's wife had a project which became apparent as we neared the striped red and black fence

of a certain Japanese tea garden—that very tea garden which we had so often craned our necks to see as the cars whizzed past.

Someone pulled a cord, and a padded wooden door struck a great bronze gong, with a sound so sweet and full of melody that it seemed a fitting doorbell for the land.

Peeping through the grating of the quaintly-arched entrance, we watched with the delight of children a Japanese woman who tripped down a miniature staircase, with a gay parasol over her head. She came smilingly slide back the door for us.

Outside there were dusty streets and lumbering with clanging bells, but inside was Japan. Little grown hills, with strange dwarfed shrubs and aged, ened trees; miniature bridges that crossed still where the lotus spread its graceful leaves or tall iris lifted its purple head.

Our little hostess stirred the charcoal in a great brazier, and set the dragon-embellished kettle to boil coals, then came to do the honors of the place.

A network of woven bamboo, covered with white, smelling paper house, set at the end of the garden, felt like apologizing to the little fat god who sat in a cress, with cherry blossoms all about him—apologizing for being so tall, for wearing heeled shoes and a sensible clothes; but he appeared not at all disturbed by our intrusion, and smiled on with the greatest comity.

Such gasps of delight! Was there ever a person so possessed of so subtle a sense of the beautiful? The with their fantastic designs and soul-satisfying and the ceilings of unimaginable workmanship, nature produced and nature used with utmost cunning and falling instinct. The matting-covered floors were soft and springy, one was not surprised to find there were three inches of closely-woven grass underneath. Ah! the patient fingers that take time to beauty into every common thing for daily use!

We may grow wise with age—who knows?—but that in our fevered rushing we lose all the way the wayside flowers, all the music of the hidden sea. Our little neighbors across the sea can teach us things.

And outside the paper house (the architect's wife scarcely breathed for fear the boys would be sticking inquiring fingers through the walls); outside is a Japanese back yard with enclosures, where strange chickens—little comical things with tails awry, as if they were in a state of perpetual indignation at having been transported to a barbarous land—the chickens are all big and clumsy, knowing whatever of artistic coops and roosting places.

But the doll-woman had lifted the kettle from the geous urn, and was carrying it to the paper house farther end of the landscape, so we followed in a good cheer over mountain and valley, gazing at the gravestones set up in a row, by the There were effigies of men and women rarely upon them. "Ra-al peoples," says the little girl, dling her head wisely, "tree hundred year old."

In the pagoda, with the wind whispering through the bamboo curtains, we sat about a table of a slab cut from a tree and polished, with the on the edges; and here we drank green tea, tiny individual teapots.

The knowledge of all the dire and dreadful supposed to happen interiorly, upon the green tea, gave it a peculiarly delightful flavor, small cakes served with it tasted as if they were posed of honey and sunshine.

The friendly little creature with the shining twinkling eyes walked with us to the gate. To go again was a temptation not to be resisted; deep, exquisite note blended with the little smile, and her murmured "Ple-e-e come again."

Down in the city streets, the architect's wife with a dismayed glance at a near-by clock.

"Look at the time!" she cried. "My poor boy! My motherless children!" exclaimed another with a satisfied sigh, "haven't we had a lovely day?"

ADELE M. DOWD

## THE COLORS OF SYRIA.

The crowning glory of a Syrian landscape, its brilliant coloring. Before I left America, I to me that the vivid tints of Tisot's pictures exaggerated, but they fall short of the exaggeration, no artist can hope to reproduce the warmth and depth of the colors in an eastern landscape or to imitate the vague, soft hues that are so characteristic of the Syrian atmosphere; but it would be as impossible for him to find tints that were so or to arrange them in an order too daring to be by the Syrian sun.

The very nights are full of color. The moonlight brilliant that it is easy to read a guidebook on a moonless night, and in the wilderness, the city's glare, the starlight has been so bright that I see the second hand of my watch and could find a distinct shadow cast by Jupiter. A moonless home gives only the impression of light spots; everything is black or white or gray. Syria the moonlight shows all the colors of the The green of the trees and grain, the red of the roofs, the blue of sea and sky, and the white of the mountains are softer and more delicate, less distinct, one from the other, than in the day.

But the sunset colors are the best of all, where the mountains come close to the sea, to compare Beirut with Naples; yet we have instead of smoky Vesuvius, there is the snow-crowned Lebanon, culminating in Jebel Sinu, as high as the Italian mountains, and for the crowned with dazzling snow.—[Lewis Cassin] The World Today.



## Ura and the Princess.

A JAPANESE FAIRY STORY RETOLD  
IN ENGLISH.

By a Special Contributor.

There was once a fisher boy whose name was Ura. He lived 1400 years ago. He left his native home in his little boat. The summer days were then, as now, all drowsy and tender blue, with only some pure white clouds floating in the sky. Then, too, the hills were just the same as now. They were very beautiful, and the shapes melted in the blue sky, and the winds were just as lazy. And, presently the boy became lazy, and he let his little boat drift far out into the sea.

It was a queer little boat, unpainted, and it did not have a rudder. It was a very funny shape. After long hours Ura caught something and drew it up to him. It was only a tortoise. Now, a tortoise is a thing to the dragon god of the sea, and the dragon god of its natural life is a thousand years. Some say it lives 10,000 years, and to kill it is very bad. The boy gently unfasted the creature from his back and set it free, with a prayer to the gods.

He fished and fished, but caught nothing more. The day was very warm, and all things were very green, and a great sleepiness came on the boy. He was soon asleep, and out of the dreaming of the day came a beautiful girl, just as you can see in some of the pictures in Japan. She was dressed in red and white, her long black hair flowing down her back, even as it is now, after the fashion of a prince's daughter that lived 1400 years ago.

Coming over the waters, she came softly through the air and stood above the sleeping boy, and awoke him with a light touch, and said: "Do not be afraid, for my father, the Dragon King of the Sea, sent me to you, because of your kind heart, for today you set free a tortoise. Now we'll go to my father's palace in the island where summer never dies; and I will be your flower-wife, and we will live there happily forever and ever."

Ura wondered more and more as he looked upon the beautiful face, for she was more beautiful than any he had ever seen, and he could not help but love her. Then he took one oar and she another, and they rowed away together. They rowed away softly and over the silent blue water, down to the south—where came to the island where summer never dies, where lives the Dragon King of the Sea.

He saw first a long shore, and then an island, and then the peaked roofs rising through the evergreen trees, and this was the palace of the Sea God, just as it is now. The palace of the great Mikado. Then strange creatures came out to meet them, dressed in beautiful robes. These creatures of the sea greeted Ura as the bride of the great Dragon King.

The Sea God's daughter became the bride of Ura; she was a bride of wondrous splendor; and there was no more of the old Ura.

There were new wonders for Ura, new pleasures of the deep brought up by the servants of the God—pleasures of that enchanted land where summer never dies.

They lived happily for over 300 years. But of all these things the fisher boy felt always a little at heart when he thought of his parents who were all alone in their far-off home. So he begged the Sea God to let him go home for just a little while, after he would hasten back to his little wife.

The words she began to weep; and for a long time she wept. Then she said to him: "Since you wish to go, you must go, but I fear you going very much. I fear we shall never see each other again. But give me a little box to take with you. It will be a magic box to me, if you will do what I tell you. Do not open it, above all things do not open it, no matter what happens, for if you do open it, you will be able to come back and see me again."

She gave him a little lacquered box, tied with a red cord, but Ura comforted his bride and promised her never to open the box, never even to loosen the string.

He passed away into the summer light over the sea; and the island where summer never dies lay away behind him like a dream; and he saw the blue mountains of Japan, sharpened by the white glow of the northern horizon.

He was glided into his native bay; again he stood on his native shore. But as he looked, there came upon him a wonderment and doubt of a place at once the same and yet not the same. The cottage of his father was there, but the shapes of the trees were all strange, and the trees were strange, and even the faces of the people. Nearly all the old marks were now gone. Only the voice of the sea flowing through the village, and the forms of the mountains, were still the same. All else were new.

In vain he tried to find the dwelling of his parents. The fisher folk stared at him, and he could not find any of these funny people he had seen any of these funny people before.

Then there came along a very old man leaning on a cane, and Ura asked him the way to the house of his father. But the old man looked quite surprised, and he repeated the question many times, and he cried: "Ura! Ura! Ura! Where do you come from? I have never known the story? Ura! Why, it is more than 1400 years since he was drowned, and a monument has been raised to his memory in yon graveyard. The graves of the people are in that graveyard, which is not now the same. Ura! How can you be so foolish as to ask such questions?"

ish boy, but Ura went to the village graveyard and found his own tombstone and the tombstones of his father and his mother and all his kindred, and the tombstones of many others he did not know. So old they were, and so mossy, that it was very hard to read the names upon them, and he knew he was the victim of some strange dream or fancy, and he went back to the sea, always carrying in his hand the box, the gift of the Sea God's daughter.

But what was this illusion? And what could be in that box? Might not the box itself be the cause of this dream? Doubt mastered him. He foolishly broke the promise made to his beloved. He loosened the silken cord and opened the box!

Instantly there burst from it, without sound, a white, cold vapor which rose in the air like a summer cloud and began to drift away quickly into the south over the silent sea. There was nothing else in the box, and Ura knew that he had destroyed his own happiness, and that he could never again return to his beloved, the daughter of the great Ocean King. So he sat down and cried bitterly in his despair. Yet for a moment only—in another he himself was changed, an icy chill shot through his blood, his teeth fell out, his face shriveled, his hair turned white as snow, his limbs withered, his strength ebbed, and he sank down lifeless on the sand, crushed by the weight of 300 winters.

M. W. ILES.

## A Tehuantepec Wedding.

ITS NOVELTY AND INTEREST FOR  
THE TRAVELER.

From Modern Mexico.

THE Indians of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are a race apart. Ethnologists say that the beauty of the women of the Zapotecan race, the principal people of the Isthmus, is excelled only by the women of the Samoan Islands of the Pacific. Beautiful and graceful of figure, with faces always attractive, if not pleasingly pretty, they are so much in contrast to the Indian women one sees in other parts of Mexico as to make the visitor to their native sections admire them as he has almost forgotten how to admire women of races other than his own.

These women are at their best, as most women are, in their gala dress. They always dress prettily, with the quaint little short jackets, which expose a section of brown back above the skirt band, and are cut low about the neck in a fashion that woman has found becoming the world over. But on extraordinary occasions, this short jacket, while not discarded, is richer, embroidered in more brilliant colors, often made of velvet (which is a queen's dress in Mexico, from its great cost) and embroidered with gold thread in handsome designs. The designs of embroidery some have decidedly indicate the Egyptian origin of these peoples, and, indeed, one would be prone to seek here for a Cleopatra more than in other lands. The skirt of the dress is of soft material to the knees, made of linen, cotton, or silk or velvet, but below the knees it is always of a heavy lace, starched to a stiffness that would shame crinoline, and standing out most primly and effectively. One thing that the visitor notes with pleasure is that the Zapotecan women generally avoid the cheap effects of printed and gaudy fabrics imported from abroad, exported for the benefit of the "savages." They take imported goods, to be sure, but they prefer the finer qualities, and know them when they see them. The characteristic feature of the dress of the Zapotecan women is the head dress, or "huipil," made of this same heavy lace, knotted in Tehuantepec, and brightened by sections of light-colored silk laces and fitted so that it can be worn as hood or veil. It is large, but undeniably attractive and beautiful, and adds the unique touch to the toilette that separates it from that of any other women in the world.

The principal ornament of a well-dressed Zapotecan, aside from her rings, of various sorts, is her necklace of American gold coins. Nothing but American gold is ever used. British sovereigns, French, German, and even the present small percentage of Mexican gold coins, are all disdained, and American gold is bought at a high premium in order that it may adorn the necks of the belles of the Isthmian metropolis. These coins are fastened together with gold wires and chains, making a very showy, if not beautiful, ornament. Every centavo a woman can save goes into her store against the time when she can buy another coin to add to her necklace. Half eagles, and double eagles are fastened together in this gorgeous chain, and the value of the decoration ranges all the way from a single half eagle, suspended on a chain, to the great cape of golden coins which belongs to a famous Tehuantepec heiress, and is valued at about \$3000 gold.

The strangest anomaly, to civilized eyes, of all this finery and the money that is invested in it lies in the fact that not one of the true Zapotecan women will wear shoes. The foreign footwear is a species of invasion and uncleanness that they will not endure. The restraint, and the undeniable unhealthiness of shoes in a tropic country have all their share of blame, but one cannot but think that it is most the ancient custom that has come down from long ago that keeps them from it. The Zapotecans are the cleanest people in the world, as a race, and the long lines of bathers on each bank of every stream of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, from early dawn until nightfall, attests the fact of their irreproachable cleanliness.

Little can be said of the Zapotecan men, for they have most of them adopted the general Mexican costume, of white manta clothes and little or no decoration. In fact, if they ever had a distinctive garb, it has long since been forgotten. In the towns, at any rate. And all who can afford it wear shoes and conventional modern clothing.

A Zapotecan wedding fiesta is a thing of real beauty, and furnishes a memory that is a delight always. The queer, low, hot-country churches are the scene of the religious ceremony, and are novel only by the presence of the typical native dress, and with the "huipil" worn about the face, like the rays of Mexico's full-risen sun, a style that obtains only in the presence of particularly sacred or important occasions.

But after the wedding, the remarkable brass band, of which every wedding fiesta must boast at least one, heads the procession, and in their white muslin suits, barefooted, and beheaded, with rough sombreros, the bandmen form their rough ranks and lead the wedding procession of bedollared women and men in alpaca coats and big silver and gold embroidered sombreros through the narrow, dusty streets of the city, with the white sun shining down and ridiculously modern umbrellas shading the heads of the women as they move along with a grace that American women could well envy. Nowadays, in the cities, many of the women in the party will be found wearing handsome light, modern toilettes, and shoes, but they are still, fortunately, the exception, and not the rule.

The procession makes its way to the scene of the festivities, where under a canopy of straw mats, and with mats and rich grasses and flowers for wall decorations, the dirt floor has been covered with deep gravel, and the band finds its place from which to discourse the music for the dance. Here in the gravel the ball goes on, the barefooted women moving with grace over a floor that defies all the rules of the art to the visitor from the north, even when he is honored with a dance with one of the dusky princesses who are as graceful as gazelles on every occasion. The dance, a sort of waltz two-step, and even the pure dances, progresses until, later, the native dances come in. An Indian adaptation of the native Spanish dance, the "joto," is a feature, and each vies with the other for an opportunity to dance with the bride. Then all the company joins hands and dances about the bride and groom, who stand in the middle of the circle. Then the ring breaks, and each in his turn, still dancing, whirled in to swing the groom, then the bride, and, courtesying, passes over to the other side. It is a beautiful sight, all of it, with the quaintly-dressed women, the fortunately unobtrusive men, and the typical decorations.

During the dancing, refreshments, in liquid form, consisting of drinks from those of the ancient Zapotecans down to the most modern, are served in the house adjoining. Here the groom stands as host, drinking with all his guests, who offer him the most appropriate and inappropriate toasts with a wish for his and his bride's future happiness.

It is all a fleeting picture, but one that remains in one's mind for long. The quaint customs, the proud, homely people, to whom an American is, if anything, an inferior, and the queer music, all blended in the falling twilight, combine to make a memory worth carrying far away. The dance goes on for many days, sometimes, and always lasts far into each night, even until the dawn puts the flickering torches to shame. And it is not an uncommon or dismaying circumstance to recognize, later, in the person of a manta-clad laborer on one's place, the handsome groom of yesterday, who was so resplendent in new alpaca and gorgeous sombrero.

W. T.

## RELIEF FOR CASTAWAYS.

NEW ZEALAND ESTABLISHES SUPPLY DEPOTS IN  
UNINHABITED ISLANDS.

[New York Sun:] The French bark Anjou was wrecked on one of the Auckland Islands, 200 miles south of New Zealand, eight months ago. The crew lived for a week solely on the fish they caught, and the outlook was dark. Then one day two of the men found near the shore a depot of supplies, containing a variety of food and sufficient clothing to last the company for at least a year.

Great was the joy of the castaway crew, for they were in sore straits when they discovered the benevolent provision that had been made for shipwrecked sailors. A few weeks later the castaways hailed a passing vessel, and in a few months they were home in France again.

The New Zealand government had established this supply depot. It proved so serviceable to this party of unfortunates that the government has since placed similar depots on all the island groups south and southeast of New Zealand, and also on the Kermadecs to the northeast.

The government wants it known that the supplies await any sailors that are cast away on these volcanic rocks. Six depots have been established.

The islands are in the track of the prevailing westerly winds, and on or near the favorite route of sailing vessels traveling east from Australia to the Atlantic. None of them has been occupied by permanent residents, though they have occasionally been places of temporary sojourn for visitors, shipwrecked crews and whalers.

Auckland and Campbell Islands were occupied by French and German astronomical parties in 1874 to observe the transit of Venus. The Antipodes Islands are almost inaccessible and scarcely deserve their name.

The man who discovered them thought they were the actual antipodes of the spot, occupied by Greenwich Observatory, but it has since been discovered that they are the antipodes of Barfleur Point on the north coast of France, about 120 miles southwest of the Observatory of Greenland. The British have long maintained a supply depot for castaways at Sunday Island, in the Kermadecs, and the New Zealanders have now established another depot on Curtis Island, in this group. Depots have also been placed on the Bounty Islands and Snares Island.

Here and there along the coasts the government has erected posts with fingers indicating the direction of the depots. It is hoped that no other castaways will have to live for a week on one of these islands without knowing that relief has been provided for them.



# Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY BROOK OF THE TIMES STAFF.

## PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

### An English Dietitian.

SOME months ago there was published in this department a criticism of some of the dietetic ideas of Miss Sophie Leppel, of London, who professes to teach people how to eat. Miss Leppel publishes a little quarterly entitled "Health Without Drugs." In the number for September-November she devotes over three pages to the editor's criticism, under the heading: "Erroneous Statements About Leppelism by Mr. Harry Brook of The Times Staff."

Miss Leppel is "dead-set" against vegetarianism. In fact, a large proportion of the number referred to is devoted to attacks on vegetarianism under such headings as "A Slave-Making and Death-Dealing Diet," "A Deadly Doctrine," "A Child Killed Through Vegetarianism," "Nearly Killed by Vegetarianism," "Vegetarian Morality on a Par with Slum Morality," and so forth. She also runs quarterly, in a black border, a list of prominent vegetarians who have died. She even suggests that the state should be asked for help to "compel them to publish the truth about their health-destroying teaching."

Yet Miss Leppel advertises, among other things, a system of vegetarian diet for the curing of some diseases. She states and—properly so—that the ordinary vegetarian dietary contains too much starch and sweets. This is true. The editor has recognized this, and expects to have before long a detailed article on the subject. However, to go to the other extreme, and claim that a man cannot maintain perfect mental and physical health on a flesh-free diet, consisting of fruits and nuts and pulse with or without the addition of milk and cheese and eggs—also avoiding the dangers of uric acid—is manifestly absurd.

Among other things, the editor criticized the extraordinary statement of Miss Leppel that eggs should be avoided in constipation "because they contain no fat." It seems that Miss Leppel still maintains this remarkable theory. She says:

"Mr. Brook prides himself on his knowledge that the yolk of an egg contains 30 per cent. fat, and that the entire egg contains 10 per cent. Does the egg or the yolk of an egg really contain fat? The following experiments will prove that it is one of the many stupid misstatements of scientists that eggs contain fat as ordinarily understood by the public. Only vegetarians believe such absurd statements. The public proves its superior knowledge of the properties of food to scientists by the way in which eggs are consumed. Speaking from the point of view of a practical experimentalist I maintain that eggs contain no fat, and I will give two illustrations as proofs.

"1. No person would voluntarily live on a diet of whole meal biscuits and eggs for a certain period on account of its extreme dryness, but might not object to biscuits and milk or even biscuits and butter. This is because eggs and biscuits do not contain fat according to the usual definition of the term. Eggs are generally eaten either with milk (in the form of custard), butter, bacon, ham, cheese, fat, oil, butter, etc. Even when eggs are used for baking purposes, some kind of fat forms usually a part of the composition.

"2. If you mix the yolks of eggs with boiled rice, you can clean the vessel easily with cold water, but if you mix fat with boiled rice, it will be impossible to clean the basin without hot water, the mixture will adhere to the basin.

"The chemistry of food is useless for practical dietetics. The common sense of the public is a better guide than the science of chemistry."

Really, life is too short, and the editor has neither the inclination nor the space, to enter into a protracted discussion with one who maintains that the egg contains no fat—or oil, or whatever you may choose to call it—in view of the acknowledged chemical fact that the yolk of an egg contains over 30 per cent. of fat. Perhaps Miss Leppel will next be maintaining that ripe olives contain no fat. Miss Leppel also persists in her belief that fresh and dried fruits are constipating. That is another extraordinary statement, regarding which the editor must politely refuse to be drawn into a discussion.

There are some good points about the Leppel ideas on dietary—in which, however, the editor is absolutely unable to discover any definite "system"—but such erroneous statements as those referred to must inevitably tend to discredit Miss Leppel's theories in the minds of any who have made even a superficial study of the composition of foods.

### Piles.

HEMORRHOIDS is evidently a widely prevalent malady, to judge from the number of communications that have been received, in reference to an inquiry that was recently answered in this department.

A. G. Marks of 727 South Broadway writes: "Seeing that 'Ancon' wants a remedy for piles, I send this. It is simple and cheap, and has cured when the knife failed. Insert a raw ripe tomato into the rectum at night, repeat until cured. This an old uncle used, and told many who were cured."

It might be suggested by some that the insertion of the ripe tomato, as suggested, would be attended with some difficulty. The following communication is from R. H. D. of South Pasadena:

"I am a veteran, have been troubled with that aggravating complaint a long time, have tried several so-called 'cures,' which only relieved. The best treatment I have found is to eat plenty of pickled olives (ripe ones better), also olive oil in place of butter or any kind of fat. If olive oil is repulsive to the taste, try the emulsion, but one soon gets accustomed to the taste of olive oil and gets fond of it. Also take an injection every day of pure castile soapsuds, with a few drops of laudanum added."

It would be better not to take the injection so frequently as every day, as that would tend to unduly relax the bowels. Also, an injection of warm water should be followed by a smaller injection of cold water.

T. L. recommends the use of a dilator, upon which has been rubbed a certain proprietary unguent, which the editor will not mention. For this might be substituted a little olive oil, with a few drops of eucalyptus oil. A potato, cut into the necessary size and shape, may be substituted for the dilator.

It avails little, however, to remove the result unless you remove the cause. Overeating, stimulants and constipation are the main causes.

The following sensible advice comes from Sigismund Danielewicz, formerly of Los Angeles, and now a resident of San Francisco. Mr. Danielewicz is a close student of hygiene:

"In regard to piles, I happen to know something from my own experience. I have been a sufferer from that trouble for about thirty years, and manifold experiments, as well as careful and thorough observation, lead me to the strongest conviction that there is but one permanent remedy for piles, namely, reduction of the quantity of food and avoidance of stimulants. Liquids are also to be avoided as much as possible.

"In this trouble, the injurious effect of overeating is more plainly noticeable than in many other ailments. It is the operation of a simple mechanical law, viz: overcrowding causes distension and protrusion, as well as bleeding."

Finally, here are some more suggestions from a correspondent:

1. All closet bowls should be arranged to fill with water. In this case the bowl need only be three or four inches deep. In defecation the afflicted parts should be submerged. This prevents at least three-fourths of the prolapsus. A small (twenty-five-cent) bulb, sold under the name of ear syringe, may well be used for purposes of cleansing after natural defecation. Cold water should be used when bleeding has occurred; warm water may be used in other cases. After internal cleanliness has been secured by, perhaps, one or two additional voidings, then use five or ten drops of eucalyptus oil diluted in the amount of water contained in the rubber bulb. If this be voided, wait a few minutes and repeat until it will be retained. At noon, repeat the eucalyptus treatment, and at night also. These two treatments will scarcely ever be voided, and neither will require more than a few minutes. The only failure likely will be in the lack of persistent treatment three times daily, and for many months, if necessary.

2. In case of abscess and voidance of pus, be not afraid; the eucalyptus will cure this in a few days, even if a quarter of a pint of pus be voided daily.

3. In case of abscess, ulceration, pus and prolapsus, and excruciating agony, do not despair. If your household is not afflicted with false modesty, make a board bed six feet long, with a twelve-inch or larger and circular orifice, and slide a pan underneath this and fill the pan with water, keeping it hot by lamp or gasoline, or electric bulb underneath pan, or by flowing hot water from a hot water pipe. Sleep with the afflicted parts submerged in the hot water; sleep is instantly possible. Where false modesty will prevent the adoption of this method, then use a large earthen washbowl or a wooden chopping bowl, and have means to keep one or two quarts of hot water in the bowl and to replenish the same. Place the bowl in the middle of an ordinary bed and go to sleep at once.

4. Follow the dietary and hygienic rules of the "Care of the Body" department.

Here again, it will be noticed that the method recommended is not unattended by difficulty. However, the suggestion of immersing the parts in cold water is doubtless a good one. Some time ago a correspondent claimed to have obtained good results from steeping eucalyptus leaves in boiling water, and inserting some of them in the rectum.

### Medical Legislation—XXXIX.

FOLLOWING is an extract from the Pasadena correspondence of The Times, published October 27: "That the time has come for the medical profession to step into public affairs is the belief and doctrine of Dr. J. N. McCormack of Bowling Green, Ky., who addressed the medical fraternity and a good-sized crowd of the laity, including a number of ladies, at the Shakespeare Clubhouse last night. Dr. McCormack said the time is coming when the medical profession will be an important factor in shaping the laws of the country, and he cited the fact that in the State of Alabama, where there is a strong organization of the profession, the legislative body is largely made up of doctors. 'The

(CONTINUED ON 29TH PAGE.)

## PATENT DEPRESSED BIFOCALS.

By DR. W. I. SEYMOUR, 517 So. Broadway.

Considerable has been written regarding the improvement in eyeglass lens construction, devoting much of my space to explaining the merits of KRYPTOK. It has been said to date about the other lens makers, same works, and called PATENT DEPRESSED BIFOCALS, in the count of the manner in which the near lens is placed into the distance.

I consider this a wonderful piece of crystal, and to the KRYPTOK, is the finest lens for eyeglass manufacture. This lens and the process of making it patented, and made in the same works with the TOKS, and made on special tools that are based on the ten of the finest manufacturing opticians in the States, who in turn give exclusive territory to me to represent them. The depressed, like all KRYPTOK (except KRYPTOK) is made in two parts, and the ordinary kind in the following ways: The lens is depressed into the distance lens in such a way that it is nearly invisible, although not entirely so, compared to all kinds except KRYPTOKS the nearest invisible.

These lenses, while more difficult to manufacture of finer quality, do not cost any more than the ordinary kind, and those that want something to wear and can afford KRYPTOKS should advise the depressed, they have not the advantages of the KRYPTOK, but so much better than the regular kinds that if a bifocal wearer should change, the world would wonder immediately. Would like my readers to know I have the exclusive grant for Los Angeles and County to sell Torisuc, Kryptok, and Depressed, and they cannot be obtained rightfully from any source.

## Mother's Stories about their Babies

No. 40

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MRS. JOHN HETTRICK.

290 N. Madison St., Rome, N. Y.

October 18, 1935.

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## Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 28TH PAGE.)

preservation of life and health, when we come to think of it, is greater than the protection of property, is one of its necessities."

Doctors have as good a right as lawyers, or engineers, or architects, or members of any other profession to go into politics, and the Legislature, but they have no right to seek unreasonable and unjust privileges for their particular class. There is a general and growing impression among the public that we have already too many political physicians, and there is an increasing sentiment against permitting the doctors to frame legislation that would confine the treatment of the sick to a single narrow school, whose system is confessedly based upon guesswork.

Following is from an unidentified exchange:

"That the public is not so simple and easily fooled as the quacks would have us believe, was recently shown in Switzerland, where a determined effort was made to put that form of quackery known as 'nature healing' to a test. The Canton of Zurich was flooded with literature urging free trade in medicine. When the matter was brought up at the recent elections the project to make this 'nature healing' legal was defeated by a majority of 15,435 out of a total of 51,319 votes. This certainly speaks well for the intelligence of the voters of the Canton of Zurich."

The editor doubts very much whether this item is well timed, or if so, that there is not something else behind it. The Swiss are an eminently sensible and practical people. The editor has spent many months in the most hygienic resorts that abound in Switzerland, and knows all the best features of the "nature cure" are. As to the question of "quacks," the following statement of Dr. Hooker is worth reading:

"The quackery which is practiced among medical men is much greater evil than that which is abroad among the community. I attack it, therefore, with an unsparring hand. In doing so I expose many of the tricks and maneuvers which are employed by those physicians who, treating medicine as a trade instead of a profession, neglect the science of patient-getting to the neglect of the science of patient-curing."

Adhering to this standard, there are more quacks inside the "regular" profession than outside. How it is that, among some conscienceless scoundrel wishes to start a quack-scheme for scaring and duping the sick, and always find an M.D. to lend his name to the scheme, for a few dirty dollars a month? Being an M.D., of course, makes this all right.

As to the Naturopathic school of healing, so commonly referred to by the above writer, let us see. This eclectic method of treatment, founded upon investigations of men like Father Kneipp, Schrott, and other Germans, who took up the profession of healing for something more than the dollars there are in spreading slowly but surely, and must eventually without any doubt, absorb and replace all other methods of healing, because it aims to include all there is in the drugless schools, including hygiene, diet, osteopathy, chiropractic, Swedish movements, culture, chemistry, botany, hydropathy, dietetics, gymnasty, orthopedic surgery, etc. New branches have been established all over the United States, and a number of the old school physicians have joined the movement.

Of course, true that among the naturopaths, as well as of every other branch, there are good, and indifferent. It must be admitted that a majority of the naturopathic practitioners in this country do not differ from those with their erudition. But then, many of the best healers have been comparatively ignorant men, and, in fact, the beginners in the hydropathic movement of half a century ago. It is, however, to be excluded that, as the movement spreads and broadens out over this country, the experience and attainments of the healers will widen accordingly.

At any rate, you cannot possibly get away from the truth that "nature cures, not the physician," and that all the human agent can do is to suggest the means of giving nature a chance to eliminate the matter from the system, that has been accumulated through errors in mode of life, especially diet. All there is to the healing art, in a nutshell, is that there ever was, is, or ever will be. In failing to recognize this great fact, the medical world is today lagging behind the philosophers of 2000 or more years ago.

Dr. Schultz—who has moved his naturopathic institute from 556-558 Hope street—writes that it is his intention to open a college and training school in the near future. The organization was recently formed. It is intended to establish a large building in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, where patients will be treated by natural methods. Dr. Schultz is much encouraged by inquiries from physicians and laymen, who are desirous of taking a course in the "nature cure."

It is encouraging as it is true—that natural methods of curing diseases are beginning to become popular among the laymen, but also among the physicians. Many others would break away from the quackery, if they had the courage of their convictions. In Los Angeles, a physician of the regular school is giving lectures on suggestion to a class of students at \$10 a lesson. Also, several regulars have bought out and are practicing a "nature cure," for using which the former owner, an old physician, was prosecuted and fined. So that "the world is moving" in the ranks of the medical profession, and it is about the last to "get a move on."

of press, pulpit and W.C.T.U. against patent medicines. It has broken out in Los Angeles. They are, doubtless, annoying to the medical trust. That's all right, but don't overlook the fact that drugs and alcohol are just as injurious, when prescribed by a physician, at \$2.50 and a commission from the druggist, as they are when bought at 65 cents a bottle, cut rate. Indeed, they are likely to be more so, as physicians' prescriptions are changing guesses, while patent medicines are the same all the time. As previously remarked, about the only feature which makes patent medicines worse than prescribed drugs is the ease and secrecy with which they can be taken, and the alcoholic habit thus acquired. Meantime, those who want alcoholic stimulants would do well to get straight whisky, bottled in bond, in place of the poor alcohol and dope, sold as patent medicine.

Michigan is the first State to have the courage to enact a law against the marriage of the diseased and degenerate. It is not likely to be the last. Other States are already moving in the same direction. The homeopathic physicians of Nebraska and Colorado have resolved to ask their respective Legislatures to enact laws compelling applicants for marriage to undergo physical examination. Surely, it is a satire that while we spend so much time and money in mating and breeding animals, we should pay no attention whatever to the mating of human beings. The difficulty here is that if men and women are forbidden to mate legally, they are pretty sure to do so without the sanction of the law. The Michigan law opens with the following sentence: "No insane person, idiot or a person who has been afflicted with syphilis or gonorrhoea, and has not been cured of the same, shall be capable of contracting marriage." At the same time, we should be very careful about giving doctors power to say who shall and who shall not wed.

Read the following, from the Medical Record, of October 28, on the treatment of typhoid fever:

"D. E. English outlines his plan of treatment, in which the first step, if the patient is seen before the end of the first week, consists in the administration of ten to twenty or even thirty grains of calomel, followed in eight hours by half an ounce of magnesium sulphate. If more than seven days have elapsed since the initial chill, a smaller dose of calomel, together with aloin, podophyllin and bicarbonate of sodium is given. The diet consists of Weir Mitchell's beef juice, and egg albumen water; milk and toast being avoided, as the author regards these two foods as being particularly harmful. The special medicinal treatment is by means of carbolated camphor, consisting of three parts of gum camphor to one part of crystallized carbolic acid liquefied by heat. The dose is ten to twelve drops in capsules, at first every two hours and later less often as the fever declines, the abdominal symptoms improve or cardiac depression appears. With this treatment the course of the disease is shortened and the mortality lessened."

Think of that. Calomel and other poisons and beef juice—which is equivalent to wine—in a sick, inflamed, feverish stomach. Is it any wonder that so many sick people die? Is it not a wonder that any recover, under medical treatment? Yet, the doctors would make this sort of thing compulsory. Never!

### Vegetarianism.

"THIRTY-NINE Reasons Why I Am a Vegetarian," is the title of a booklet by Rev. Henry S. Clubb. In addition to the physical reasons for vegetarianism, the author says: "Flesh eating in America and England is the greatest impediment to progress in that moral and spiritual growth and development which must precede an intelligent expanse of Christianity and a love of it in the human heart."

The editor's position in regard to vegetarianism should be well known by this time. He thoroughly believes that the highest physical, mental and moral health may be attained—and retained—on a diet that does not include flesh food, and that, other things being equal, a non-flesh eater will escape many diseases and live longer than the flesh eater. On the other hand, he believes that the vegetarian system of dietary, as usually adopted, is, in some respects, a backward step from the mixed diet. On this subject he will have something further to say, as soon as time and space permit.

Published by the Vegetarian Society of America, 1023 Foulkrod street, Philadelphia.

There have also been received, from England, a number of neatly-bound booklets, issued by "The Order of the Golden Age," the object of which order is stated to be "to proclaim and hasten the advent of a golden age, when humaneness and righteousness, peace and spirituality shall reign upon earth, and when kindness and good will toward every fellow-creature shall prevail in the human heart." The order strongly advocates vegetarianism, chiefly from a humanitarian point of view. The literature gives distressing accounts of the sufferings undergone by innocent animals, on their way to and in the slaughter-houses, that should tend to discourage the eating of flesh, even apart from the hygienic feature of the subject. One of the booklets deals with the drinking evil, which it quite properly shows is largely stimulated by the use of foods that have been deprived of their natural salts, thus starving the nerves, and leading to a demand for stimulants. There is also a fruitarian cookery book. The Herald of the Golden Age is published quarterly. Price 3d., postage 1 penny. The booklets are one penny each. The address of the order is Palgton, England.

### Health Foods.

REFERRING to Battle Creek and other cereal foods, the editor recently suggested that people might have them fresher, and very much cheaper, by simply grinding

(CONTINUED ON 30TH PAGE.)

## WHY CONTINUE TO BE DEAF?

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES RELIEVED BY NEW SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

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Hearing is not merely a pleasure and satisfaction; it is a necessity for anyone who would mingle with his fellows in any phase of life, on anywhere near equal terms. To the thousands who have heretofore suffered under the handicap of deafness, the great inventions of Mr. M. R. Hutchinson of New York must be considered a god-send. With the Acousticon those who could not hear at all before, are now enabled to do so; with the Massacon those who find their hearing impaired, unsatisfactory, or growing worse, can improve it or restore it entirely.

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While we would like to continue telling you here in this valuable space more of the Acousticon and Massacon, yet we can do this so much better if you would call at the MARSHUTZ OPTICAL CO.'S establishment, No. 133 South Spring St., where experienced gentlemen will fully explain these wonderful instruments and demonstrate them, free of charge, to you; there also may be obtained free catalogues, which will be mailed free to anyone writing or asking for the same.

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## Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 27TH PAGE.)

grain in a small mill, and thoroughly parching it in a frying pan. In regard to this, Dr. J. H. Kellogg writes from Battle Creek as follows:

"I think in this regard your criticisms are hardly fair. We issue from this institution cook books in which we give people thorough instructions how to prepare healthful foods at their own homes, without resorting to any of our manufactured health foods. Principles which cannot be utilized in every home without the benefit of machinery or factories would not be worth very much. All our sanitary principles of diet can be practiced anywhere. Anybody can parch corn and wheat and grind it up as do the natives of the Canary Islands. We are constantly telling out patients, here, how to prepare health foods for themselves at home. We keep a cooking school in operation all of the time for that purpose."

### Dreams.

"THE Dynamics of Dreams," is the title of an interesting article by Dr. Axel Emil Gibson, of Los Angeles, reprinted in pamphlet form from the Medical Record of August 12. Here are a couple of extracts:

"Dreams, be they grotesque or exalted, must, therefore, of necessity have a basis in our mental and moral constitution, though their ruling elements may have been so deeply buried in our nature that our waking consciousness fails to take notice of them." Thus, if mindful to the impulses of a nature which ever surrounds her entities with means and opportunities for their protection, the individual will be safeguarded against disease and premature death. But to be responsive to nature means to be obedient to her laws, and which again means to live in accordance with our individual sense of duty and conscience regarding the measures and limits for sanitary indulgences."

The author draws the following conclusion:

"It would be a mistake, however, to regard all dreams as made up by sanitary admonitions, health prescriptions, or prophecies in general. The background for ordinary dreams consists of disconnected remnants of waking life. Hence, ordinary dreams are merely undigested consciousness, being made up by longings, desires, anticipations, idle hopes, and miscarried realizations, which, occupying the mind during the day, are overtaken by sleep before having reached their fruition."

### Saturation With Poison.

A WELL-KNOWN medical journal carries on its first cover page the advertisement of a proprietary medicine, used by physicians, in which appears the following: "Push dosage to point of saturation in each individual patient."

Pleasant idea, isn't it? It is astonishing what a lot of extraordinary things may be done, if they are only done by a "properly qualified" practitioner.

### The Physician's Peril.

THIS is from the Sporting Times:

He was a doctor witness in an Irish murder case, and was very anxious that the Crown should let him go home as soon as possible. So he got a friend of his to plead in his favor. This was how the friend did it:

"It is this way, Attorney-General. My friend, the doctor, has been for three years looking after two old ladies. If you don't let him go home tomorrow he's afraid the ladies will get well."

And that's why the doctor doesn't speak to his friend.

### "Spanish Needle."

A CORRESPONDENT recommends the plant called "Spanish needle" made into a strong tea, for syphilis. Almost every wild herb has a medicinal value, and is infinitely better than poisonous mineral drugs, or almost equally deadly concentrated essences of herbs.

### A Good Idea.

THERE is, in England, a society of children and young people, who have for one of the rules of their life Ruskin's beautiful motto: "I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to comfort and protect all gentle life upon the earth."

How much better, this, than the "bad boy" idea! Perhaps, in course of a few centuries, we westerners may hope to be on a par, morally, as far as kindness to animals is concerned, with the Hindoos. But not so long as we kill and eat animals.

### For Young Girls.

ONE of the most mournful things about human life, in civilized countries, is the neglect of parents to inform their children in regard to sexual questions, as they approach the age of puberty, thus leaving them a prey to indiscretions, disease and heartless quacks. Of late years, a number of books have been written for the benefit of young people, touching on these subjects and designed to supplant the information that should be given by parents. One drawback of most of these books is that they are written over the heads of young people—say boys and girls of 14 years of age. The author uses words that are incomprehensible to their young readers, and takes for granted that the latter are aware of many things that they know nothing about.

Two booklets on this subject, recently received, are "The Bloom of Girlhood," by Pauline Page, and "The Daughter's Danger," by Mrs. M. F. A. Drake, M. D., who is the author of "What a Young Wife Ought to Know," and "What a Woman of Forty-five Ought to Know."

The latter booklet is intended for girls of 16 and upward.

Another booklet, along similar lines, is "Parental Honesty," by Dr. Sylvanus Stall, author of "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," and other books of that kind. It is described as "a pamphlet setting forth to parents the importance and manner of safeguarding the purity of young children, by the imparting of proper information." It is well worth reading, by parents who have young children. These booklets are printed in exceptionally large type, and written in more comprehensible language than many such publications. They are published by the Vir Publishing Company, 1304 Land Title Building, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents each.

### Filthy Foods.

LARGE and promiscuous eaters of flesh food should read this:

"A member of the City Board of Health of Chicago said, not long ago, that if all the diseased flesh brought to the slaughter-houses was condemned, and none of it used for food, the price of beef would be a dollar a pound."

Thousands of brave soldier boys, who volunteered for the Spanish War, died of ptomaine poisoning—"embalmed beef"—that is, putrid meats, put up by conscienceless packers who should now be in the penitentiary.

### A Mistaken Diagnosis.

FOLLOWING is from the Indiana Medical Record:

"Physician (with his ear to patient's breast:) There is a curious swelling over the region of your heart, sir, which must be relieved at once."

"Patient (anxiously:) That 'swelling' is my pocket-book, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much."

### Sunstroke.

R. H. D. asks in regard to treatment beneficial to an old case of sunstroke. Heatstroke, or heat apoplexy, is usually caused by heavy exercise in the sun, as in the case of soldiers on a march. In tropical countries it may occur where there is no sunshine, owing to great heat. For acute cases all tight clothes should be loosened, cooling compresses applied to the head and changed frequently. Three-fourth packs of the body are good also. An injection of tepid water should be given, with fresh water to drink. In addition to this, non-stimulating diet and fresh air. Massage of the neck is recommended.

The most common after-effect of sunstroke is a permanent inability to bear high temperatures. There is also a loss of power of mental concentration, and failure of the memory. Hot weather always makes such patients worse. Therefore, a person who is suffering from sunstroke should, if possible, live in a cool climate. Apart from this, the only suggestion that can be given is a general attention to the laws of health, particularly avoiding habits, dietetic or otherwise, that tend to cause a congestion of blood in the head. The feet should be kept warm and the head cool. An important thing, in this connection, is to keep the pores open. The use of a rectal dilator would probably be found helpful, in improving the circulation. Don't wear a tight hat, and go bareheaded as much as possible. Shade the head, when necessary, with an umbrella. Also keep the head thoroughly clean.

### Worms.

ARELANDS correspondent asks in regard to worms in children. Worms are caused by errors in diet, and to remove them permanently these errors must be corrected. Meantime, maintain perfect cleanliness, regularity of the bowels, daily enemas of salt water and anointing the anus with olive oil, in which a few drops of eucalyptus oil have been mixed.

Tapeworms and the large round worm require more energetic measures of treatment. For the first, the best remedy known is the seed of the common pumpkin. Take two ounces of fresh seeds, remove the shells, and beat them to a paste with an equal quantity of finely pulverized white sugar. Add a little milk or water, and take at one dose after fasting twenty-four hours. After three hours, take a tablespoonful of castor oil. If this does not dislodge the worm, there probably is none. Many people imagine they have tapeworm when they have not. For a child, the dose should be about one-half that for an adult. The fluid extract of the seeds can be obtained at the stores, the dose of which is half a fluid ounce.

For the round worms, worm seed, chenopodium, is one of the best remedies. To a child two or three years old give half a dram of the seed in syrup or honey, night and morning, for three or four days in succession. After the last dose, give a teaspoonful of castor oil. Five or ten drops of the oil may be given with sugar in place of the seed.

Following is a very simple method that is claimed to be effective in worms, both in children and adults: Fast forty-eight hours. On the afternoon of the second day of the fast take the juice of two lemons, each in half tumbler of water, and an hour apart. Then make the last meal of the day entirely on oranges, eating half a dozen. It is claimed that this will cause any worms there may be to vacate the premises.

After having got rid of the worms, maintain a diet that will not cause indigestion or constipation. A pinch of salt in a glass of water is a good thing to take occasionally, in the morning, where there is a tendency to worms.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" is becoming more and more true as the years pass. Ask Nicholas II, or Francis Joseph or even Oscar II if it isn't so.



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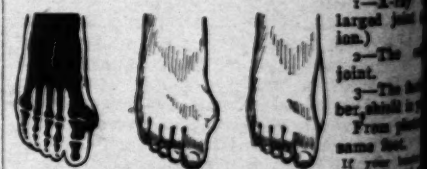
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# Poor Laws of Denmark.

MOST EFFECTIVE SYSTEM OF CAR-  
ING FOR PAUPERS.

From the London Morning Post.

It would appear to be no country in Europe where the poor relief system is so scientific, or where the classification of paupers is so thorough, as Denmark. Certainly, judging from Copenhagen, there could be no place where the deserving poor have to look forward to in their old age. Pauper relief is regarded in Denmark not as a gift but as a loan, the recipient becoming a debtor to the community. The community must remit the debt if he can prove that he has no chance of his ever being able to pay it, but if he does so he is disfranchised, and may not even vote without the consent of the local authorities.

Relief is the first and best feature of the system. The fact is recognized that it is better to spend money in averting pauperism than in relieving it. It is the special duty of the poor law officer to keep the poor in any way in his power, and if possible to keep them out of the workhouse. He must not give a shelter, not in a workhouse, for those who are bona-fide workmen in search of employment. In Copenhagen there are a thousand free beds for such people. Also in time of sickness he must give medical relief to those who cannot afford to pay for it, and such relief carries no disqualifications with it. It is his duty to help the deserving poor, it is his duty to fight the loafing part of the community who will not work. As the result of this system never hears of respectable poor being in a state of destitution nor does one ever meet a tramp or beggar.

## Age Pension Scheme.

A preliminary to the various poorhouses and workhouses in Denmark mention should be made of the old-age pension scheme in force since the Danish poor law of 1891. Anyone over the age of sixty who is unable to provide himself or those dependent on him with the necessities of life or proper treatment in case of illness, may, if he chooses, apply for old age pension. But he must have lived practically a blameless life; he must not have been convicted before a court on any charge, must have resided in the district for the preceding ten years, and must not have received pauper relief. If he is reduced to these conditions he must show that it is not his fault.

It is no disgrace in Denmark to be in receipt of an old-age pension any more than it is for a soldier in receipt of a service pension. In no way is it more difficult than in Denmark for the poor to save money, as a considerable proportion of the population do not earn more than 10s a week. Old age pensions are therefore more in the nature of a national necessity for the aged poor than in a country where wages are usually sufficiently high to enable the recipients to themselves make some provision for their old age.

The complaint of the authorities in this country is that it is almost impossible to discover who are, and who are not, deserving poor. The question naturally arises how is it that in Denmark the poor law is able to do so? It is possible in Denmark because of the perfection of the system of relief. It is perfect from top to bottom. It is not only so in the small towns, where the personal knowledge of the recipients of relief is a guide to the administration, but it is equally true of Copenhagen, which is by no means a small city, numbering, it is said, close on half a million.

## Workhouse System.

One who is destitute but is not eligible for a pension must turn for relief to the poorhouse, about which I shall have something more to say in another article. For the present I may explain that the poorhouse is for the accommodation of three classes: First, the most respectable who, through some slight fault, have missed qualifying for an old age pension; second, for those who are not quite respectable; third, for the aged poor who are really bad. Those in the third class have no freedom and few privileges. They are kept quite separate from those in the other two classes. They can, however, by good behavior be promoted to a higher class, as those in a higher class may be degraded to a lower one.

Some respectable aged poor are lodged in most comfortable quarters, and the occupants regard it as a privilege to be allowed to be there. Certain parts are reserved for married couples, who certainly live in a comfortable way which they can hardly have been accustomed to in their own homes. There are smoking-rooms, a library, a billiard room, a theater, where occasional entertainments are given. There was one old couple of ninety years who were perfectly happy. The youngest of the inmates was an elderly woman, and she evidently felt she was a child in comparison with the more aged inmates. She was quite skittish in showing her appreciation of the surroundings. They have a delightful garden in which they are allowed to walk, and are allowed to receive visitors. No one is allowed to work, but they are encouraged to do so, and are paid a few pennies for their work, which is a contrast to the English system, under which the poor can earn anything.

The able-bodied there are two classes of workmen. Throughout Denmark, the one for those capable of doing respectable work, and the other for those who are loafers, vagrants, and such like. In Copenhagen the first of these two is called the St. Johnner. It is considered rather a favor to be sent there. No one is allowed to remain permanently, but if an inmate misbehaves

he is sent to the Ladegaard, which is a penal establishment. There are three classes, the men in each class being kept separate, and those in the first two having privileges not attaching to the third class. A man starts in the third, but he must work his way up to the first. If, after six weeks he is still in the third he is then sent to the Ladegaard. In each class men are paid for their work, but at a higher rate in a higher class. When a man has saved 7s 9d he must leave and try and find work for himself, but if he has not saved this amount within four months he is transferred to the Ladegaard unless he can show that he has regular employment outside which he can take up.

In both these workhouses there are workshops of all kinds, such as tailoring, carpentering, weaving, etc., and as far as possible the various poorhouses are made self-supporting. They build their own premises and work for each other, and no doubt the practical common-sense methods of managing these establishments account for the low cost at which they are worked. A mechanic is not put on to pick oakum or break stones, as he is in this country, under a system which may be effective as a punishment for crime by setting a man to do the work he is quite unqualified for, but is certainly economically unsound. It penalizes the community by depriving it of the full value of the services the man is best capable of rendering. Here in Copenhagen a man is set to work at his own particular craft, so that his occupation is a source of gratification to himself and a source of profit to the institution. In the Ladegaard the net profits in one year in the workshops amounted to £3500, and the whole cost of each inmate was only 6s 7d per week.

In the Stifteelse every man is encouraged to obtain work outside and is allowed to go out to seek work. If, however, permission is asked merely as an excuse for absence the offender is warned, and if the offense is repeated three times he is sent to the Ladegaard. The habitual loafer or tramp is sent to the Ladegaard instead of to prison for six months. At the end of that period he may not necessarily be set at liberty, but may be transferred to a workhouse and may be kept there until he has shown that he can and will work. In some towns the workhouses have a penal workhouse attached to them, but the inmates of the two institutions are always kept separate from each other.

## The Penal System.

As an example of the value of a penal establishment of this kind there is the case of a little town called Randers. As soon as the poor law came into force they decided that as they were overrun with vagrants they would set up a little penal institution of their own to hold nine inmates. This proved effective; it was never full, and the neighborhood was cleared of vagrants. What happened in Randers has since happened in every other town, and it may be truthfully said of the whole of Denmark that it is practically free of tramps and beggars and other undesirables of the vagrant class.

The Danish poor law system has curiously enough settled the alien question automatically. An undesirable alien is ordered to leave the country and warned that if he reenters it he is liable to one year's detention in the Ladegaard. That is usually more than any alien cares to risk.

The Ladegaard is shortly to be moved into the country, some half-hour's railway journey from Copenhagen, as it is thought wiser to take the inmates further away from town and to give some of them a chance of working on the land. At the present moment numbers of them are to be seen street cleaning in Copenhagen. There are three classes, in each of which a small payment is given for work done, half of which goes to the man immediately, while the remainder is banked for him until his release. An inmate is allowed to go out as soon as he can obtain work, but he cannot be detained for more than two years. They often escape, but when they do so lose all the savings which have accumulated to their credit. The discipline is strict and the punishment severe, the punishment usually taking the form of solitary confinement with a minimum of food. In some few hardened cases the men have been in this establishment for several years. This is due to the fact that on each occasion after being released they were arrested for begging and brought back again.

Many of the inmates acquire habits of industry and thrift during their period of detention, as is shown by the records of a number of inmates at the time of our visit who had to their banking credit as much as £5 each, which considering their small wage is indicative of a pretty consistent saving habit. First-class men are allowed out every Sunday, but the temptations to drink are more than they can stand as a rule, and many of them, therefore, do not care to avail themselves often of this privilege. All the work is piecework, and this, no doubt, very largely accounts for the atmosphere of activity and industry about the whole place. Instead of having expensive officials as we do in similar circumstances in England, first-class inmates are made foremen over their fellows.

The head of this admirable institution is a kindly man, not at all the severe disciplinarian that one would expect to see in control of an institution of this kind. It was evident that the object of one and all of those in authority was not so much to punish as to reclaim. In England we usually give up such cases as hopeless from the reformation point of view, and content ourselves with a system of useless punishment.

Some years ago, when the Danish poor law first came into force, there were those in this country who did not hesitate to predict that it and the old age pension scheme which forms an important part of it would bankrupt Denmark. So far from that being the result there has been an appreciable saving all round. The country is the gainer; the men and women are the better. Public opinion is sympathetic toward the genuine unemployed, and would not tolerate any system that condemned men of that class to committal to a cor-

rective workhouse. Even the magistrates err on the side of leniency in the cases that come before them, and they and all the authorities concerned in the administration of the poor law coöperate in helping the would-be workers to get work, in stimulating the unwilling workers to perform work, and in making the lot of those who have passed the age for work as easy and happy as possible.

## ANCESTORS OF THE BIG TREES.

Tradition has it that Napoleon encouraged his soldiers before the battle of the pyramids with the picturesque phrase "forty centuries look down upon you," and yet the span of a single sequoia about equals what to the biblical chronologies of Napoleon seemed the limit of time. Many of those still vigorous and growing trees sprouted about the time that Christ was born at Bethlehem in Judea. Most of those still standing had commenced to grow at least before the fall of Rome. We can count the annual layers in the wood of those which have been cut down, and calculate with considerable accuracy their age and varying rapidity of growth.

It is not strictly correct to speak of these growth layers as "annual." They are primarily the result of the varying rapidity of growth of the cells; thus in trees of temperate climes there is a gradual slowing down of vital activity as the summer advances, followed by a prolonged resting period during the winter, and an accelerated resumption of activity in the spring. These varying functions are recorded in the size and nature of the cells formed. For example, in our oak or chestnut the spring wood consists largely of pitted ducts of large size, which are prominent and in marked contrast with the much smaller celled and more solid additions formed by the slower growth later in the season. In cone-bearing trees like the sequoia, the differences are almost entirely of size, the transition being abrupt from the very fine wood cells formed at the close of the season to the much larger cells of the vigorous vernal growth. It follows that under certain conditions a tree might add more than one ring in a year, but for our purpose, and generally speaking, it is proper to designate these rings as annual. Year after year the sequoias have been adding layer after layer to their girth in ever-widening circles. The thousands of tons of bark shed by each tree during its long career, the tens and hundreds of thousands of tons of sap that have coursed through their venerable trunks, and the innumerable progeny of a single tree in the older, more propitious days—a contemplation of these facts assists us in realizing the true proportions of these forest monarchs—[Popular Science Monthly.

## SPEAKS NO MODERN LANGUAGE.

Parisian police are dealing with a queer vagrant who apparently cannot speak or understand any modern language and whose talk cannot be identified by any linguist in the French capital. But the case is not unique, as London had one like it in the days of Queen Anne. George Psalmanay, the "Formosan," who was really a Frenchman by birth, declared himself a native of Formosa, and not only spoke but wrote unintelligible gibberish, which he persuaded the Bishop of London and others to accept as the Formosan language. He "translated" the catechism into his jargon, and compiled an amazing book on Formosa, which, though a tissue of absurdities, found a ready sale. The oddest thing about Psalmanay was that he afterward became a respectable Grub-street hack and won the regard of Dr. Johnson.



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When it comes to cooking anything that calls for cream or milk, Lily Cream beats any other cream you can use. A pudding or a float made with Lily Cream will be smooth, creamy, rich in flavor. You can buy from your grocer.

We'll send you a pin cushion free for every twelve Lily Cream wrappers you send us.

**PACIFIC CREAMERY CO.,**  
Los Angeles.



**FURS....**

SEAL GARMENTS  
MADE TO ORDER

Old seal garments remodeled into latest styles and redyed. All kinds of furs repaired and stored.

**D. BONOFF, FURRIER**  
212 S. Broadway Home 3496



# Rubidoux Chocolates



They're just as choice and dainty and good as any confection can be made.

They're made of high-grade materials which are given high-grade treatment — which results in high-grade chocolates.

They're packed in beautiful fancy boxes that are an attraction themselves, as well as the chocolates inside. We have added several new boxes this year, any one of which, filled with Rubidoux Chocolates, makes a most beautiful and most welcome gift.



**You Can Buy Rubidoux Chocolates in Many Eastern Cities**



And from most every dealer here at home.  
Different size boxes at different prices.

**Bishop & Company**

Manufacturers of Largest Variety Food Products Made  
by Any One Firm in the United States.



## HAWAIIAN BLEND COFFEE

Most coffees differ from time to time — in quality, in strength, in smoothness. This is not true of Newmark's Hawaiian Blend. It is always uniform in quality. Cooked in the same way every morning, under the same conditions — you can be just as sure of a satisfying cup as that the sun will rise. Every package contains the same pure, clean and full-strength coffee — perfect in those essentials which go to make up coffee quality. Your grocer has Newmark's Hawaiian Blend. It is the coffee of all others for those who desire the best.

NEWMARK BROS.  
LOS ANGELES

## Puritas

Doubly Distilled Water  
Aerated With  
Purified Air

If you realize the value of pure water to your own health and the health of your family, you'll make Puritas Distilled Water your family drinking water from henceforth.

For Puritas is pure water — the only reliably pure drinking water obtainable in this vicinity. You can absolutely rely upon its healthful purity — every demijohn, all the time.

Puritas is inexpensive, and easy to get. Its cost is so small that every family can afford to drink plenty of pure water.

**5 Gallons 40c**

Coupon book, good for 5 demijohns of Puritas, \$1.90; book good for 10 demijohns, \$3.60; book good for 20 demijohns, \$7.00.

**Both Phones Exchange 6**

Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company



[November 12, 1905]



Eastern Cities



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40c

exchange 6

Storage Company

Water filters are

reversible kind,

nickel plated

# Review of the Week.

STATE OF THE MARKET.

YEAR.

## Houses, Lots and Lands

FACT AND COMMENT.

The San Francisco Call publishes a weekly review of the real estate market, which is called "Authentic," and is edited by Dr. Washington.

The review of the real estate market in the Bay City is in all elements of the market.

THE REVIEW OF PROPERTY VALUERS.

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# Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1905.

## REAL-ESTATE SECTION.

Saturday Review of Building and Development.

THE REVIEW OF PROPERTY VALUERS.

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RENTAL AND INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY DEPARTMENT.

LOT DEPARTMENT.

JUNIOR & RETAIL LAND CO.

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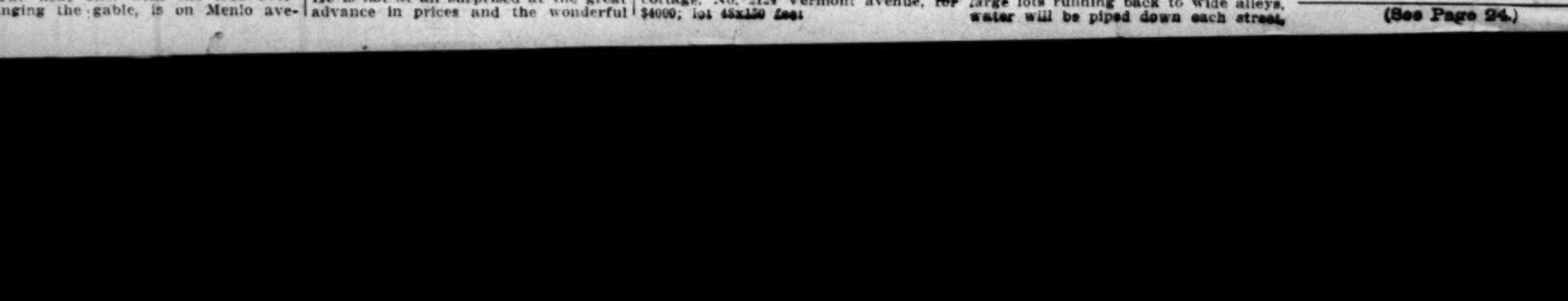
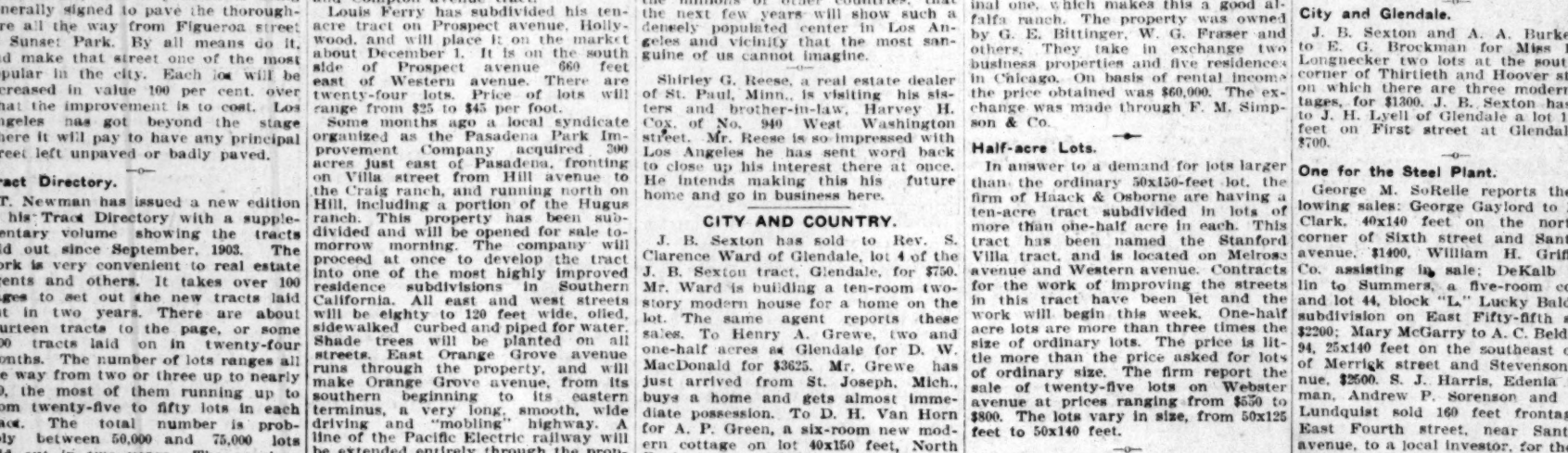
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NOTICE BY THE REALTY BOARD.  
Advertisements marked "L.A.R.B." are practically guaranteed by the Los Angeles Realty Board as these of reliable reputation agents. The Arbitration Committee of the Board exists for the purpose of investigating and settling in accordance with the principles of fair and honorable dealing, any disagreements or complaints affecting its members. Severely penalized are provided for any member guilty of dishonest conduct. List of members obtainable at Room 727 Merchants Trust Building.  
HERBERT BURDET,  
Secretary.

(In connection with the notice of the Los Angeles Realty Board, signed by its secretary, The Times makes this explanatory statement: The "L.A.R.B." which appears under the "L.A.R.B." heading is from members of the Board, which is responsible for its own statements. There are, of course, other honorable dealers who are not members of the Board.)

Real Estate

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## Real Estate

### FOR SALE—Business Property.

#### FOR SALE—

FORTUNES IN LOS ANGELES REALTY.

CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT, READ IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN, MORE THAN LIKELY YOU WILL PURCHASE ONE OF THESE PROPERTIES. YOU ARE SURE OF GOOD PROFIT IF YOU DO.

WEST PICO (NEAR UNION)

SMALL COTTAGE

CHEAPEST LOT ON PICO ST. BETWEEN UNION AND FIGUEROA.

WALL STREET NEAR SEVENTH.

FIVE ROOM COTTAGE.

RENTS \$15 PER MONTH.

WEST SEVENTH STREET CORNER.

CHEAPEST CORNER ON WEST SEVENTH.

WEST SEVENTH BETWEEN LUCAS AND BIKEL.

IMPROVED WITH NINE ROOM TWO STORY MODERN HOUSE.

A SNAP ON THIS BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE.

FLOWER NEAR PICO.

IMPROVED WITH GOOD MODERN TEN ROOM HOUSE AND BARN, EAST FRONT.

CORNER FIFTEENTH AND HILL STS.

EAST SIXTH STREET CORNER.

FORTY-FOUR LOT ON EAST SIXTH.

CORNER SIXTH AND HILL.

CORNER SEVENTH AND SAN JULIAN.

IMPROVEMENTS PAYING \$10 PER MO.

A TEMPTING NEAR SEVENTH.

LARGEST LOT ON GRAND AVE. BETWEEN SEVENTH AND EIGHTH.

WE ARE MAKING MONEY FOR OTHERS. NO TROUBLE FOR YOU. NO SHOW PROPERTY. COME AND SEE US.

SEE MR. ANDREWS.

BUSINESS PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

WRIGHT & CALLENDER.

10-22 SOUTH HILL ST.

FOR SALE—

BUSINESS PROPERTY.

BUSINESS PROPERTY.

WE ARE OFFERING

ONE OF THE BEST BUYS TODAY

A BUSINESS BLOCK

ONE OF OUR BUSIEST

BUSINESS THOROUGHFARES.

NAMLY.

PAYING UNDER OLD LEASE

THAT WILL SHORTLY EXPIRE

\$100 PER MONTH

\$100 PER MONTH

FOR ONLY

\$200 PER FRONT FOOT.

IT'S CHEAP.

WILL PAY YOU 4 PER CENT.

IN A FEW YEARS

WILL BE WORTH TWICE THE PRICE

WE QUOTE.

AND WE CAN DELIVER.

MINER & FARISH.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS.

315 S. HILL ST.

FOR SALE—

That 100 feet we have been telling you about on San Pedro st., just below 6th, is a greater bargain today than when we commenced to advertise it at

—\$35,000—

I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but for anyone that knows anything about Los Angeles knows that this 100 feet will go to \$500 per foot within two years. You may say they do present owner sell. Because he needs the money in his business and we have agreed to get it for him. If we hadn't every cent we can make and have all tied up in our Ocean Park Heights tract we would buy this at once; but Ocean Park Heights will soon let loose; we have sold over \$50,000 worth of those big lots lately and have about a dozen left of that size, besides our 200 72x125; prices from \$250 to \$750 1-3 cash.

WHITCOMB-GIBSON CO., 529 Laughlin Bldg.

FOR SALE—

A BUSINESS CORNER.

N.E. corner of Pico and Grand ave., the eastern portion of lot, improved with modern brick present income \$18 per month; the corner is vacant and can, with little expense, be improved to double the present income, over 100 feet frontage on 26-foot alley, on corner of two of the best main thoroughfares in the city.

M. L. RAMON.

12 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—VERY FINE LOT ON OLIVE STREET NEAR 3RD. 60x125. THIS TRING FOR A FINE APARTMENT HOUSE OR FAMILY HOTEL. PRICE \$5,000. L. H. WITCHELL, 27 DOUGLAS BLDG.

### FOR SALE—Business Property.

#### FOR SALE—

DO YOU KNOW THAT CHEAP PROPERTY IS GETTING SCARCER?

DO YOU REALIZE THAT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE DAILY COMING INTO THE CITY TO THE DISTRICT WHERE VALUES ARE TODAY NOT WHAT THEY SHOULD BE, AND NOT WHAT THEY WILL BE IN THREE SHORT MONTHS?

WE INVITE YOU TO THE DISTRICT WHERE VALUES ARE TODAY NOT WHAT THEY SHOULD BE, AND NOT WHAT THEY WILL BE IN THREE SHORT MONTHS.

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### FOR SALE—Business Property.

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### FOR SALE—Business Property.

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## FOR SALE—Business Property.

ON STEPHENSON AVE., between

and Hill st., almost double

the arcade and Santa Fe

offer you decidedly the

WAREHOUSE or MANUFACTURING

FOR IN THE CITY, 100 feet

deep to 20-foot alley, with

FACILITIES. Normal investment

at \$9 per month. And you

—

If you are looking for a

VESTMENT, look this up. It

NOT LAST LONG. COURTNEY

W. A. COURTNEY

80 Chamber of Commerce

—

FOR SALE—

A BROADWAY

ONLY \$40 A FOOT.

A 6-FOOT FRONTAGE

A R. GRAND AVE COR.

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BY W. L. HOLLINGSWORTH &amp; CO.,

1114 WILCOX BLDG.

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## Real Estate

### FOR SALE

**SAND LOTS.**

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF OCEAN PARK IS MAINLY DUE TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE DESIRABILITY OF THE SAND AS A PLACE FOR A HOME. NO SUBURB HAS SHOWN THE GROWTH OF OCEAN PARK. IT STARTED AS A SUMMER RESORT BUT QUICKLY BECAME AN ALL YEAR ROUND HOME CITY. THE SAND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS. THERE IS A PECULIAR CHARM ABOUT LIVING ON THE SAND. AS A PLACE FOR CHILDREN IT STANDS ALONE.

### THE STRAND.

IS BY FAR THE CHOICEST PART OF THE SAND IN OCEAN PARK. THE LOTS ARE LARGER AND THE RESTRICTIONS MORE EASY. THE HANDSOMEST HOMES IN OCEAN PARK ARE NOW BEING BUILT ON THE STRAND. UNLESS ALL OTHER RESIDENCE PROPERTY, THERE IS NOT THE POSSIBILITY OF EXPANDING IN LAYING OUT ADDITIONAL SUBDIVISIONS. THERE IS NO MORE SAND IN OCEAN PARK TO SUBDIVIDE. HENCE THE SUPPLY IS ABSOLUTELY LIMITED. THIS IS THE KEYNOTE OF VALUES. WE HUMBLY RECOMMEND THE PURCHASE OF STRAND LOTS AS THE MOST DESIRABLE INVESTMENT YOU CAN PURCHASE A LOT ON THE STRAND TODAY FOR \$200, AND IT IS OUR CONVICTION THAT YOUR INVESTMENT WILL DOUBLE IN TWO YEARS.

AS TO DIRT LOTS IN SIXTY DAYS WE WILL PROVE THAT

### VENICE ANNEX

WILL BE THE HANDSOMEST TRACT IN OCEAN PARK. THE RAIN HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE TO GO AHEAD WITH THE FLORAL CULTURE, WHICH IS GOING TO BE THE FEATURE OF THIS TRACT. THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED TO COMPLETELY FINISH ONE SECTION AT ONCE TO SHOW HOW THE WHOLE TRACT WILL ULTIMATELY APPEAR. THE SPENDING OF MONEY IS NOT THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES PROPERTY ATTRACTIVE. WE HOPE TO COMBINE WITH THIS INGENUITY AND TASTE AND MAKE THE ANNEX A GARDEN SPOT. THE LAND IS HIGH AND THE SOIL MOST DESIRABLE. OUR AIM IS TO MAKE THE PROPERTY SO UNIQUE THAT IT WILL SHINE BY COMPARISON WITH OTHER PROPERTY. AND THAT ULTIMATELY WE WILL CREATE A COMMUNITY SETTLEMENT THAT FOR CHARACTER WILL EXCEL. ALL OTHER ANNEX LOTS ARE GOOD LOTS TO BUY AND GOOD LOTS TO HOLD.

JAMES R. H. WAGNER.

NO. 329 H. W. HILLMAN BLDG. 1008

608. MAIN BLDG. LOS ANGELES. CAL.

VENICE OFFICE

OCEAN FRONT, OPPOSITE PAVILION

HOME 411. MAIN 241.

FOR SALE—SNAPS

On Ocean Front, \$80 per foot.

35-foot lot on Ocean ave. front, \$125.

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### FOR SALE

**SANTA MONICA.**

UNEXCELLED BATHING

at Santa Monica.

How many people truly realize and appreciate a good dip in the surf at this time of the year? You say "the water is too cold."

That is where you are mistaken. Go to Santa Monica, where at any time during the winter you will find the temperature of the surf to be just what you need.

There is no greater sport; it will drive the blues away, and make you take a new lease on life.

Santa Monica has made many new improvements to her town, and it is today an ideal spot to live in. Here the flowers bloom and are beautiful the whole year around. Climate is what you could ask for. The town is comparatively free from dust. All the electric cars that pass by have their headlights carefully oiled.

Sanitary conditions first-class.

Schools excellent. Church of almost every denomination. Outdoor sports are fine. There is nothing left to do but visit Santa Monica, and see and learn for yourself what a lovely place it is. Her public-spirited citizens will leave nothing undone that will tend to add anything to their already beautiful town. All the electric cars that pass by have their headlights carefully oiled.

So, if you are Santa Monica, these days are crowded with sight-seeing. It is safe to say no one comes away disappointed, but rather singing her praises.

See Pacific Land Co., 318 Oregon Ave., Santa Monica.

FOR SALE—ACREAGE PROPERTY NEAR SANTA MONICA.

SEE PACIFIC LAND CO., 318 OREGON AVE., SANTA MONICA.

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### FOR SALE

**OCEAN PARK.**

FOR SALE—OCEAN PARK, NEW HUNDRED

acres, never been worked, in first class

manner, convenient and beautiful, must be

seen. Price \$100,000. See owner, 139

FRASER AVE.

FOR SALE—ROSE AVE, LOT THE CHERRY

tree lot in Ocean Park, 1/2 acre, 1/2

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Spring and Court Streets

**Ross & Lindsey**  
314 H. W. Hellman Bldg.



\$12.50 to \$30.00.

\$12.50 to \$30.00

# Wheat and Alfalfa Lands

10,000 acres of high-class Alfalfa Lands in the famous Tulare Lake, where a great future is awaiting present investors. Come to our office, and we will show you men whom you know in this city, that purchased lands from us a year or so ago on Tulare Lake, who more than doubled their money, and right now is the time to get in. Another wait means another advance in price, of which you may as well be the beneficiary.

There is no part of California that promises more returns for every dollar invested, or for every acre purchased than does Tulare Lake, as there is no reason why the land should not sell for \$100 per acre, as it produces from \$30 to \$60 per acre per annum, in wheat or alfalfa, hogs, cattle, fruit or vineyard.

The place to farm is where farmers prosper, and Tulare Lake being part of Kings county, the garden spot of the West, at the prices we offer land, there is the increasing value worthy of consideration.

EXCURSIONS EVERY WEEK!  
YOU BETTER JOIN OUR PARTY THIS WEEK!

We will provide for your comfort and make it one of the most interesting affairs of your history. Call at our office for further particulars.

A. H. WHITE & COMPANY

....307....  
MERCHANTS' TRUST BUILDING

## FALL FEARFUL AND LUCKY, TOO.

SAN BERNARDINO MAN HURT IN LITTLE BEAR VALLEY.

While Passing Open Sixty-foot Shaft He Slips Into It and is Precipitated to Plank Afloat on Thirty feet of Water—Injuries Severe but He May Recover.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)  
SAN BERNARDINO, Nov. 11.—Samuel Heck, a well-known mining man of this city, was brought down the mountains at an early hour this morning suffering internal injuries from the effects of falling into a sixty-foot shaft in Little Bear Valley. He also sustained a compound fracture of the left arm, had three ribs broken and his face crushed.

Heck was walking by the open shaft and slipping on the wet soil, he was precipitated into the opening. Shooting into the pit he struck a plank floating over thirty feet of water, and while this plank was what caused his injuries, it also saved him from drowning.

For two hours he lay unconscious, on the plank, and when he revived found himself chilled through and his body filled with pain. It was some time before he was able to recollect what had happened. He called for help and his companions found him half an hour later.

One of the rescuers descended the shaft on a rope, and tied another rope about the injured man, by the means of which he was hauled to the surface. Dr. J. H. Meyer was summoned from this city and superintended his removal to his home here. He may recover.

**TAKES JAIL BREAKER.**  
John Ward, alias Heasel, who, with two companions, is charged with the burglary of the Merrifield home at Elmhurst, was taken in charge yesterday by the Under Sheriff of San Luis Obispo where he is wanted for jail breaking. He broke jail last January. His two companions have confessed to the Merrifield burglary, and one of them was taken to Colton this afternoon by Sheriff J. C. Ralph, promising to find a gold watch and chain, the only part of the booty from the Merrifield place which has not been recovered.

**EACHUS IS FOUND.**  
San Pedro Fish Dealer, Who Suddenly Dropped from Sight, Guest of Hotel at Hermosillo, Mex.  
The mystery of the disappearance of Paul Eachus, the San Pedro wholesale fish dealer, is solved. Eachus is safe and in good health. He has not met with foul play, and at the present time is a guest of the Hotel Cohen, at Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico.

A special dispatch to The Times stated these facts last night. This is the first news received of the missing man since last Monday, when he dropped from the sight and knowledge of his friends as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him.

For ten years Paul Eachus had been conducting a wholesale fish business, most of the time at San Pedro. He had an extensive business acquaintance with Los Angeles men, and was well known at the various sports towns. He was industrious and careful of his money so that in these ten years of business he had accumulated quite a small fortune. A week ago he left his

ONLY \$50 AND UP ONE \$ A WEEK



Sunday we will run our Special Cars every hour direct to the tract (in addition to the regular service) on the new Santa Ana line of the Pacific Electric R. R. to

WATTS  
PARK TRACT

So as to be sure and accommodate the crowds. Get your Free Round Trip Tickets at our office today and go down early to avoid the rush.



LOTS

No Interest - No Taxes

ONE  
DOWN  
AT  
WATTS

Sunday time schedule of our Special Cars leaving Huntington Dept, Corner Sixth and Main Sts.—8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30, a.m.—12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, and 4:30, p.m.

Office open all day Sunday for distribution of free tickets.

Prudential  
Improvement  
Company  
(SOLE AGENTS)

N. W. Corner First and Broadway

PHONES—Home 1141, Sunset Main 1141.

These are the cheapest lots ever put on the market anywhere around Greater Los Angeles at only down and \$1 a week. No Interest, No Taxes.

PASADENA

Size of Lots

For maps, pr  
Office, corne

Strong &  
Dickins

135 S. Broadw  
Los Angeles

### FLAG PRESENTATION.

The Women's Relief Corps has presented a handsome flag to the McKinley Home, and it will be raised over the school with appropriate ceremonies on Thursday afternoon. The public is invited to attend and those contemplating so doing are requested to take the San Pedro car, at Third and Hill streets at 12:30 p. m.

"How to be Happy  
Though married," go to Delaware restaurant for your meals with your family, Sunday, 532 S. Broadway.—Adv.

### EGG DEVELOPMENT.

The biological section of the Academy of Sciences will hold its first meeting for the year in the histological laboratory of the Pacific College of Osteopathy, corner of Mission Road and Daly street, Monday evening. The subject of discussion will be "The Development of the Egg," and the lecture will be illustrated by anatomical and microscopical preparations. The public is invited to attend.

### HOTEL'S SMALL FIRE.

A slight fire at the Hotel Coronado, near the corner of Seventh and Coronado streets, early yesterday morning, occasioned excitement out that way. The fire was in a store-room, where two trunks and their contents were destroyed and the interior of the room considerably damaged before the fire was extinguished with a garden hose.

home in San Pedro, stating that he was coming to Los Angeles to make some collections. He did come to this city, and was seen and conversed with friends at Sixth and Main streets, but made no allusion to any plans out of the ordinary. From the moment that he parted with his friends there no one was able to give any information of Eachus until there came the message of last night. Eachus had his financial affairs in good shape, and so far as known he had no domestic difficulties. It was feared by his friends and family that he had been waylaid, robbed, and per-

### Pacific Electric

Of the Ross Tract

Values will double in 30 days. For maps and plans

Nichols & Baker,

Santa Ana, Cal.

J. M. WILSON, 110 South

110 South



# PASADENA HEIGHTS

The Largest, Most Select, Most  
Highly Improved, Most Beautifully  
Located Residence Subdivision  
Ever Opened in Southern California

Situated north of Colorado street, just east of Pasadena, not far from the foot of the majestic Sierra Madre Mountains, overlooking all the poetic, inspiring and historic glory of the far-famed San Gabriel Valley.

*PASADENA HEIGHTS is now covered with fruit trees, walnut trees and orange groves, and some splendid live oaks*

The entire property will at once be improved with streets 80 to 120 feet wide, curbed and sidewalked, and shade trees planted. A line of the Pacific Electric will pass through Pasadena Heights. Building restrictions will be enforced.

*Size of Lots Range from 60 to 100 Feet Wide, 150 to 225 feet Deep, to 20-Foot Alleys*

For maps, prices, terms and particulars, see Wilber O. DOW, Mgr., at Branch Office, corner of Hill and Orange Grove Ave., or 17 Raymond Ave., Pasadena

OWNERS AND GENERAL AGENTS

**Strong &  
Dickinson**

135 S. Broadway  
Los Angeles

**Stone &  
Blades**

114-15-16 Henne Bldg.  
122 W. Third St., Los Angeles

**Robt. Marsh  
& Co.**

302-03 Hellman Bldg.  
Los Angeles

**M. J.  
Nolan**

228 W. Second St.  
Los Angeles

AND ALL PASADENA AND LOS ANGELES AGENTS

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BUILDING

WEEK

of our Special  
n Dept, Corner  
30, 9:30, 10:30,  
2:30, 3:30, and

Sunday for dis-

(SOLE AGENTS)

ment  
ompany  
d Broadway  
Main 1141.

put on the market  
Angeles at only \$1  
No Taxes.

TS

Pacific Electric Sub.  
Of the Ross Tract Santa Ana  
lines will double in the near fu-  
re. For maps and price call on  
Nichols & Baker, Agents,  
Santa Ana, Cal.  
J. M. WILDS or P. A. CHAPMAN  
118 South Broadway



## ARIZONA SUGAR MILL TO GRIND SOON.

PREPARING TO COMPLETE BIG  
FACTORY AT GLENDALE.

It is Expected to Secure a Large  
Number of Japanese from Southern  
California to Work in the Fields.  
Mormons Plead Guilty to Charge  
of Polygamy.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.  
PHOENIX (Ariz.) Nov. 10.—Manager  
Theodore Hapke of the Eastern Sugar  
Company, is in the valley, preparing to  
complete the construction of the great  
beet sugar factory at Glendale, of  
which the steel skeleton is already in  
place, much of the equipment being on  
the ground also. Contracts are being  
made with a large number of farmers  
for sugar beets, at the rate of \$4.50 per  
ton, saccharine from 12 to 14 per cent.  
It is expected to secure a large num-  
ber of Japanese from Southern Cali-  
fornia to work in the fields, as the local  
labor supply is not regular and the la-  
borers do not understand the character  
of work required. It is expected that  
400 acres of beets will be planted this  
fall in the valley, most of the acreage  
being under the older canals, and much  
of it on the south side of the river,  
transportation being favored by low  
rates on the Santa Fe branch line  
which has switches into the sugar fac-  
tory. Mr. Hapke will leave for Cali-  
fornia in a few days, to visit Chino and  
other Southern California factories and  
to study the methods used.

It is expected that the factory will be  
in operation by May 1, with capacity  
for working up 800 tons of beets a day.  
It is confidently believed that the enter-  
prise will be a success. Experimental  
tests have shown the average yield of  
sugar beets in the Salt River valley to  
be 40,000 pounds to the acre, with an  
average of 16.6 per cent. sugar. One  
field produced forty-two tons to the  
acre. One result of the construction of  
the sugar beet factory will be the sub-  
division of a large amount of land in  
the western part of the valley into  
small tracts, on which are to be col-  
onized eastern farmers who are familiar  
with the growing of sugar beets. With  
the completion of the Tonto Basin res-  
ervoir, there is no doubt that the Glen-  
dale section will become one of the  
richest in the valley.

CANAL DICKER ON.  
The Board of Governors of the Water  
Users' Association, representatives of  
the Board of Trade, and officers of  
other local organizations have been in  
conference lately over the purchase of  
the Arizona canal system. It is asserted  
that speedy action is advisable in the  
interests of the farmers, though it is  
appreciated that the first winter flood  
will utterly wipe out the Arizona canal  
dam as an asset and materially reduce  
the value of the property that is to be  
purchased by the farmers.

The system will be officially inspected  
November 25 by a board of appraisers,  
consisting of engineers of the Geologi-  
cal Survey, and until their report is  
made it is probable that little more will  
be done looking toward a transfer of  
the system to the water users. The new  
Appropriators' Canal Company, which  
lately paralleled the Grand Canal of  
the Arizona Canal System, has offered  
its ditch to the government at cost  
price, about \$40,000.

It is understood that Receiver Steele  
of the Arizona Canal Company has been  
unable to sell receiver's certificates for  
the repair of the dam and canal and  
that his offers for the sale of the prop-  
erty contain a provision that the gov-  
ernment shall take possession at once.  
Though the Backe canal is not in op-  
eration, it is probable that the farmers  
served will purchase the canal and  
operate it themselves. President  
Thorpe of the canal company, a Den-  
ver organization, has offered to sell the  
canal and heading for \$50,000. The canal  
takes water just below the confluence  
of the Gila, Salt and Agua Fria rivers  
and is especially favored by long con-  
tinuance of the natural flow.

MORMONS PLEAD GUILTY.  
At the Prescott term of the United  
States Court this week, nine of the  
eleven Mormons indicted by the United  
States grand jury last spring, appeared  
by counsel and pleaded guilty to the  
practice of polygamy. The defendants  
made no secret of the fact that they  
had plural wives, but asked clemency  
on the ground that they had entered  
into polygamy before the passage of  
the Edmunds Act, and that it would  
have been inhuman on their part to  
have deserted the plural wives by  
whom children had been born. Among  
the defendants are some of the most  
prominent Mormons in Arizona, in-  
cluding Jesse M. Smith at Snowflake,  
brother of President Smith of the Mor-  
mon Apostles. Smith is supposed to  
have four wives. D. K. Udall is the  
president of the Mormon stake in  
northwestern Arizona, and several of  
the defendants have at one time or an-  
other, been members of the Arizona  
Legislature. Levi M. Savage of Wood-  
ruff, and Andrew W. Gibbons of St.  
Johns, have decided to fight the charges  
against them. These cases will be  
heard December 1, at which time also  
will be pronounced the sentences of the  
defendants who have pleaded guilty.

TERRITORIAL BRIEFS.  
John H. Little, owner of 12,000 shares  
in the Indiana Oil Company, doing busi-  
ness in Kern county, Cal., has applied  
for a receivership for the corporation.  
There are no charges of mismanage-  
ment, the only trouble being a large  
bunch of bad fortune. The corporation  
owns ten acres in Kern county, on  
which it developed considerable oil.  
Latterly the supply of oil has been  
diminishing and salt water is being  
pumped in large quantities. Even the  
price of oil has diminished, much to  
the detriment of the company's reve-  
nues. The company's assets consist  
of the land, a quantity of oil and \$400  
in cash.

## Strong & Dickinson's

—BEAUTIFUL—

BUY NOW

\$275  
\$550

BUY NOW



## South Hollywood Tract

Opened Only  
One Week

Sales Already  
Over \$25,000

PRICES WILL BE ADVANCED ON DEC. 1

Get There

Take Colgrove cars on Spring street, north  
of Fourth street. Get off at our office, cor-  
ner of Mountain View avenue, Colgrove.  
See our agent, CALVIN H. FOSS.

Sunset Phone Hollywood 811

FRANK D. EDIE

Manager of Tract for

STRONG & DICKINSON

Phones Main 1273  
Home 1273

135 South Broadway

High-class Lots \$275 to \$550

Terms: \$20 Down, \$10 Monthly, 6 per cent.  
interest, including streets, graded, oiled and  
graveled, cement walks, cement curbs and  
water piped.

Take a  
Ride

Go Out  
Today

# REDONDO

## THE BEACH OF BEACHES

You have heard about that tide in the affairs of men which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

This is the flood time *right now*, and you will be sorry if you don't investigate and buy property in this beautiful and flourishing little city, where you can have *all* the advantages, and *none* of the disagreeable things that you get in a rushing, crowded city. Nearly a hundred houses—beautiful and attractive homes—are in course of construction. Several miles of new steel rails are on the ground now, and hundreds of tons coming in weekly from the East, for the double tracking of both the Inglewood and Gardena divisions of Mr. Huntington's electric lines to this charming place by the sea. And other material for the early completion of this and the loop line to cover Redondo's principal streets, is already on the ground.

Not only is this fashionable suburb of Los Angeles the ideal spot for a home, but the commercial advantages which we have to offer are wholly unobtainable at any of the other Coast resorts in Southern California.

A large fleet of sailing and steamships arrive and depart daily from three mammoth wharves, where the largest vessels afloat can lie at any season of the year in perfect safety. A powerful tug is constantly occupied docking and towing to sea lumber vessels which ply exclusively between this port and the largest mills in the Northwest. Three of the biggest wholesale and retail lumber yards in the State are located here.

There is a Salt Works Plant and all kinds of other commercial industries.

DON'T DELAY—COME NOW

Buy while you have the opportunity to get Mr. Huntington's choicest property at his original prices.

## W. M. Garland & Co.

SOLE AGENTS

### 324 Huntington Building



A Truly Lovely Spot  
A Home Place

Covered with fine full bearing fruit trees—highly improved. On the  
line of growth and improvement. BIG LOTS.

First Offering Prices **\$475** Easy terms, \$100 down—\$10 a month.  
Buy for homes, investment or profit

BRANCH OFFICE—5725 Central Ave., at end of Central Ave. car  
Or on the tract. Take Long Beach car to 63rd or Spaulding.

Telephones—Home 8737, 29108, 29098, 29171. Sunset, Red 1202, S. 787, S. 3164

New 2 Ones



Main Office in Our  
Own Building

203 North Broadway



Lots 80x135  
First Offering Sale

Just outside the city. 3 new car lines. Perfect soil. On Main St., the great artery of  
Los Angeles. Bound to advance many times in the next few years.

Single Lots **\$320** Double Lots **\$640**

Easy terms, too. Go to our Branch Office, 53d and Main Sts. (Maple Ave. car or New  
Moneta Ave. car). Our carriage will take you over the tract until the new car lines  
are finished.

Telephones—Home 8737, 29108, 29098, 29171. Sunset, Red 1202, S. 787, S. 3164

Prospect Park

Hollywood

\$550, lot  
cement sidewalk,  
graded, oiled, water  
very fine road.  
Above fog and  
elegant residence.  
Hollywood car  
ner Prospect and

Golf Park  
Tract

West 18th st. and  
High, slightly. Devel-  
2 CORNERS, ELEC

Wiesenda  
221 Laughlin

Invest Ne  
SANTA

"THE SUBST

Trolley cars  
here and gold  
tunities for  
ment are offer

Chapman Park

High Grade  
WILSHIRE  
Three blocks west of  
Westlake Park district.  
provements are being  
CHAPMAN  
General office in  
Branch office on

LOTS \$400

AND UP :: INSTALLME

IN OUR

FIGUEROA STREET TR

THIS INCLUDES CEMENT CURBS AND  
SIDEWALKS :: AND OILED STREET

This is our fourth subdivision and it's selling  
hot cakes. If you want to get in on the  
floor, come at once. Cheapest property on the  
lot. Over 100 sold since tract opened.  
want one come quick.

SEE OWNERS AT ONCE.

Burke Bros. 458 SPRING

LOTS **\$350**

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE A LOT  
IN THE

South Vermont A  
TRACT

For \$550. Tuesday, November 14, prices go to \$450. Each lot  
feet and price includes street improvements of the tract  
character—5-foot cement walks, cement curbs, oiled streets, and  
ing restriction \$1000.

Situated just south of city limits and touched by two  
Only 20 minutes' run from Second and Spring streets. Adams  
is selling for \$1500 an acre. These lots are worth \$300  
down today. Take Redondo-Gardena car to Burke station,  
508 So. Broadway for tickets. Open Saturday evening and  
Sunday morning until 12 o'clock. Agent on tract all day

Robert Mitchell Co.

Member L. A. Realty Board 508 South Broadway  
"No Misrepresentation"

# NOW

For 10 Acres in

In submitting our plan of se  
weekly payments, we desire to in  
to call at our offices and investi  
ing of the members of this cor  
backed by some of the best an  
ably known capitalists in Los A  
\$1.50 Our Plan  
Down NOT FOR EACH ACRE.

The First La

Call or write for our illustrated "P  
will be promptly answered.

Heretofore only men with  
man, the waiter, barber, school te  
on the 10-acre tract. No interest

Phones: Home



**Prospect Park**  
**Hollywood**  
\$550, lot 50x135  
cement sidewalk, curb, graded, oiled, water pipe, very fine residence. Above fog and from elegant residences. See Hollywood car to office near Prospect and Vermont.

**Golf Park**  
**Tract**  
West 16th st. and Hollywood. High, slightly. Beautiful 7 CORNERS. \$1500

**Wiesendang**  
221 Laughlin Bldg.

**Invest Now**  
**SANTA ANA**

**"THE SUBSTANTIAL"**

Trolley cars are here and golden opportunities for investment are offered.

**Chapman Park**  
High Grade Residence  
WILSHIRE BOULEVARD  
Three blocks west of Vermont  
Westlake Park district. Phone  
Investments are being made.  
CHAPMAN BROS.  
General offices 411 1/2  
Branch office on tract, 122 1/2

**\$40**

**INSTALLMENT**

**ON OUR**

**STREET TRACT**

**CEMENT CURBS AND**  
**AND OILED STREETS**

division and it's selling  
not to get in on the ground  
cheapest property on the  
since tract opened. 10

**ERS AT ONCE.**

**ROS.** 458 SOUTH  
SPRING STREET

**350**

**UNITY TO SECURE A LOT**  
**IN THE**

**rmont Ave**  
**TRACT**

prices go to \$450. Each lot is  
improvements of the most modern  
ement curbs, oiled streets, etc.  
lots and touched by two electric  
and Spring streets. Adjacent  
these lots are worth \$500 apiece.  
dena car to Burke station. Call  
on Saturday evening until 9 o'clock.  
Agent on tract all day Sunday.

**itchell Co.**  
508 South Broadway

**ST. RAG**

great artery of

e. car or New  
new car lines

787, S. 3164

# NAPLES

*A Safe and Profitable Investment*

*Get in Early at Original Prices*

Go down and look at the gigantic construction work now in progress and prepare for enormous advance in values that will occur in the Spring. Naples is backed by a powerful corporation of Los Angeles capitalists. :: :: :: :: :: ::

*Investigate Naples*

*California's Grandest Watering Place*

**A. M. & A. C. PARSONS**

701 H. W. HELLMAN BUILDING

Sole Agents

W. W. SWEENEY, J. WAYBRIGHT, C. H. JENNISON, A. J. DELANEY—AGENTS ON TRACT.

Free  
Launch  
Ride  
Twelve  
Miles

Call or Send  
for our  
Beautiful  
Art  
Souvenir  
Mail One  
East

## NOW IN FULL OPERATION!

### For 10 Acres in Alfalfa

In submitting our plan of selling lands on weekly payments, we desire to invite the public to call at our offices and investigate the standing of the members of this corporation. It is backed by some of the best and most favorably known capitalists in Los Angeles.

**\$1.50 Down Our Plan Weekly**  
NOT FOR EACH ACRE, BUT TEN.

### For 10 Acres in Alfalfa

Nearly two years has been consumed in perfecting this plan, so that every wage-earner who can put away \$1.50 per week, could find a safe and profitable land investment. Particularly in Central California, where the prices are still low, and increasing in value so rapidly, that insures returns.

**\$1.50 Down Our Plan Weekly**  
NOT FOR EACH ACRE, BUT TEN.

### For 10 Acres in Alfalfa

Our Tract "A" consists of nearly 5000 acres of that rich table land, 3 1-2 miles from a railroad, in the very heart of the great fruit and alfalfa country, where over 60 varieties of farm products have been shipped last year, in carload lots, while ready markets at good prices are at hand.

**\$1.50 Down Our Plan Weekly**  
NOT FOR EACH ACRE, BUT TEN.

### For 10 Acres in Alfalfa

Our water rights goes with the land, and is appurtenant thereto. We have abundance of water from King's River ditches, which makes it very attractive. Our contracts are non-forfeitable and are so safeguarded in the interests of the purchaser, that eliminates all elements of chance.

**\$1.50 Down Our Plan Weekly**  
NOT FOR EACH ACRE, BUT TEN.

## The First Land Corporation Known to Exist in the World Under This Plan

Call or write for our illustrated "King's River Land Pamphlet." You will find useful information regarding climate, resources, products, etc. It is free. Also any other questions you may want to ask will be promptly answered.

Heretofore only men with means could buy land and reap the benefits of the rapidly advancing values, but our plan allows the workman, the bookkeeper, the clerk, the mail carrier, the professional man, the waiter, barber, school teacher and every other avocation in life to receive it, as we sell 10-acre tracts of land with water right in full cultivation at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per week on the 10-acre tract. No interest and no taxes.

**Kings River Land Co.**

304-305-306 Merchants' Trust Building.

Phones: Home 8580

Sunset, Main 6480















































coaches, for the reason that it develops "kickers" who can be used in Rugby. The most of the "socket" players are former basketball stars. In many ways the two games are alike. A "socket" squad has made its appearance at the University of Chicago, and

**PORTLAND FALLS.**  
**BEATEN BY PITCHING.**  
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)  
OAKLAND, Nov. 11.—By an oppo-  
tune bunching of hits in the seventh  
and eighth inning today, Oakland  
scored three runs and won handily  
from Portland, which made its only  
run in the first inning. Ferry was

[illegible]

Base hits ..... 10131232

**SUMMARY.**

Sacrifice hit—Smith.  
First base on errors—Oakland, 1.  
First base on field balls—Ferry, 3; Smith, 2.  
Left on bases—Portland, 4; Oakland, 8.  
Struck out—Byrnes, by Smith, 1.  
Hit by pitched ball—Dunleavy, none.  
Double play—Dunleavy to Byrnes, Schady to Schady to McLean, Schady to Mitchell.  
Time of game—1 hr. 20m.  
Umpire—Ferry.

**SEALS WIN.**

[illegible]

First base on errors—Seattle, 3.  
First base on called balls—OF Shields, 6; of Williams, 5.  
Left on bases—Seattle, 8; San Francisco, 3.  
Struck out—By Shields, 4; by Williams, 2.  
Time of play—Williams to Sikes to Mohler.  
Wild pitch—Shields.  
Time of game—1h. 20m.  
Umpire—McCarthy.  
Attendance—500.

**BOERS COLONIZE IN ARGENTINA** Buenos Aires, Nov. 11.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Three hundred Boers arrived here with the intention of settling down in the Chubut territory, where there are already several colonies of their race. Their leaders, Mr. Venter, a member of the Cape Parliament, and Mr. Visser, declared that if the new settlers send good reports, thousands of Boer families will go to Argentina. Most of the immigrants are so-called Cape rebels. The Argentina bud-

**SANTA FE GIVES UP SUIT.**  
BLOOMINGTON (Ill.) Nov. 11.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Santa Fe railroad

BUY that piano at the great reduction sale of The Metropolitan Music Co., 234 W. Fifth. Two hundred pianos to select from.

**Woman's Friend.**

We are the woman's friend. We put up the best meals Sunday in Los Angeles, so you won't have to work. Bring your family to Delaware restaurant, 532 S. Broadway.—Adv.

BUY that piano at the great reduction sale of The Metropolitan Music Co., 234 W.

**Only a Cent.**

For this small sum, per word, you can have your every reasonable wish and want filled through a "Line" in The Daily Times. One per word in the Sunday edition. A trial will convince you.



## DEDICATION OF THE CHIMES.

THE MEMORIAL TO MRS. OTIS NEARING COMPLETION.

Melodious Bells Will Peal Forth Their Inspiring Notes Next Wednesday in Honor of a Noble Woman.

The installation of the chime of bells in honor of the memory of the late Mrs. Eliza A. Otis, in the tower of the chapel in Hollywood Cemetery, is nearing completion, and the work will be completed in time for the dedication on the date fixed, Wednesday, November 15, at 2 o'clock p. m.

At that hour friends of her in whose honor the memorial was conceived (and this means all, without distinction) will gather from far and near at the cemetery where reposes her honored dust, to participate in the dedication of the bells. The invitation is public and general. The exercises will be conducted under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Memorial Association, the president of the day being Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, chairman of the association. The vice-chairman, Rev. William Horace Day, will act as conductor of the exercises.

**PROGRAMME.**  
1. Invocation—Rev. Hugh K. Walker.  
2. Hymn—"My Shepherd" (Columbia)—Rev. Mr. Walker.  
3. Memorial Oration—Rev. Robert J. Burdette.  
4. Dedication of the chime bells separately—Rev. Mr. Horace Day.  
5. Singing the Chimes—Mrs. Otis.  
6. Brief remarks—Rabbi Vossman.  
7. Reading—Selection from Mrs. Otis' Poems—Mrs. W. D. Turner.  
8. Hymn—"Life's True Joy" ("Elijah") (Mendelssohn)—Trebles Chorus.  
**EXERCISES AT THE GRAVE.**  
1. Remarks—Rev. Robert McIntyre.  
2. Benediction—Rabbi S. Hecht.

The bells, twelve in number, of finest bell metal and weighing each from 200 pounds down to 150, will be rung for the first time in unison, immediately after their dedication. To properly hang the bells and adjust the operating apparatus is a work that requires care and skill, but it will be accomplished by Mr. Daniels, the special workman in charge, in time for the dedication.

The dedicatory exercises will commence promptly at 2 o'clock and proceed without delay. Persons going to the cemetery from Los Angeles should be careful to take the Colvergo (not the Hollywood) cars of the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway Company at its Fourth-street station, leaving between 11:30 and 1:15 p. m., in order to reach the spot in time. The cars will run at short intervals. The exercises will be held at the southwest front of the chapel building, where seats will be provided for a large concourse. There will be a special stand for the Treble Chorus, which will furnish vocal music, and another stand for the speakers and other participants.

The exercises will be concluded at the grave, which will be beautifully flower-decked, the artistic piece taking the form of a floral pyramid. The chimes will be rung for the second time as the people are leaving the grounds. And often through the coming years—so long as the world shall stay his devastating hand—those mellow tones will be heard by those who dwell in the lovely vale of Hollywood or even in the city, or who journey hence, proclaiming the sweet story whose mission it is to tell.

This unique memorial was the conception of a member of the Executive Committee of the Memorial Association, which adopted this idea and brought it to fruition. This organization is composed of men, women and children (nearly three hundred in number) who united in thus paying tribute to the noble life and high character of one who did what she could to make the world better by living in it.

The Executive Committee of the association which has had charge of the work and brought it to a successful conclusion, is composed of the following well-known men and women, all of whom were friends and admirers of Mrs. Otis: Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, chairman; Rev. William Horace Day, vice-chairman; Hon. Russell J. Waters, treasurer; John Freeman, auditor; Mrs. Albert C. Rogers, recording secretary; Mrs. Will Thelen, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. D. G. Stephens.

The numerous membership will be largely represented in the attendance.

**THE BELLS OF HOLLYWOOD.**  
[The memorial bells—twelve in number—will be dedicated at the Hollywood Cemetery on Wednesday, November 15, at 2 p. m.]

On the singer's grave the season has laid its tribute fair  
Of dew, and sun, and raindrop,  
And blossom sweet and rare;  
And oft the winds have chanted  
Where, in her dreamless sleep,  
She heeds not gloom nor beauty,  
Nor song, nor silence deep.

She loved to sing the mountains,  
The foothills and the sea,  
The green grass of the wayide,  
The bud and towering tree;  
So she was laid where mountains  
Blend rose and anemone,  
Where the sea's voice calls softly  
Through wreaths of shrouding mist.

She sang of love and devotion,  
Of the beautiful and true,  
And her hearers' hearts responded  
As the blossom to the dew;  
But not the poet's fancy,  
Not the artist's spark divine  
Enthralled as the heart of the woman  
That spoke in thought and line.

For her no solemn dirges,  
For her no funeral chiming,  
But the music in the chiming  
Of the silver-throated bells;  
A fit memorial, ringing  
Away all doubts and fears,  
As they sound o'er grave and upland  
Her message to the years.

RENA HOWARD.

## A Grand Bargain of a Home

We have sold all our lots in the Elia View Tract. We also sold all of the lots in the Barones Tract. We now don't know of any lots within the city limits of Los Angeles for less than \$150 per lot. But we can sell lots in our beautiful tract adjoining the city limits of Los Angeles for only \$115 per lot, \$4 down, \$4 per month; no interest, no taxes. And they are large lots, 50 feet front by 150 feet deep, facing on large 80-foot avenues.

**BUY NOW**  
**PRICES WILL SOON BE RAISED**  
**\$4 Down; \$4 Per Month**  
**\$115 Per Lot No Interest No Taxes**

Close to the Huntington "Short Line."  
Three electric lines run close to this tract.  
Good Soil. Fine climate. Healthy location.  
The price of lots will soon be advanced.

**25 Per Cent. Guaranteed Increase.**  
For \$4 down and \$4 per month until paid for, we will sell you a 50x150 foot lot, subject to the following guarantees from us: If, at the expiration of one year from purchase, this \$115 lot is not worth \$148.75—or 25 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you have paid us, with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land. We sell property that increases in value.

We have confidence in same, which we unhesitatingly show by our written guarantee. Judge the future by the past. A perfect title guaranteed.

For illustrated prospectus, sample contract and other information of lots for sale by us, call or write.

**Buy Before the Raise in Price.**  
**Don't Send Money—Simply Write.**

The above beautiful residence and 5 large lots of 50x150 feet each in size for sale for only \$4500. Easy terms—\$2500 cash, and balance can run for 8 years at 6 per cent. per annum interest, payable in monthly payments of only \$25—with privilege of paying in full at any time.

**"Hermosa Vista" (Beautiful View)**  
On the Pasadena "Short Line" electric railroad, is only 15 minutes' ride from the business center of Los Angeles, and commands a grand view of mountains and ocean. Rich Soil, Finest Climate, Healthy Location. It is the best bargain for a home place around Los Angeles city. Is handily built, and interior well arranged. Consists of seven large rooms, besides porcelain bath, pantry, large closets, etc., 3 outside servants' rooms, stable, barn, chicken house, etc. Gas and the purest of soft water. Must be seen to be appreciated. An ideal home place for those wanting comfort. Get off at Lockwood Street Station on the Pasadena "Short Line." Car fare only 5½ cents, by commutation 52-ride tickets.

**"The Bungalow" Is Another Bargain Close By "Hermosa Vista," for Only \$1000**  
Easy terms—\$250 cash, balance can run at 6 per cent. per annum interest, payable in monthly payments of \$20, with privilege of paying in full at any time. Large corner lot, 50x150 feet. Pretty built, shady porch, pure water, rich soil; 5¼ cents car fare by 52-ride commutation tickets. This is a bargain that we can guarantee. Within 15 minutes' electric ride from business center of Los Angeles.

**CARLSON INVESTMENT CO.**  
124 South Broadway Ground Floor Chamber of Commerce Building Los Angeles, Cal  
NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

### Legal.

#### Stockholders' Meeting.

OFFICE OF THE SUNSET LAND & WATER COMPANY, room 401 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, Cal., November 6, 1934. In accordance with a resolution adopted at a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Sunset Land & Water Company, held on the 25th day of October, 1934, at the company's office, 401 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, Cal., a special meeting of the stockholders of the Sunset Land & Water Company, Inc., is hereby called for the purpose of transacting such business as may properly come before the meeting.

J. A. ARMSTRONG, President.

JOHN N. ANDERSON, Secretary.

#### Notice.

THE LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK, located at Los Angeles, in the State of California, is closing up its affairs.

All note holders and other creditors of said association are, therefore, hereby notified to present their notes and other claims against the association for payment.

G. E. BITTNER, Secretary.

#### Pictures...

Wholesale and Retail

**YOU ARE INVITED**

To inspect the largest line of Framed and Unframed pictures in the West. Our Holiday Line is ready. OILS, WATER COLORS, FAC SIMILES, CARBONS—in fact all kinds of pictures.

Our SPECIALTY FRAMES to order, in all kinds, from the cheap to the best Gold Leaf. Any size or shape. Over 1000 samples to select from.

**Christmas is Coming**

Make your selection now. We will save them for you and deliver Dec. 23rd.

**The McClellan-Kanst Co.**

111-113 WINSTON STREET

Just off Main, between Fourth and Fifth

Company, championed the fire tube boiler, while Fred J. Fischer, chief engineer of the city water works, and Layton Lewis argued in favor of the water-tube boilers. The discussion lasted several hours, and at its conclusion a vote was taken by the engineers present (nearly a hundred altogether) on the merits of the two kinds of boilers as brought out by the discussion, and the verdict was unanimous in favor of the fire-tube boilers.

#### TWO CAR VICTIMS.

William Newman, driver of a milk wagon owned by H. S. Weston, was struck by Interurban car No. 72 of the Los Angeles Railway line at 9:45 o'clock yesterday morning. The wagon was demolished and Newman was picked up unconscious and is believed to have sustained severe injuries. He was taken in charge by friends. An unknown boy was knocked down by car No. 383 on the West Ninth line at the intersection of Valencia street at 10:30 a. m. and taken away still unconscious. His identity had not been learned last night.

#### Don't Kill Your Wife

By working her to death. Give her a rest Sunday by taking your meals at Delaware restaurant, 532 S. Broadway.

—Adv.

EASTERN. For sale and difficult prescriptions of all kinds filled. (Sun Drug Co. 5 stores.)

## Auction Sale of Oriental Rugs

Of Persian Rug and Importing Co. Of New York

WILL CONTINUE ONE WEEK LONGER

**SPECIAL SALES**

**Monday**

**Tuesday**

**Wednesday**

**at 2:30**

**557-559 South Main Street.**

**SEVERANCE BUILDING, SIXTH AND MAIN STS.**

In order to realize ready cash, this large collection of Rugs, including a number from the Persian Art Exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition, and other choice pieces which have been added, will be sold Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 2:30. Catalogues on application. By order of

**Avedis M. Enfiajian**

Manager Western Branch, permanently with Broadway Drapery and Furniture Company, 447 South Broadway.

**Dr. Joslen & Howell**

**Specialists for Men**

We are specialists for men's diseases only and cordially invite all men suffering from Stricture, Contracted Disorders, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Specific Blood Disease, Weakness, Rupture and any form of Skin Disease to

**Consult Us Free of Charge**

We cure the above diseases and all reflex ailments by NEW AND ADVANCED METHODS, and promise an absolute cure in all curable cases.

**Corner Spring and Third Sts.**

**Ramona Block, 305½ South Spring St.**

**OFFICE HOURS—9 to 4; Evenings 7 to 8; Sundays 10 to 12 only.**

**PAY WHEN CURED**

**DR. O. C. JOSLEN**

**The Leading Specialist**

**Patent Medicines at bottom**

**Roeder's**

**Boston Bedding Co.**

**544 SOUTH BROADWAY**

**Mattresses Fine Bedding**

**Iron and Brass Beds**

**Wiesner**

**221 Leavenworth**

**Beautiful**

**\$550 for 500**

**PRICE ON FEDERATION.**

**Wiesner**

**ITALY AN**

**ROME, Nov. 12**

**ANNOUNCED SIGNOR**

**at Madrid, w**

**romcan reform**

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